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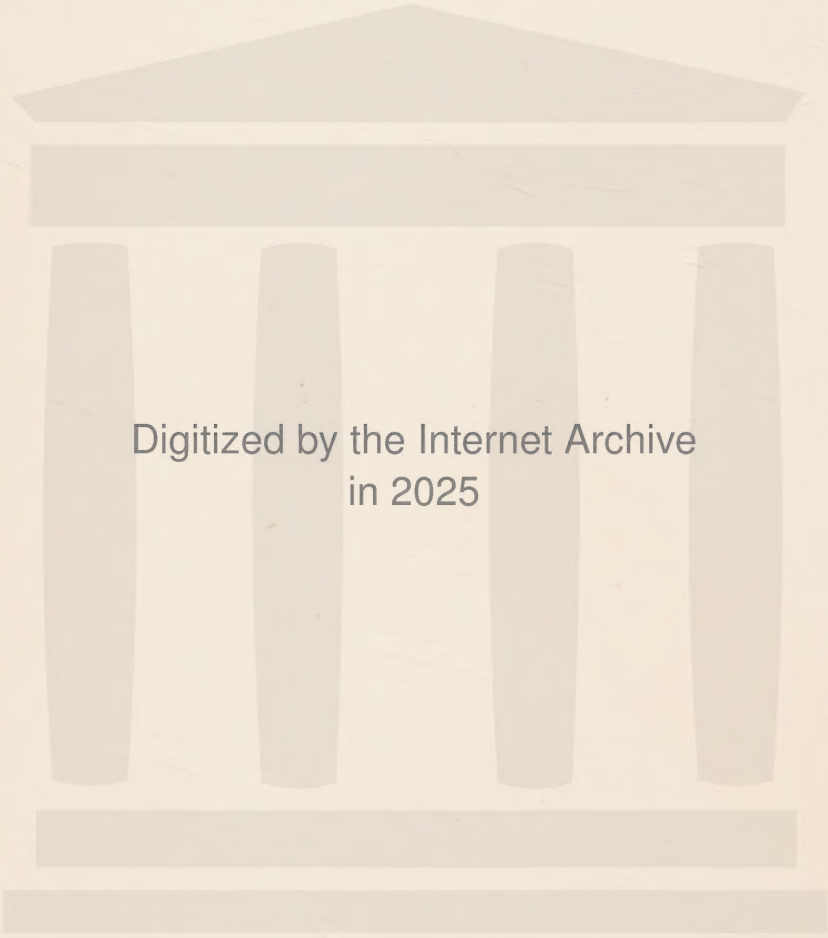
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JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

MISS VIOLET LOCKHART.

(From a Sepia Drawing by J. G. Lockhart.)

THE LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

BY

ANDREW LANG

FROM ABBOTSFORD AND MILTON LOCKHART MSS.
AND OTHER ORIGINAL SOURCES

With Fifteen Illustrations

IN TWO VOLUMES

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THE life of the Editor of a Quarterly Review is not, even in the best times, one of poignant excitement. Many persons appear to believe that the archives of such a periodical are full of dark and deadly secrets, which would shake the Republic of Letters, and destroy the peace of families. To the best of my knowledge this belief in the existence of picturesque but gloomy histories about "the rampageous past" of the *Quarterly Review* is a popular delusion. One of the first articles which appeared under Lockhart's rule dealt with the Man in the Iron Mask.

He was not Louis XIV., nor a brother of Louis XIV., nor the Duke of Monmouth, said the author; *l'Homme au Masque de Fer* was merely the Italian agent of a small Italian prince. The *Quarterly* mystery is not more thrilling or momentous than that of *le Masque de Fer*.

The veiled *adyta* of Albemarle Street, as far as I have entered them by the way of letters to Lockhart, do not in the least resemble the Secret Chamber in Castle Perilous; they contain no horror, no weird inmate, calculated to blanch the locks and sadden the dispositions of new young editors and proprietors through all generations. I find no Castle Spectre, no skeleton old literary iniquity, but merely an energetic and deeply interested publisher; an industrious but intellectually rather disengaged man of letters; an unofficial but very busy coadjutor, Mr. Croker; and a "chorus of indolent reviewers."

A devotee of the faith in old *Quarterly* mysteries "more than Eleusinian," was the son-in-law of Southey, the editor of his Correspondence, the Rev. John Wood Warter[1] (London, 1856). Mr.

[1] I cannot resist the pleasure of making a quotation from Mr. Warter. He says—

"For the few footnotes I am responsible, and they are as few as possible, not being myself a convert to the system of overlaying an author with unnecessary disquisitions, or be-Germanised Excursuses, *albeit* long ago not unread in German literature of all sorts, especially theological, and from my long residence in Copenhagen, as Chaplain to the Embassy, not unversed in Danish and Swedish lore, and in the exquisitely curious Icelandic Sagas."

Warter suffered from that malady of fierceness, and that general sense of injury, which, in a biographer, are natural, if not becoming. He could not get all the letters of his father-in-law that he wanted to get, and he was particularly angry because no notice was taken of his demand for Southey's letters to Lockhart. Mr. Murray, also, would only lend *copies* of Southey's letters to him. "Yet," says Mr. Warter, "I have been able" (from Lockhart's letters) "to draw up a most remarkable history of the *Quarterly Review*. . . . It would fall like a shell from a mortar of the newest construction."[1]

Now, I have not access to Lockhart's letters to Mr. Murray, nor to Lockhart's letters to Southey (which seem to have vanished into the autograph market); finally, I have not access to Lockhart's letters to Mr. Croker. But I have read (as far as Lockhart preserved them) Mr. Murray's letters to Lockhart, Southey's letters to Lockhart, and much in two huge volumes of Croker's letters to Lockhart. To a mind eager for news about dark literary combinations, these epistles would appear of the most disappointing innocence. Lockhart and Croker, in the fancy of Miss Martineau, meet over an author like two ogres in a fairy tale over a strayed child. They discuss his points, they cut him up, and cook him (like Perrault's cruel step-mother) *au sauce Robert*. It may have been so, but these cruel facts do not appear in Mr. Croker's letters. On the

[1] "Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey," i. p. 13.

*

other hand, I do detect these bad men in a conspiracy to do good by stealth to poor authors, including a poor Whig author. As to Southey's epistles, had Mr. Warter obtained them, he would have been disappointed. They are brief, they are business-like, and they seldom diverge from the suggestion of a topic for an article, except when Southey cannot restrain an outburst of true-blue Protestant sentiment. Thus, though in possession of much the same materials as Mr. Warter had, I could not, if I would, threaten society, like him, with the same explosive results. No "strange disclosures" or "terrible revelations" are to be expected.

In the early part of 1826, as in the later part of 1825, Southey's letters to Lockhart are of no interest or importance. Once he had vowed that no editor should ever again curtail his articles, though he very well knew that, in his own Oriental phrase, "the Peri steed of his eloquence loved to expatiate on the plain of prolixity." In his unpublished letters he merely hopes that if Lockhart is obliged to shorten his articles, he will send him the proofs in their original condition. Mr. Cyrus Redding writes, in his "Fifty Years' Recollections" (iii. 323), "Southey declared that if he wrote for the *Quarterly*, his papers should not be cut or altered by Lockhart. The result was, that what Southey wrote, Lockhart would not read in any shape." This is sheer nonsense.

Southey, of course, grumbled about the curtail-

ment of his first article, on the Sœur Nativité.[1] His essay has "been much injured, at the beginning, at the head, in the middle, and all through." Southey was prolix, and knew it, yet he for ever harped on that inevitable grievance, the cutting down of an expansive writer. On this occasion he poured his wail into the ears of Mrs. Hughes, whose own son had been the earliest victim of the ferocious Lockhart—in the matter of Mr. Pepys. Mrs. Hughes, good lady, took the Lockharts to her bosom, but Southey nursed his wrath. "The change of administration in the *Quarterly* is an affair in which I believe all parties were pretty equally ill-used. . . . Sir Walter tells me, in an emphatic manner, that he is certain that I shall like Lockhart when I know him. I wish to do so for Sir Walter's sake, but I have misgivings upon that score. Nothing can be more courteous and apparently respectful than his letters to me; but in that courteousness, which reminds you of a Spaniard, there is an expression which forbids confidence."[2]

Southey had seen Lockhart, knew his "melancholy Spanish head," knew his courtesy, and "combined his information" into a good British prejudice. Southey was less useful to the *Quarterly* than the *Quarterly* to Southey. For thirty years (1809–1839)

[1] A disputable miracle-worker, about whom an indiscreet book had been written.

[2] Selections, &c., iv. 2.

he, like Pistol, "ate and swore" at the source of his provender.

A distrust entertained by a person of greater political importance than Southey, now taught Lockhart, once more, how little he had to expect from his party. In Scott's *Journal*, for April 16, 1827, occur the words (after recording Lockhart's account of the break-up of the Ministry),—"Mr. Canning has declared himself fully satisfied with J. L., and sent Barrow to tell him so. His suspicions were indeed most erroneous, but they were repelled with no little spirit both by L. and myself, and Canning has not been like another Great Man I know, to whom I showed demonstrably that he had suspected an individual unjustly. 'It may be so,' he said, 'but his mode of defending himself was offensive.'"

Now, at the moment when Scott was recording Canning's suspicions of Lockhart, and their removal, the *Quarterly* (according to *Blackwood*) was "meek and mum as a mouse, . . . afraid to lose the countenance and occasional assistance of Mr. Canning."[1] Canning himself, though disliked by the great Tory houses, was about to form a Ministry, which partly leaned, or was expected to lean, on hopes of Whig assistance. If, then, the *Quarterly* was courting Canning, of what misdeed did Canning suspect the Editor of the *Quarterly?* Simply of attacking him in *Blackwood*, in the very periodical

[1] See "Noctes Ambrosianæ," iii. 183, 184.

where Christopher North was, as he says, "defending the principles of the British Constitution, bearding its enemies, and administering to them the knout." Canning, in short, accused the Editor of the *Quarterly* of doing what Christopher North blamed the *Quarterly* for not having done.

Nobody might have known that Canning entertained these injurious suspicions, if Mrs. Lockhart had not done a little piece of domestic diplomacy. Early in January 1827 she wrote to Sir Walter from their house on Wimbledon Common. She says: "Mrs. —— has written to me in confidence, by the desire of her husband, to tell *me* (as he knows Lockhart himself will make no use of the information) that"—to be brief, a piece of preferment would presently be open. The work was genuine work, in which Lockhart was especially fitted to excel. Could "our great friend" (Mr. Canning) "be of any help?"

"I received this information," Mrs. Lockhart adds, "unknown to Lockhart, and write it to you unknown to him, as he would only shake his head and say, 'What *post* would ever come *his* way?' and *would rest patiently* till honours are thrown upon him."

On this hint of Mrs. Lockhart's, Sir Walter acted. He wrote about the vacant post to Canning, who (Feb. 17, 1827) replied with perfect candour, with "all the frankness of old friendship," as he himself said. For official reasons he could not oblige

Sir Walter. Moreover, Lockhart, as he understood, "was invited from Scotland for the very purpose of attacking, with a fury unknown till lately to modern political controversy" (pretty well for the old Anti-Jacobin), "the measures to which I am supposed to be favourable, and, personally, myself." Yet Wright and Scott believed that Canning himself brought Lockhart to London.

It is impossible, perhaps, to discover the source of Canning's extraordinary suspicion. Scott, of course, and Lockhart, not only denied the truth of the charge, but were able to bring such evidence as convinced Canning of his error. Of Lockhart's reply no copy is known to exist; Sir Walter's is spirited. In Lockhart's interest, he says, he makes no answer; it is enough to have been suspected by a man in power. For himself, whom Canning greets as "an old friend," he is hurt by being believed to have recommended to the Minister a person supposed to have been sent to London to injure the Minister. Scott adds that he knows all that occurred on the removal of Lockhart to town, and no such motive as enmity to Canning existed. Again, as to the *Blackwood* article referred to by Canning, he has heard the author's name, and does not believe he is even an acquaintance of Lockhart's.[1] Scott repeats that he writes in his own cause, not in Lockhart's, and thanks Canning for his candour.

[1] Scott preserved a copy of his letter to Mr. Canning. Abbotsford MSS. The assailant of Canning was a very obscure person.

On March 24 he writes to Lockhart, thanking him for his "perfectly satisfactory letter. . . . I think I can guess who has put the suspicion in his head." I think I can guess at whom Sir Walter guessed. On April 14, when announcing the new Ministry, Lockhart writes from Wimbledon, "Barrow has this day made to me a communication from Mr. Canning that he is perfectly satisfied with the explanation given in my letter to you, and that he will be very happy to do me any kindness whenever the opportunity offers; adding, that nothing has delayed this message but the pressure of these arrangements:" (the making of a new Cabinet). "I of course answered that I was much gratified at finding myself relieved from the unjust suspicions of Mr. Canning, and much obliged by his openness, which had given me the opportunity of being so."

There are probably few reviewers who have not been accused, by authors among their acquaintance, of "attacking" books by these authors which the accused has never read, and of which he has never even seen the review. Canning's theory, that Lockhart was "invited to London for the very purpose" of spiting *him*, resembles the suspicions of these men of letters, but it certainly makes it unlikely that Canning had any great part in Lockhart's appointment to the *Quarterly*. The Minister was ill—dying, in fact—and was greatly harassed. On all sides were half-estranged friends and half-recon-

ciled enemies. Distrusted by others, he was himself distrustful; nor did Canning live long enough to show how much of his profession of renewed confidence was genuine.

"The *timing* of this thing" (Canning's civil message) "was so barefaced that I wish I could have afforded to resent it as an insult," Lockhart wrote to his brother William—"but we must take the world as it goes. If Canning's Government turns out a Whig one, I will *not* be a Whig. . . . My impression is that the Tories are no more, and that the *Quarterly* can hardly hope to survive them. What should you say to hearing of my being in Chiefswood, installed for life? I should not wonder, for if Murray wishes to turn Whig, I shall let him take his own course."

Mr. Murray, of course, did not dream of "turning Whig."

The incident shows that Lockhart was little in sympathy with that unabashed place-hunting which was part of the manners of the age. Whether these manners are improved or not, can only be decided by persons within the possible range of public honours and emoluments, not by men of letters.

At this time Scott was still working on his "Napoleon." Lockhart wrote to him on February 9, 1827, asking when the book would appear, that he might arrange for a review. In words which cannot but have cheered Sir Walter, he said,—"I

have devoured the first six volumes—the two preliminary ones for a second time—and feel quite confident that you are about to make as great and strong an impression on the public mind as you have ever done by any two books put together, by 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering,' for example, or by 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' and 'Marmion.' I do not know by what magic you have continued to enrich your language with such an overflow of new and bold imagery—much more of it, I think, than you have ever displayed before, and all this in the midst of, to my mind, the most *historical* tone of anything that has been written since Hume."

Modern criticism may not re-echo this note, but assuredly this, and not the lamentable wail of James Ballantyne, was the right note to strike. Scott could and would make allowance for the exaggerations of loving-kindness, and yet some cheerful warmth from the praise would remain, and would comfort him in his weary task-work. Lockhart's remarks on "Napoleon," in the "Life," scarcely fall below the brief letter to Scott, in the warmth of their admiration.

In the midst of the correspondence with Mr. Canning, Lockhart wrote to Scott, on March 6, about the Catholic question. A kind of compromise had been aimed at: there were "negotiations between Norfolk House and the Churchmen (I know it from having revised some of the letters),"

but no result came of these efforts. "I shall make an exact minute, it may be curious some day," says Lockhart. "I understand, *from Croker*, that Canning's moderation in the business of Lord Liverpool's illness has been admirable; and he has disclaimed all idea of being Premier in the sense in which Lord Liverpool was, and is perfectly satisfied to let things go on in their late divided, balanced, and, I think, uncomfortable manner. Crokey trembled sorely for his place while things were hanging *in equilibrio*. . . ." The rest of the letter is concerned with R. P. Gillies, the Bore, whom Lockhart had invited to stay at Wimbledon. "He continues in one of the most fashionable hotels in London. God help him, for man cannot!" Mr. Gillies managed his affairs badly, but his "Recollections of Sir Walter Scott" is a valuable book, written in an admirable spirit. Scott replied with two anecdotes of Burns received from a son of Mr. Millar of Dalswinton. These might be useful to Lockhart, who was working at his "Life of Burns." Concerning the first anecdote Scott suggests, "this perhaps it may be invidious to mention," nor is it mentioned by Lockhart. Though the second tale is known, it may be given in Scott's version :—

"Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, through my informer Mr. Millar, offered Burns five guineas a week as an occasional correspondent—also guerdon as a reporter and as a general contributor

if he would settle in London. He declined it, alleging his excise situation was a certain provision which he did not like to part with. Mr. Millar seemed to think his refusal was rather to be imputed to his reluctance to part with his associates in Dumfries. I think it must have been a natural dislike of regular labour of a literary kind. I think the famous 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled' first appeared in the *Morning Chronicle.* I remember reading it in that paper, announced as being either a song of ancient times, or an imitation by the first of our living poets."

Now and again, as on March 24, Scott recurs to the question of the edition of Shakespeare: "Cadell, I can see, is very desirous it should go on." This does not seem to tally with Mr. Thomas Constable's belief, that the book was sold for waste paper in 1826.

In April (no date or day) Scott sends his review of John Home's works. "You know you can *dumple* it as you like. I hope you talk over your own prospects in this new world with that worthy, trusty, and true old English bull-dog, Wright. He is like to give you good advice, for, look you here, you must stir a little. Croker, I think, will be of service if he can." But Lockhart did not stir, or there is no evidence of his activity.

On April 5, he announces to Sir Walter that the Royal Society of Literature wished to send him a gold medal. Sir Walter had no belief in

Royal Societies of Literature; but Lockhart writes: "The medals are worth fifty guineas, and you can make a very pretty salver or tureen thereof, with the inscription of the Royal Humbug duly transferred. I am glad of this, for, after all, it would be a fine thing to get one of their pensions for James Hogg, and a little interchange of civilities between them and *you* may facilitate our operations."[1]

Lockhart was always serving, or trying to serve, Hogg; in the Memorials of the Shepherd, by his daughter, Mrs. Garden, Lockhart's kindness meets with its usual reward. Scott did what he could about the pension.[2] He wrote to Lockhart, as his *Journal* records:—

"I do not know which of my bad parts, as Benedict says, the Royal Society of Literature have fallen in love with me for, or whether it is for the whole politic state of evil—but here comes an official communication to tell me it is for my whole bodily Balaam.[3] You must attend and take the medal for me. I will write of course a proper answer, but you must pay some smart *touch and go* compliments at

[1] A sentence, not very tactful, in which Lockhart declared that Hogg was not the "boozing buffoon" of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," was meant to help him with "The Gaffers and Gammers of the Royal Literary Society." A reply, in Wilson's manner, occupies twelve pages of "Noctes Ambrosianæ" (iii. 178–190). This affair will be elucidated later. The *Quarterly* is distinguished from its Editor, and Hogg is made to speak of "a heart fu' o' everlastin' gratitude to John Gibson Lockhart and Sir Walter Scott."

[2] *Journal*, i. 390, 391.

[3] "Balaam" meant feeble "copy," in the slang of *Blackwood's*.

the reception. I wish anything could be done with the Gaffers or Gammers of literature on behalf of Hogg, who is like, I fear, to need it more than ever, and is, besides, as headstrong as any of his four-footed namesakes. He might make a good thing of the farm even yet, if he would let it lie in grass instead of keeping three ploughs and six horses to raise corn on the top of Mount Bengerlaw. I will do anything for him except becoming myself one of the cuddies.

"I have some curious untouched matter respecting Burns, which I send you enclosed. I hope you will go on with that piece of biography.

"I enclose a letter from Mr. Catterwawl" (Cattermole ?), "or whatever his name is, and have promised that you shall attend on my part, time and place within mentioned, so 'Follow this lord, and see you mock him not.' My article on Home is finished, all but the Rebellion part, and will reach you presently.—Yours truly,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Kindest love to Sophia, Johnnie, and little Walter. I shall certainly take your hint of converting the medal of the *Honorificatudinitatibus* into something useful. Anne seems to wish a substantial bread basket for dinner, or to hold rolls for breakfast. Sophia will know best, and may make some inquiry when in London. For my part I should like a salver as well."

On April 16 (after the passages given in the "Life," ix. 99), Scott writes,—"I have little to tell you in reply to so much curious and interesting news" ("the Duke of Wellington out"), "save that Napoleon hurries me like a bottle tied to a cur's tail. We live here as in a cloister, only Mr. Bainbridge means to give a fête and fireworks to-morrow night. The fireworks by Captain Burrard, a well-triable sort of fishing friend of his. I shall take care to keep my distance, remembering an exhibition of my own when, in early youth, I meddled with such kickshaws. My fireworks went off with great applause, till an unhappy and ill-compounded rocket took a lateral and congreve sort of direction, did some hurt, and spread so much alarm, that I never after could collect a company of spectators, the folks growing *timbersome*, so gave up my trade of fire-worker in ordinary for George's Square.

"My kindest love to Sophia, little Johnnie whom I long to see, and baby.—Always yours,

"Walter Scott."

The unhappy Lockhart passed through the Thyestean banquet of claptrap of the Royal Society of Literature, survived, and bore Sir Walter's gold medal away. "Such twaddle as their proceedings, the whole of which I was fain to hear, I really did not believe could exist in

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

(Drawn by Daniel Maclise, R.A.)

any Christian land." He bore it for Scott's sake, and in hopes of serving Hogg.[1]

Misfortune was not weary of pursuing Lockhart and his house; hence the following letter of Sir Walter's, on an occasion when custom demands speech, and speech is of no avail. His brother Richard had been drowned in India:—

"EDINBURGH, 19*th May* 1827.

"MY DEAR LOCKHART,—It was with great concern that I learned, by a letter from Lawrence, the loss which you and your family have sustained by the loss of poor Richard, cut off in the midst of our reasonable hopes that he must have attained to celebrity and distinction. I most sincerely share the affliction of your father and mother; for you, my dear John, I know how you must feel on this occasion. But what is good for a bootless bene? I am a poor comforter in cases of remediless sorrow and deprivation, as indeed who can be a good one? Our misfortunes *must* come, *will* be mourned, and it is time and the sense that our sorrows are in vain which proves in the end the only effectual comforter. I should wish to know the alteration, if any, which this most melancholy event makes upon your plans, and whether it means Sophia to remain a little longer in London, or brings you

[1] "The Boar of the Forest called this morning to converse about trying to get him on the pecuniary list of the Royal Society of Literature."—*Journal*, May 11, 1827.

down perhaps at the same time with her. I have a family spare bedroom in Walker Street, and I believe the Portobello lodgings are secured. I heard from Anne yesterday. All well.—Yours affectionately,

"WALTER SCOTT."

The Lockharts passed the summer at Portobello, then a little town of seaside lodgings, though now it is almost part of Edinburgh. Scott conceived the idea of his "Tales of a Grandfather," "stories for little Johnnie Lockhart, from the History of Scotland," on May 24: a lucky day for the children of two or three generations. On June 7, Sir Walter welcomed his son-in-law and his family at Portobello, whither he journeyed with "a bottle of champagne and a flask of Maraschino, making buirdly cheer for the rest of the day." Johnnie's general health was better, and the spinal disorder "no worse." Sir Walter dined at Portobello "regularly every other day," says Lockhart. During the autumn he and his family were with Scott in the country; his industry was mainly given to the "Life of Burns," and, of course, to the *Quarterly*. A little flutter of expectation may have been caused by a friendly message from Canning to Lockhart, sent through Sir William Knighton, on July 25. But in a few days Canning was dead. There was to be no patent place for Lockhart. By October 25 he had returned to London (to 24 Sussex Place,

Regent's Park), and was sending to Sir Walter a hundred-pound note for an article in the *Quarterly*. Rates had risen again to Southey's favourite level. Peel and Croker had "soldered their quarrel," the causes of which are stated in Mr. Croker's Correspondence. On November 20, Scott sent to Hugh Littlejohn the first copy of the "Tales of a Grandfather" (three volumes), and promised a prettily bound example at Christmas. A few anecdotes of this engaging child were sent to Sir Walter, on December 19, by Mrs. Hughes :—

"Johnnie's governess, Mrs. M'Ghie, leaves a written character of his daily progress, and this character he eagerly greets me with as soon as I come in. 'Good,' 'indifferent,' 'very careless,' were the reports of last month, and Johnnie faithfully repeated the words, however they might tell against himself. I could plainly read in his little, expressive face what he was about to tell me, but for the last ten days he has been radiant with pleasure. 'Improving, still improving,' and Mrs. M'Ghie's mental bulletin may be fairly applied to his corporeal state. . . . It is difficult to recollect in the animated, blooming creature who runs to meet me, and springs up on the sofa behind me, the little, languid invalid whose looks betrayed such patient suffering. Walter is a lovely, intelligent, and engaging creature, and I delight in him, but Johnnie is my *first* love. . . ."

Master John sends his own letter :—

"DEAR GRANDPAPA,—I thank you for the books. I like my own picture and the Scottish chief: I am going to read them as fast as I can. . . . I read the Bible, and I am come about to Joseph and the death of Israel, but he is not quite dead yet, and I am not quite come to his burial"—which, in the circumstances described, would have been decidedly premature—"only just what he says to Joseph when he is on his deathbed, and sets his hand on Manasseh's head. . . . I paint two or three pictures every day, and I send you one. I meant it to be like Walter, but it is rather too big."

Lockhart wrote to Sir Walter on the same day (December 19). His letter, on the political games of "Puss in the Corner," played by Goderichs, Huskissons, Peels, Hollands, and the like, is now, by the irony of fate, less interesting than little Johnnie's remarks on the death of Jacob. Lady Conyngham was the real fountain of honour and of patronage. "No wonder the King likes the system: he has more power now than ever Charles I. had. And the Duke of Clarence is giving the navy a new uniform." Sir Walter's reply shows him much pleased at possessing such rare and valuable information; much cheered, too, by the news of Johnnie, and the acquisition of the "Waverley" copyrights.

Lockhart's *Quarterly* work went on in good times or bad. To No. LXXIII. (January 1828) he contributed three articles; the best is on Tooke's

Translation of Lucian. Concerning the Samosatene humourist, that astonishingly modern type of man, illuminating a long dead age, which, in all but name, is modern, there is probably no adequate book, or even essay, in our language. Lockhart's paper is too brief to supply the vacant place, yet is excellent in quality and vivacity. The old Platonist Nigrinus in Lucian, describes and satirises Roman life, out of which he has dropped, and he praises Athens, where he had studied long ago. "One feels, in reading the passage, in every line of which we recognise the sadness wherewith disappointed age looks back to the season of youth and hope, as if we were listening to some hoary unbeneficed Oxonian unburthening his heart in a garret of St. James's." Lucian's picture of heathen belief and superstition in the second century after Christ is drawn with especial skill. But Lockhart's space was too scant for his subject. He also wrote on a number of forgotten books of *belles lettres*, and, with deep sympathy, on the posthumous "Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India," by Bishop Heber.

With such a theme as Lucian, Lockhart could do himself justice; but then the wise world cares very little for such a theme. For partisan attacks on contemporaries the world has, or then had, a readier ear, and Leigh Hunt provided Lockhart with one of these opportunities, which he would have done well to neglect. Satire may have been his foible; as a rule it was not his *forte*.

Scott wrote to him :—

"EDINBURGH, *5th February* 1828.

"MY DEAR LOCKHART,—I send you enclosed a letter from Horace Smith,[1] which I received this morning. I knew him only from seeing him once at breakfast, but what he wishes seems only to be justice to him. I am by no means sure that Leigh Hunt was completely in *bona fides* in his panegyric, which I have not seen ; but Mr. Smith seems sensible it is over-coloured, for the purpose of including him in the group of Liberals. You will do in it what you please ; only I am sure you will give currency to his disclamation of Atheism.[2] I am speaking in the idea that you are taking Leigh Hunt in hand, which he richly deserves ; only remember the lash is administered with most cutting severity when the executioner keeps his temper. Hunt has behaved like a hyena to Byron, whom he has dug up to girn and howl over him in the same breath. I have not seen Moore's lines, but I hear they are clever.

"The world (bookselling world) seem mad about 'Forget-me-nots' and Christmas boxes. Here has been Heath the artist offering me £800 per annum to take charge of such a concern, which I declined, of course. Perhaps it might be turned your way if you liked it. I would support as well as I could, and the labour would be no great thing. The book is the 'Keepsake,' I think, a book

[1] Mr. John Scott's second in 1821.
[2] Lockhart took the hint.

singularly beautiful in respect of the prints; the letterpress is sorry enough. Mr. Heath is well enough for his profession; a Mr. Reynolds who was with him, is a son of the dramatist, and a forward chip of the old block. I gave him, at his particular request, a note of introduction to you, which I think it is right to do. I rather think they want to frame some proposal to you. Certainly there could be little difficulty in giving such a thing a superiority in point of merit. I pointed out to Mr. Heath, that having already the superiority in point of art, I saw no great object could be obtained by being at great expense to obtain as great a superiority in literature, because two candles do not give twice as much light as one, though they cost double price. But he seemed to think he could increase his income.

"I see you have got a critic in the *Athenæum;* pray don't take the least notice of so trumpery a fellow. There is a custom among the South American Indians to choose their chief by the length of time during which he is able to sustain a temporary interment in an owl's nest. Literary respect and eminence is won by similar powers of endurance.

"Charles has received his appointment in the Foreign Office, and will be up on Friday night, and I hope you and Sophia will find him a quiet inmate.

"I have heard with pleasure of the christening. Whether we shall come up or not is in the womb of fate. Certainly, were it not for Sophia and you and

the dear babies, all other circumstances would make me wish to stay where I am, making money, instead of going where I must spend it. All things are clearing up here very well.

"Love to Sophia and babies, especially the Ciceronian John, who understands what folks say to him."

Leigh Hunt, in his "Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries," had gone out of his way to insult Sir Walter, and to make the most baseless insinuations against him. Scott probably never mentioned Leigh Hunt's name publicly in his life, and he refers to the insults neither in his correspondence nor in his *Journal.* Lockhart was of a mood less mild. Leigh Hunt, characteristically, wrote at least twice as much about one contemporary of Byron—namely, Leigh Hunt—as he did about the author of "Childe Harold." In later life he "burned his faggot," and confessed his dissatisfaction with an indefensible book, to which (if that be any excuse) his poverty rather than his will consented. "Had I been rich enough," he said in his original preface, "and could have repaid the handsome conduct of Mr. Colburn with its proper interest, my first impulse on finishing the work would have been to put it into the fire." *Habemus reum confitentem!* "It is the miserable book of a miserable man," said the reviewer, and indeed the author was in no sort to be congratulated. To Lockhart's remarks Leigh Hunt replied with per-

sonalities, and by observing that his book is disliked, not at all for its real demerits, but because "it is full of a sincerity and speculation equally hateful to the rottenness in the state of Denmark." He added to all that he had already said against Byron, a sentence which is best left in its proper place—the Preface to the Second Edition of "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries."

Lockhart, meanwhile, was engaged on better work than the defence of Byron or the attack on Leigh Hunt. He finished his "Life of Burns," for "Constable's Miscellany." Scott writes, March 4, 1828, after acknowledging Moore's dedication of his "Life of Byron":—

"I saw some sheets of your Burns, which I have no doubt will supersede all former lives. I conceive his over-estimation of the genius of such men as Lapraik to have been excited, so far as it was real, by the similarity of taste betwixt himself and these rhymers, however inferior the latter might be in powers, and partly perhaps to have been of the nature of the caresses which a celebrated beauty is often seen to bestow upon girls far inferior in beauty to herself, and whom 'she loves the better therefore.'

"Love to Sophia. I hope the moustaches" (Major Scott's) "rise in Walter's good graces. This will accompany a new edition of the Tales, greatly improved, for Mr. Littlejohn's kind acceptance.

"Greatly do I enjoy the prospect of meeting the

whole kit of you over wine and walnuts once more. It has not happened, I think, since your marriage.

"I swear by the Duke's fortune in politics and war, and take no small credit to myself for having been at the Rising in the North Countrye—the great Northern Rebellion, as I heard some Whigs term it.[1] God tend the King, preserve his health, and I think all will go well.—Yours affectionately,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"I think curious light might be thrown on Burns's life from some of his fragments of songs, which he threw off like sparkles from a flint when anything struck him. Thus, when he was finishing his house at Ellisland, he set off with the line of a happy and contented man—

'I ha'e a house o' my ain,'

feeling all the manly consequence as a householder and a husband which a settlement in life, which might have been expected to be permanent, inspired him with."

Lockhart's "Burns" (dedicated to Hogg and Allan Cunningham) was his first essay in a field peculiarly his own, that of Biography. The immense difficulty of writing on the great Scottish poet is, no doubt, best known to Scotchmen. To avoid mere fulsome rhetoric; to keep within due limits the patriotic

[1] A meeting at Sunderland in October 1827. "Life," ix. 164.

Muse; to shun *engouement* and the Bacchic dithyramb on one side, and the temptation to moralise on the other; to beware of right-hand political bias, and of left-hand literary fastidiousness—these are only a few of the duties of the biographer of Burns. Taste, tact, tolerance in its best sense, sympathy national and personal, are all required. The slips and stumbles of writers on the darling of the Scottish people recur to the memory as one pens these lines. Of all Burns's biographers, Lockhart is he who "divides us least." The most learned, probably, of modern Burnsians, Mr. Scott Douglas, says, in a preface to a recent edition of Lockhart's book, "On all hands the performance is admitted to be a masterly one of its class; kind, yet impartial; animated with a refined spirit of criticism; and, on the whole, a graceful treatment of the subject."[1]

There have been, of course, fresh discoveries in the details of the poet's biography since Lockhart wrote; these Mr. Scott Douglas has added in notes, and he has corrected some chronological errors. But on the whole story of Highland Mary, Lockhart, obviously from delicacy, was reticent, and he did by no means explore the *penetralia* of "this very inviting theme," as Mr. Scott Douglas calls it. While Mrs. Burns lived, while the kinsfolk of

[1] Mr. Scott Douglas edited the book, "revised and corrected, with new Annotations and Appendices," London, 1892. These remarks were written before the appearance of Messrs. Henley and Henderson's edition of Burns.

Highland Mary lived, close scrutiny was undesirable : now, everything has been scrutinised, but not by Lockhart. New Lives of Burns follow fast on each other, but Lockhart's is never likely to be superseded.

On April 3, Scott set forth with Miss Anne Scott, on a visit to London. There had been good news of Hugh Littlejohn in February. "I do not know what to do with Johnnie," Mrs. Lockhart wrote; "he has gone quite mad about knights, and bravery, and war, and, when he gets into a passion, talks about dirking the offender: he has been in terrible disgrace for wounding poor Watty with a pair of scissors : in short, you must write an antidote to your book, which he studies constantly. We had a party of little girls for his birthday, and for a week before we prepared wooden dirks, that he might arm them to make something like a field of battle. He certainly is much stronger this winter."

Alas, Sir Walter found the child greatly fallen off in health when he arrived in London, or rather, not long after his arrival.

"I fear, I fear, but we must hope the best," Scott wrote on April 22, when Mrs. Lockhart carried Johnnie to Brighton. Sir Walter and Lockhart dined at Rogers' with Coleridge, who prosed about the Samothracian Mysteries; and, to Mr. Morritt's horror, attacked the unity of Homer. Sir Walter, who did not take a part in the Homeric controversy, "was never so bethumped with words." It was not

till 1833 that Coleridge became acquainted with Mrs. Lockhart and her children. "I feel that it has done my heart good," he writes, "and that in my remembrance of Mrs. Lockhart I shall have one more affection to be glad of. God bless her, and you, and yours." This was years after Coleridge "rose with the aspect of a benignant patriarch, and threw his wine-glass through the window at a Highgate revel," where Lockhart and Theodore Hook were guests; Coleridge declaring Hook to be "as true a genius as Dante."[1]

There was a gloom over Scott's London visit. All the Lockharts were obliged to follow Johnnie to Brighton. Scott himself went thither, and obviously despaired of the child's recovery. In London he put Lockhart into communication with the Duke of Wellington, mainly for the political guidance of the *Quarterly*. From Edinburgh, whither he returned at the end of May, Scott wrote thus:—

"SHANDWICK PLACE, 21*st June* 1828.

"MY DEAR LOCKHART,—I received your letter yesterday, and observe with deep sorrow how little you have to say on the subject which must be most at both our hearts. But God's will must be done. I pass to other matters.

"Your way to do with the Premier is to set your article in proof, following out the hints I

[1] Lockhart's "Theodore Hook," 1853, p. 24.

gave you, and send it with such queries as occur, as briefly stated as is consistent with busy plans, and intelligible. This will give him least trouble. You will remember that he considered that the basis of a pacific system was laid in the alliance at Paris to which the King of France afterwards acceded, and he considered the Holy Alliance as an hasty arrangement made in the enthusiastic feelings of the moment, to which Britain never acceded, and which could scarce be considered as the deliberate purpose of the powers who did engage in it. You will look of course with a diplomatic eye at the treatises themselves."

Later references to this topic occur, but, on July 4, Scott's epistle to Lockhart was more concerned with the Biography of Burns :—

"EDINBURGH, *4th July* 1828.

"MY DEAR LOCKHART,—On the subject of Burns, I think it fair to a very good man to say, that Lord Sidmouth entertained the purpose of attending to his promotion. This I learned from George Ellis, to whom Lord Sidmouth spoke on the subject as they happened to meet on a morning ride. I have also understood it from the old statesman himself. It was a piece of justice which Ellis rendered a Minister to whom (as being himself an intimate friend of Canning) he was not at the period very partial.

"I think it a curious point of Burns's character which should not be suppressed, that he copied over the very same letters, or great part of them, and sent them to different individuals."

In this letter Sir Walter expresses an opinion, to which he was always wedded, "that no schoolmaster whatsoever has existed, without his having some private reserve of extreme absurdity." This was written *à propos* of a scholastic quandary into which "Taffey Williams" had picked his way, thereby causing a good deal of trouble to Lockhart and Scott.

On July 9, Lockhart replied, conveying very bad news of his sick child. There had been a consultation of physicians. "They bid us not despair." Southey, "who lives much with the lawn-sleeved," had been breakfasting with Lockhart. The weary affair of Taffey Williams (who had been off with one scholastic appointment before being on with another) desolates the correspondence between Lockhart and Scott. The former laboured stoutly for his old Balliol friend, who ultimately remained as head master of the Edinburgh Academy, where he was, as Scott's letters show, most highly esteemed and admired, even by the boys. In the warmth of their affection they called him "Punch Williams." Lockhart was also consulting Scott about one of these series of cheap books, like "Constable's Miscellany," which Mr. Murray was

publishing. But Sir Walter was indisposed to write a brief biography of anybody. Lockhart had no political news, except that "the Duke of Clarence is giving infinite botheration." Scott, on his part, consented to review Sir Humphrey Davy's "Salmonia," if he might have Tom Purdie as a collaborator! Sir Walter was never a great salmon fisher, being more inclined to trout.

In October 1828, a correspondence passed between Scott and Lockhart, which curiously illustrates Sir Walter's attitude of *juste milieu* in politics, and Lockhart's difficulties with Southey in the *Quarterly Review*.

Lockhart writes on October 23 :—

"You will find Southey at the Catholic question, *totis viribus*, in the *Quarterly*, which may not please some of our friends. . . . Blanco White is setting up an opposition Review, and Southey would have left us had I not suffered him to unburthen himself at this time—so, in fact, I had little choice."

Now, Southey's argument in this article is, that the Catholics cannot be emancipated till a Council pronounces, and the Pope ratifies, a condemnation of whatsoever is "un-Christian and pernicious" in the doctrines of the Church—in fact, till the Church is reformed on Southey's principles. "Better the condition of the Irish poor, educate the people, execute justice and maintain peace, and Catholic Emancipation will then become as vain and feeble

a cry in Ireland as Parliamentary Reform has become in England."[1]

O pectora caeca!

Sir Walter answered thus:—

"ABBOTSFORD, *26th October* 1828.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I cannot repress the strong desire I have to express my regret at some parts of your kind letter, just received. I shall lament most truly a *purple* article at this moment, when a strong, plain, moderate statement, not railing at Catholics and their religion, but reprobating the conduct of the Irish Catholics, and pointing out the necessary effects which that conduct must have on the Catholic question, would have a powerful effect, and might really serve king and country. Nothing the agitators desire so much as to render the broil general, as a quarrel between Catholic and Protestant; nothing so essential to the Protestant cause as to confine it to its real issues. Southey, as much a fanatic as e'er a Catholic of them all, will, I fear, pass this most necessary landmark of debate. I like his person, admire his genius, and respect his immense erudition, but *non omnia possumus:* in point of reasoning and political judgment he is a perfect Harpade—nothing better than a wild bull. The circumstances require the interference of *vir pietate gravis*, and you bring in a Highland piper

[1] *Quarterly Review*, October 1828, p. 598.

to blow a Highland charge, the more mischievous that it possesses much wild power of inflaming the passions.

"Your idea is, that you must give Southey his swing in this matter, or he will quit the *Review*. This is just a pilot saying, 'If I do not give the helm to such a passenger he will quit the ship.' Let him quit and be d——d. My own confidence is, you know, entirely in the Duke. As Bruce said to the Lord of the Isles at Bannockburn, 'My faith is constant in thee.' Now a hurly-burly charge may derange his line of battle, and therein be of the most fatal consequence. For God's sake, avail yourself of the communication I opened while in town, and do not act without it.

"Send this letter to the Duke of Wellington if you will. He will appreciate the motives that dictate it. If he approves of a calm, moderate, but firm statement, showing the unreasonable course pursued by the Catholics as the great impediment to their own wishes, write such an article *yourself*—no one can make a more impressive appeal to common sense than you can. The circumstances of the times are —*must* be—an apology for disappointing Southey; but nothing can be an apology for indulging him at the expense of aggravating public disturbance, which, for one, I see with great apprehension. It has not yet come our length.

"If the Duke says nothing on the subject, you can slip your Derwentwater greyhound if you like it.

I write hastily but most anxiously. . . . —Always yours, my dear Lockhart, WALTER SCOTT."

All readers of the Waverley Novels must remember that Scott's heroes are, or aim at being, *juste milieu*, like Henry Morton in "Old Mortality." Sir Walter had, and has, a name to be a violent Tory. In fact, he could be almost an opportunist; and, above all, he had a Carlylean belief in his hero, the Duke.

Lockhart replied on November 3:—

"I received your very kind letter about Southey several days after his anti-Catholic paper had been published, and consequently to no purpose, except that it filled me with many painful apprehensions. I believe you may now assure yourself that no harm is done. . . . I fear the Duke has still darker questions to solve."[1]

On Nov. 20, Sir Walter answered: he had not even yet received his copy of the *Quarterly*. His advice, "as Mr. Worldly Wiseman," was, "Keep in relations with the *only* man in Britain who can save this poor country. . . . As you have been so docile a little boy of late, you must take this hint also.

"Pray who writes 'Pelham'? I read it only yesterday and found it very interesting: the light is

[1] The nature of these questions is such that, even after the lapse of two generations, it would be unjustifiable to publish Lockhart's communication.

easy and gentleman-like, the dark very grand and sombrous. There are great improbabilities, but what can a poor devil do? There is, I am sorry to say, a *slang* tone of morality which is immoral, and of policy void of everything like sound wisdom. I am sorry if these should be the serious opinions of so powerful an author."

As a result of Southey's being permitted to sound his Protestant pibroch, he wrote to Mrs. Hughes: "I am in the best understanding with Lockhart, of whom I am disposed to think as Sir Walter told me I should. I should become intimate if we were thrown in each other's way." So Mrs. Hughes wrote to Scott, adding: "I am always delighted to have Mr. Lockhart well *understood*, for few people better deserve the study. I flatter myself I am one of those who read him fluently." Now, Mrs. Hughes was not subtle, but a kind, good, motherly woman.

Lockhart, replying, again entered into *la haute politique*. His information was derived from Sir William Knighton, the King's secretary. From another source he learned that "the Duke has 40,000 troops so posted, and steamboats to suit, that in half a day they could all be in Ireland, and this has been so arranged that the newspapers have no suspicion, or at least none but a very vague one."

To Sir Walter's query about "Pelham," Lockhart replied:—

"'Pelham' is writ by a Mr. Bulwer, a Norfolk squire, and horrid puppy. I have not read the book, from disliking the author, but shall do so since you approve it."

Long afterwards Bulwer, now "E. B. Lytton," wrote :—

"DEAR MR. LOCKHART,—Will you kindly meet me in waiving all ceremonials—and forgive an act of petulance in my youth, which I have often regretted ; and in token thereof will you do me the honour to dine with me on Thursday, June 2 : half-past seven? Believe in the truth and respect with which I am faithfully yours,

"E. B. LYTTON."[1]

The "act of petulance" is here unrecorded ; in fact, Lytton behaved coldly to Lockhart (whom he suspected of reviewing him) at a dinner given by Sir Roderick Murchison. Chantrey kept the peace.

At this time Lockhart was suggesting to Scott the idea of a "Scottish Plutarch," which was never achieved. The ex-King of Holland had written, as Lockhart told Sir Walter, a pamphlet against him and his "Life of Napoleon." Sir Walter's comments are characteristic.

"I have the ex-King Louis's diatribe. He is a little unreasonably sorry, but I don't wonder at it. All men cannot be so cool as the equal-minded

[1] No date of year.

slater who fell from the top of James's Court. Some one, seeing a man sitting on a dunghill which happily intervened to break the fall, and not having witnessed (it may be well supposed) the nature of his descent, asked him 'What o'clock it was?'—to which he replied, 'He supposed about three, for as he was passing the seventh story he observed them setting the table for dinner.' Now, Nick Frog, having been filliped with a three-man beetle, has scarce had time in his transit to make such accurate observations; and for my part I would freely forgive him all that he has said of me (though he complains as much when I excuse his brother from the accusations as when I inculpate him myself), provided he could give me, in reality, the advantage of having seen Italy in 1814, which he says I did.

"Talking of travelling, I hope you mean to come down at Christmas, otherwise our disappointment will be very great. You do not mention your purpose, but I hope it is not altered."

Still later Sir Walter writes:—

"EDINBURGH, 11*th December* 1828.

"MY DEAR LOCKHART,—I have been every day anxiously expecting to hear from or see you. Your bed here is ready, and your presence anxiously hoped for. On the 20th we go to Abbotsford, so you may consider whether you had rather come there, and pass a few days of January in town when the Session recalls me, or come hither at once. All

your old friends long to see you, and inquiries are frequent as to the where or when. I expect the Morritts at Christmas, but I hope you will not tether your motions by theirs. The sooner you come, and the longer you can stay, so much the better for us. I only wish Sophia and the bairns could come with you; but for this we must wait for summer, which will come if the almanac keeps its word. I have nothing to add but that we are well, happy, and prosperous. The 'Tales' have been most successful. An edition of 10,000 has been sold, and another is in the press: no bad thing for grandpapa, who, though, like Dogberry, 'a fellow who hath had losses,' is like to prove like the said Dogberry, 'a rich fellow enough. Go to!'

"I still wish you much to see the Duke before you come down. I would have you be the man you ought to be with these great folks, and that can only be by taking upon you a little more than the modesty of your nature will readily allow you to do. Men are always rated as they rate themselves, and if you let them suppose that either the publisher or any of the contributors are the moving source of the great engine which you command, your personal services will be coldly estimated. They are all, I believe, convinced of your consequence to the cause, and you need not let them forget that it is to yourself they owe them.—Always yours, with affectionate love to dear Johnnie, Walter, little miss, not forgetting mama."

An undated letter contains more of Scott's advice, and remarks on Burns.

"The opening of your intercourse with Peel is excellent, and you must not be too modest in not improving it as proper opportunities offer. I am far more fearful of your neglecting these than anything else. You may do service without advocating particular measures, but keeping to the sound tone of politics in general. I am anxious for your interview with the Duke. He is brief, sententious, and fond of plain and distinct answers. Leave nothing which you do not comprehend, and speak *distinct and loud*. Remember he hears imperfectly.

"I am sure Sir William will be true. Pray send him the 'Life of Burns.' It has done you infinite credit. I could give you very good authority where you and I seem to differ,[1] but you have chosen the wiser and better view, and Burns had a right to have his frailties spared, especially *post tantum temporis*. All people applaud it. A new edition will immediately be wanted. I can tell you some good and accurate facts respecting him.

"The 'Fair Maid' has had great acceptation here, and gives me encouragement to think I may work out my temporal salvation, which I shall scarce think accomplished till I do not owe £100 in the world. In the meantime all goes on well.

"Anne and I are well and happy, save when we think, which is very often, of poor Johnnie.

[1] Lockhart "gently scanned" the last years of Burns at Dumfries.

But what can I say save that we are in God's hands?

"Pray continue to write when anything occurs. You know how ignorant we are here."[1]

These letters illustrate the relations between Sir Walter and his son-in-law. It is possible that Lockhart did not often overcome his diffidence as to interviews with the Duke of Wellington. Scott justly noted in Lockhart a disinclination to make, as it were, the most of himself, and to be profoundly impressed by the importance of "getting on in the world." These defects he never overcame.

Part of January 1829, Lockhart passed with Sir Walter at Abbotsford and in Edinburgh. They also visited Milton Lockhart, where Lockhart introduced Scott to Mr. Greenshields, a native of the place, and a sculptor then credited with some untrained genius. Lockhart, with Scott, was anxious to get him opportunities of work and of artistic education, as indeed Lockhart was always eager to aid struggling merit.

"I could increase the interest," he says, "with which both Sir James Stuart and Sir Walter had examined Greenshields' work, by bearing testimony to the purity and modesty of his character and manners." In a similar spirit Lockhart did his best for certain ingenious though half-trained writers who were recommended to him by Southey, when he became Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. A

[1] The rest of the letter is cut away.

tendency to make unpleasant allusions to the social rank of opponents was to be regretted occasionally in Lockhart's polemics. On the other hand, his "Life of Burns," and his conduct whenever he had an opportunity to befriend men of less fortunate social standing, supply a pleasant practical contrast to what he said in his wrath. This contrast was part of his complex nature, of which the less excellent was public, while the better, the actual and active goodwill, was concealed.

About the day at Milton Lockhart, Scott remarks in his *Journal*, "I walked very ill—with more pains, in fact, than I ever remember to have felt—and, even leaning on John Lockhart, could scarce get on."[1] He leaned more and more on the younger man as life drew nearer to its close.

At the end of January 1829, Lockhart left Sir Walter, and returned to work in London.

[1] *Journal*, ii. 221.

CHAPTER XV

LONDON, 1828–1832

Catholic Emancipation.—Lockhart a moderate Tory.—No despot as Editor.—His salary raised.—His literary schemes.—Life of Bonaparte.—Letter to Wilson.—The Family Library.—Letter from De Quincey.—Proposes an "integrated Gibbon."—Letters to Scott.—"Peel utterly undone."—Scott on Peel.—An honest man.—Criticism by Hugh Littlejohn.—His want of sympathy with Civilisation.—The Duke's duel.—Lockhart asked to be a "reptile journalist."—Scott on the gentlemen of the Press.—"Rather sell gin."—Distrust of Croker.—Scott's illness.—Last days at Abbotsford.—Guests at Abbotsford.—Visit to the graves of the Douglasses.—Lockhart as Biographer.—Scott visits Italy.—His latest days.—Death of Hugh Littlejohn.—Letter to Dr. Lockhart.

In the year 1828, when the claims of the Catholics for emancipation were pressing, and (in spite of Southey's drastic proposals in the *Quarterly*) were about to be granted, Lockhart did not show any feverish partisanship. He was indeed, as Scott advised him to proclaim himself, "a *moderate* Tory." In 1817 he confessed to a friend his detestation of Croker's and Southey's politics. Now he had to endure and accept them. His editorial position was never despotic. In Albemarle Street he was the most constitutional of monarchs; and this was the easier to him, as his interests and faculties were mainly literary, not political. "Alas, we are all getting old," he wrote to Mr. Murray

in 1828, "and it is so difficult to whip up any interest about any subject in jaded bosoms." His age was thirty-four, but the year 1826, and domestic misfortune, and life begun very young, had aged him already, and, with Milman, he "was excessively anxious to see new hands and new blood" in the *Quarterly*.[1] Mr. Murray spurred the flagging energies of his elderly editor by raising his salary to £1300 a year, but £13,000 could not have made Lockhart, at least in his constitutional editorship, a keen political partisan. He hoped, on the literary side of his office, for a Life of Peterborough, and a Life of Red John of the Battles, the Argyll of Malplaquet and Sheriffmuir, from Sir Walter, who liked the themes, but never wrote the books. Nor did Lockhart extract a Naval History of Great Britain from Professor Wilson: with many other works contemplated by Wilson, this remained in the limbo of books unwritten, like the famous treatise, "Sur l'Incommodité des Commodes," and a large library of other instructive volumes. Lockhart himself had undertaken, for Mr. Murray's Family Library, a short "Life of Bonaparte," a piece of hack-work, mainly abridged from Scott's large work. It was published in 1830, and was excellent in its kind, but, of course, is superseded by the abundance of later Napoleonic literature.[2]

[1] "Memoir of John Murray," ii. 269.

[2] Lockhart had some scruples about abridging Scott's "Napoleon." Scott said, "They are a great deal over-delicate," and speaks of the aid

On the matters of the Family Library, a letter of Lockhart's to Wilson, and one of De Quincey's to Lockhart, may here be inserted :—

"PROFESSOR WILSON,
6 Gloucester Place, Edinburgh.

"MY DEAR WILSON,—I have a serious piece of business, or I would not bother a letter-hater with an epistle. Murray is going to start a series of publications, half way between a Miscellany (like Constable's) and an Encyclopædia. There are to be two vols. 12mo, beautifully illustrated, every month: one being historical, biographical, or *literary;* the other scientific in some way or other. I have agreed to superintend the literary series, and am to have in return *one-third* of the property. These are circumstances which I have not told to *anybody* but Scott and yourself. But I have been at work all summer in making arrangements, and I think there are volumes not a few likely to turn out well on the stocks. . . .

"Now, if this concern turns out well, it will be a little fortune for me: I am not sanguine, but I do think it is likely to be at least worth something; and I therefore expect with perfect confidence that you will do what you can to assist me. . . .

"I think these are services which you would under similar circumstances expect me to render

which Lockhart had given him. "By all means do what the Emperor" (Mr. Murray) "asks. He is what Emperor Napoleon was not, much a gentleman. . . ." ("Life," ix. 269.)

without much hesitation. . . .—Your affectionate friend, J. G. LOCKHART.

"24 SUSSEX PLACE, REGENT'S PARK,
LONDON, *Nov.* 4, 1828.

"'Strictly anonymous,' if you please. . . ."

De Quincey writes at a later date:—

"GRASMERE, NEAR AMBLESIDE,
March 10, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I feel greatly indebted to you for your obliging and very encouraging answer to my application. . . .

"First, with regard to the *Lakes*, I am ashamed to say that I want much of the commonest knowledge called for in so miscellaneous a subject. I am not an Ornithologist, nor an Ichthyologist (unless a dissertation on *Potted Char* would avail me, for that I could obtain); I am no Botanist, no Mineralogist: as a Naturalist, in short, I am shamefully ignorant. And, in this age of accuracy in that department, I doubt whether anybody less than a Humboldt or a Davy would satisfy the miscellaneous demands of this subject. By the way, I do not remember to have seen any scientific theme treated with so much grace and attractions of popularity, combined with so much original observation, as those of Forest Trees and the Salmon Fisheries, &c., by Sir Walter Scott; and had I

been within a thousand degrees so extensive an observer, or even extensive in the same degree as I myself am accurate, I would not have shrunk from the subject merely because I was not a regular school-built Naturalist. But my hatred of all science, excepting mathematics and its dependencies, is exquisite; and my ignorance, in consequence, such as cannot be disguised. Further, is not the subject threadbare? In all that part of it which relates to the *picturesque*, I fear that I have been forestalled by Wordsworth. Finally, I should clash inevitably with both Wordsworth and with Wilson. Wilson's book is yet, I believe, unpublished; nor do I remember to have heard him say in what way he had treated the subject; but, I presume, with great variety—both from the size of his work (as then projected), not less than three volumes, and from the extraordinary activity of his mind, whenever he does not wilfully throw it asleep under the *sentimental*, which, to my thinking, is his evil genius. . . .

"Now, *generally* as to the want of materials for works of any research wheresoever there are no great libraries, what you say is feelingly known to me from long and rueful experience. How Southey manages in that respect, even with his private advantages of a tolerably well-mounted library, and his extensive connections, I never could divine. For myself, as well on this account as for the benefit of my children with a view

to ordinary accomplishments, either London or my old residence, Bath, is the mark I aim at within a year or so. Meantime would not such a work as this which follows be useful to the Family Library—a digest, at most in three, at least in two volumes, of the 'Corpus Historiæ Byzantinæ;' that is, a continuous narrative (woven out of the Byzantine Historians) of the fortunes of the Lower Empire from Constantine to its destruction? There has been, you know, of late an *expurgated* Gibbon; and, I believe, it has found favour with the public: but an *interpolated* Gibbon, or perhaps, more accurately speaking, an *integrated* Gibbon, I imagine to be more of a desideratum.[1] . . .

"I commend the project earnestly to your indulgent consideration. A readable—a popular book, I am satisfied that I could make it. And the accurate abstracts which I could manage to interweave, of dissertations upon the Byzantine Aulic ritual, and concerning works that, generally speaking, *do not let themselves be read* (to borrow a phrase from our German friends), might contribute to give it a permanent value, be the same little or much.

"Extremum (I speak of the *epistolary* bores I am inflicting on you—in that sense) Extremum hunc concede laborem.—And believe me, ever yours,

"Thomas De Quincey.

"My letters have to travel to Ambleside in the

[1] De Quincey's idea was executed by Dean Milman.

JOHN WILSON CROKER

pockets of country louts; for we have no post-office here. Excuse them, therefore, if they have come into your hands soiled."

Lockhart's letters to Sir Walter, on his return to town, are mainly concerned, as Scott's favourite quotation runs—

> "With things that are long enough ago,
> And with Dickie Macphalion that's slain."

Peel was, on Feb. 9, 1829, the Macphalion of the moment.

"As for Peel, he is utterly undone as an independent power in the country, and I hear Whig, Radical, and Tory speak of him uniformly with the same pity."

Peel lived to run away on later occasions. Here is Sir Walter's opinion :—

"As for Peel, I own I think him playing an honest part. He has sacrificed the situation of leader of a party and every chance of elevated ambition, and exposed himself to much obloquy, loss of immediate consequence, loss of personal friendship; and for what has he sacrificed this? Not surely, opulent as he is, for the mere income of his place — not for ambition, for the fall for the time is evident. On my soul, I give him credit for making the concessions from complete conviction.

"I certainly see remote danger in the concessions,

but they are remote, and there is a chance of their being evaded, whereas I see little less than ruin in declaring for a break up. . . ."

In these excited days Master Hugh Littlejohn arose as a critic, and sent, through Mrs. Hughes, the following censure on "The Tales of a Grandfather," with which every child will agree:—

"He very much dislikes the chapter on Civilisation, and it is his desire that you will never say anything more about it, for he dislikes it extremely."

"Up wi' the bonny blue bonnet," was Hugh Littlejohn's motto, and the very name of Civilisation was hateful to this amateur of dirks.[1]

Lockhart had less domestic, though equally uncivilised, intelligence to send on March 25. The Duke of Wellington had fought a duel, luckily bloodless, with Lord Winchilsea. The Duke's lack of halfpence, and detention at a toll-bar; the popular suggestion of the lookers-on that the belligerents should use their fists; the Duke's rapid ride to Windsor after the affair; the King's annoyance, are all vividly narrated, but the letter has already been published in a note to Sir Walter's *Journal*.[2] In the same way Lockhart's letter of March 30, on Croker's attempt to connect him with "the Reptile Press," has been anticipated.[3] The

[1] Mrs. Hughes told Sir Walter that the parish records of Cumnor showed an unbroken line of Lambournes, the family of Mike Lambourne in "Kenilworth," all, down to the time of writing, "most decided scamps."

[2] ii. 258.

[3] Ibid., ii. 262.

Duke, according to Croker, wanted to buy a newspaper, "and could I do anything for it? I said I was as well inclined to serve the Duke as he could be, but it must be in other fashion." Croker, in brief, wished Lockhart to be, as he himself had been, the go-between of a paid paper and the Treasury. "I will not, even to serve the Duke, mix myself up with newspapers. That work it is which has damned Croker. . . . I don't admire, after all that has come and gone, being applied to through the medium of friend Crokey." He goes on (this part of the letter is unpublished): "As for Croker's hints about the advantages of being constantly among the rulers of the land, why, I do not envy being constantly before them in that capacity. Moreover, the great rulers I should see would be, I take it, mostly the Plantas, Croker, *et hoc genus*. Their illustrious society does not much flatter me."

Sir Walter's answer illustrates that view of an enlightened Press which was commonly taken in his time.

"ABBOTSFORD, *3rd April* 1829.

"MY DEAR LOCKHART,—Nothing could meet my ideas and wishes so perfectly as your conduct on the late proposal. It seems to me that C——r, having intrigued himself out of the Duke's favour, has now a mind to play the necessary person and intrigue himself back again. Your connection with any newspaper would be disgrace and degradation.

I would rather sell gin to the poor people and poison them that way. Besides, no gentleman can ever do that sort of work but by halves. He must, while he retains a rag of a shirt to cover his nakedness, be inferior to the bronzed, mother-naked, through-going gentleman of the Press. I owe Croker regard for former favours, and as far as I can help him in his literary undertaking[1] I will; but for confidence, I have it no longer to give, and therefore, as dealing with a customer who has passed bad money, I will always look at both sides of every shilling he offers. I am surprised at his project or the Duke's of rallying the Tories again to one interest. I doubt he will find them too much broken, dispersed, and disunited. Do you remember Merlin's prophecy—

> 'At *Arthur's* hest the clarion sounds,
> With rapid clangour, hurried far;
> Each distant dell the note rebounds,
> But when return the sons of war?
> Offspring of stern necessity,
> Dull peace, the valley yields to thee,
> And owns thy melancholy sway.'

"Thus I have some doubt that the ancient Tories are too much scattered to be rallied even by King Arthur's horn. If, however, national danger shall arise, which is not unlikely, they will rally round him as the flock does round the dogs when alarmed by the wolf.

[1] His "Boswell's Johnson."

"We are much relieved by Johnnie's amended health. I shall hope, if he gets tolerably well over this spring, that the tendency of the complaint will wear itself out.

"When the hurly-burly's done, I hope that we shall have the Stuart papers, which would be a capital thing, or something else. I trust they do not intend, like Beau Tibbs, after talking of Ortolan and Burgundy, to fob us off with a slice of ox cheek passing hot, and a bottle of the smart small beer his Grace was so fond of.

"A thousand loves to Sophia and the children, and to the Morritts when you see him.

"I have quarrelled with 'Anne of Geierstein' for the present; besides, it would be insanity to bring out anything till 'the battle's fought and won.'"

Sir Walter was never pleased with his "Anne of Geierstein, damn her," as he frankly observed. "Anne" was, practically, the last of his works of imagination, for "Count Robert of Paris" followed a stroke of apoplexy. At this time he was reviewing Tytler's "History of Scotland," and Lockhart, with proper caution, asks, "Pray are you sure of the story of the Attacotti?"—Scots, *ex hypothesi*, whom St. Jerome accused of cannibalism.

"I recollect that Gibbon's statement of that anecdote called forth a controversy, and rather think the result was against our grandpapas' cannibalism. Does Jerome say he saw them eat the unclean

thing, or only that he saw them, and was told of their eating? I suppose they were savages exhibited in a show-booth or waggon—but you speak as if Jerome had seen a *tribe*."

Sir Walter answers, "I have quoted the *ipsissima verba* of St. Jerome. I have no doubt a trick was put on him"—a patriotic conclusion.

Lockhart tried to keep Sir Walter in good heart about "Anne of Geierstein," and ideas were interchanged frequently about the Stuart papers. It was hoped that Lockhart, Dr. Gooch, and Sir Walter would be appointed to edit that great mass of manuscripts belonging to the exiled royal family, which, after a perfect Odyssey of romantic adventures, were now in the possession of George IV. To these the following letter of Sir Walter refers :—

[Postmark, *July* 8, 1829.]

"My dear Lockhart,—I have a regular official letter from Lord Aberdeen, intimating that the King has named Dodo Gooch, yourself, and me to succeed the late Commission in the duty of arranging and reporting the Stuart papers. . . . I hope before you come down you will make yourself in some degree master of the general state in which the papers are, that we may converse about the measures to be taken. The Invisible[1] has proved true of promise, but I have heard nothing from him directly.

[1] Sir William Knighton.

"I can send you no news of Sophia and the children. Johnnie made out his journey to Abbotsford pretty well, and by a letter from Anne this morning, I learn he is in his usual state of health. I never saw so engaging a child as Walter. I understand he runs about the woods like a guinea-fowl, and is lost twice or thrice a day. I hope to see them all on Saturday, when I will be at Abbotsford, setting out so soon as the Court rises. I should be glad to have a few lines from you about the Stuart Commission with which we are invested. I hope they propose to remunerate our trouble, meaning *yours*, by some means or other. . . .—Yours ever, W. Scott."

It is a matter for regret that the task of editing these documents was never assigned to Lockhart. Many extracts from the letters of King James, Prince Charles, and the Jacobite leaders, were later published by Mr. Browne, in his "History of the Highland Clans." One volume, of the King's and Bishop Atterbury's Letters, about 1720–1730, was edited by Dr. Glover. But the enormous mass of the Stuart papers lie, excellently arranged, yet uncalendared, in the Royal Library at Windsor. The work that Lockhart was born to do, as it were, was never entrusted to his hands. In November 1829, however, he had actually "put hand" to it, as he says, in St. James's Palace; but his labours were interrupted. Croker, as we shall see, had reported

on the MSS. on the expense of publication, and so forth, as if he had been a bookseller's reader. So the papers remain as they were, and the history of diplomacy is a loser.

The correspondence, on Lockhart's side, is scanty in the later part of 1829. Mrs. Lockhart had written to him in London from Abbotsford, on November 1, announcing Tom Purdie's sudden death: "I never saw papa so affected; he won't go out, and says for the first time in his life he wishes the day over. He has sent for Mr. Laidlaw, whom we expect to-day, and hopes to make some arrangement with him to return to Kaeside; but even with that I hardly see how papa is to get over it, for Tom was everything to him. Poor Di, the dog, is in the most dreadful state of distress now they have put the body in the coffin, and they think the creature will die. The funeral takes place on Tuesday, and papa lays the head in the grave."

Mrs. Lockhart herself was at this time suffering so much from rheumatism that she could not walk, but had to be carried by a servant named Ludlow. "The nurse gave me," says Mrs. Lockhart, "the extraordinary intelligence that *all* his former mistresses had died, the last of rheumatism, and he had carried her for some years."

Lockhart, writing to Sir Walter, said: "I cannot get Tom Purdie out of my head for ten minutes. I am sure there are not half-a-dozen people, beyond immediate connections, in the world, whose death

would have given me so much pain. What, then, must it be with you! Poor fellow, I think the woods will never look the same again. . . .

"Everybody says that Peel is anxious to take the first opportunity of going to the House of Lords. . . . The King is dreaming of dressing the Guards, and afterwards all the infantry, in *blue*. This is the Duke of Cumberland's Prussian nonsense.[1] Chantrey gave us a laughable description, the other night, of his Majesty's forenoon council—himself about statues, and Wardrop about the stuffing of the camelopard, on one side of the bed; the Duke of Cumberland and a tailor on the other: the King in a white cotton night-cap and a rather dirty flannel jacket, propped up with pillows, and sipping his chocolate—amidst this divan. The Duke of Wellington is announced! His Majesty gets on forthwith a black velvet cap with a gold tassel, and a grand blue silk *douillette*, and walks out of the bedroom to receive him in the character of George the Fourth. After half-an-hour (he had bade them all remain) he came back, and tumbled into bed again among them, to resume the blue breeks. But this is all treason."

Among the scanty materials for tracing Lockhart's uneventful days, Sir Walter's *Journal* fails us from July 20, 1829, to May 25, 1830. The Lockhart children had been with their grandfather, and this

[1] Hence, perhaps, Mr. Weller's obscure ejaculation, "My Proosian blue!"

was the crowning pleasure of poor Johnnie's year; but Scott noticed the sad change in the child. It is plain, from the *Journal* in the summer of 1829, that his own energies were waning. On November 23, Mr. Cadell wrote to Sir Walter, making a very wise suggestion, that he should finish the notes and introductions to the whole of the *Magnum Opus*, in place of attempting a new work of fiction. "This done, my life on it, you will get all you want, and spontaneously." Scott had only reached "Ivanhoe" in his annotations, and he had a good deal of material, in the way of historical anecdote, which had not been used. Lockhart, as his Biography of Scott shows, had great confidence in Mr. Cadell, and might, indeed, well be grateful to him were it but for this letter. It was calculated, based as it was on calculations of a strictly "business" character, to set Sir Walter's mind entirely at rest as regards finance, and the scheme suggested was not to him laborious. Doubtless Mr. Cadell observed the waning powers, which the very disuse of the *Journal* indicates. But there was to be "no rest for Sir Walter but in the woollen." His mind had taken a ply which was only strengthened by the approach of cerebral disease. He was actually dreaming his old dream, the purchase of Faldonside, interesting to him as the estate of Andrew Ker, the most ruffianly of Rizzio's murderers, and the second husband of John Knox's second wife. Again, he was working at his drama, "The Ayrshire Tragedy:"

his activity could not be abated. These causes for grave anxiety were accompanied by a severe illness of Mrs. Lockhart's, and culminated when, on Feb. 15, 1830, Sir Walter was stricken with apoplexy, in the presence of Miss Anne Scott and Miss Violet Lockhart.

On Feb. 23, 1830, Lockhart wrote to Sir Walter, thankful for a physician's report of his "recovery from his brief malady," and inviting him to take a holiday in London. Either the reports had made as little as might be of the attack, or it was thought wise not to display anxiety. Lockhart referred to the Shakespeare, projected and begun in 1825, which Mr. Cadell was not enthusiastic about, while Mr. Murray was ready to take it up. Scott himself was already anxious to be at work again, and Lockhart thought that a volume for Mr. Murray's "Family Library" would be most welcome. "I am every day more anxious to see this property established on a sure footing, because every day shows me more clearly the impossibility of the *Quarterly Review* being, in these days of mutation, the stepping-stone to any permanent benefits in my case, unless I chose to sacrifice its interests to mine, which it is needless to say I never could do. . . . Ministers . . . consider literary allies as worse than useless, unless they be prepared to shift at every breath, like the *Courier*, which, by-the-bye, such shifting has utterly ruined. . . . Would it be *amusement* to you to write a little tome on

Witchcraft? Pitcairn's 'Trials' put this in my head, as the story might surely be told in a more interesting manner. I wonder who was Agnes Simpson's poet." (Agnes was one of the witches tried.) "Her charm—

All the souls that ever ye be,
In Goddis name I conjure ye,

seems to me very grandly done. You have a whole library *De Re Magica* at Abbotsford, and with David Hume's Commentaries, and Law's 'Memorials,' I think the task would not be a hard one."

This suggestion led to the "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft." "There is in it a cloudiness both of words and arrangement," says Lockhart in the "Life."

Scott's illness, as appears from a letter written to him by Mr. Charles Scott, was, in fact, to be spoken of in the family as "a stomach attack," from which he had "recovered" in less than a week. Indeed, by the beginning of March, Sir Walter was collecting materials, and was aided by Mr. Pitcairn;[1] and by March 30 he was inquiring for Byzantine historians. "Count Robert of Paris" must have been already in his mind. On his mind, too, were jars between James Ballantyne, as printer, and

[1] Mr. Pitcairn, speaking of Christian Shaw of Bargarran, the bewitched girl who later founded the Renfrew thread industry, says "the imposture was discovered." I am entirely unacquainted with any evidence in favour of this detection.

Mr. Cadell, as publisher, of the *Magnum Opus*, the annotated Waverley Novels. For reasons which will be conspicuous later, these squabbles had their own importance in Lockhart's history. Mr. Cadell found Ballantyne (who was much unhinged by the loss of his wife) vague, unbusiness-like, neglectful, and "feckless," as the Scotch say, to a distressing degree. He writes a long letter about Ballantyne's failings as a printer and manager, on April 12, 1830. "Mr. Cowan and I do everything we can to keep him right," and many odd details are given as to James's lack of energy. Even Scott writes, "My pity begins to give way to anger." Now Mr. Cadell was the chief source of Lockhart's comments on the Ballantynes as men of business, in his "Life of Scott." It is plain that Mr. Cadell did not wait till 1838 to express his extreme dissatisfaction, a dissatisfaction which he perhaps communicated to Lockhart, though there is evidence that Lockhart attempted to discount any "personal bias."

On May 17, Lockhart wrote to Sir Walter a letter full of the political gossip so interesting at the moment, and now so vacant. The King's death was expected almost daily: "he expresses his earnest desire to be released." The air was full of rumours, for the health of the prospective William IV. was far from good, and on his decease there would be a long minority. Meanwhile the Tories were all at odds, the Whigs strong and hopeful, and the era of "concessions" had begun. Of himself

Lockhart writes, "You will be surprised to hear that I have begun at last to make a little money," and he mentions a sum at which a popular modern novelist would smile, though a successful man of letters in any other field but fiction would despair of attaining the amount. Probably these "golden joys" mainly accrued from Lockhart's share in Mr. Murray's "Family Library." He consulted Scott about entering Parliament, attracted by the contagious excitement which arises from living in political society. But, like Hal of the Wynd, he would "fight for his own hand"—not as an item in a Tory aggregate. Sir Walter answered, approving —that is, if Lockhart were not making too sanguine an estimate of his finances on the strength of one successful year, and if he could sit as "a member entirely unfettered, and left to act according to the weal of the public, or what you conceive such." But he must speak if he enters Parliament. "When I have heard you speak, you seemed always sufficiently up to the occasion both in words and matter, but too indifferent in the manner in which you pressed your argument. . . . If you are not considered as gravely interested in what you say, and conscious of its importance, your audience will not be so."[1]

Sir Walter, who read men very clearly, had indeed taken Lockhart's measure. There was in his character much of the quality which Montaigne

[1] This letter is published in a note in Scott's *Journal*, ii. 229.

commends, a kind of aloofness above his own fortunes, his own efforts, a habitual sense of *non est tanti*, which is an insuperable bar to success in public life. This shows itself in his neglect of his own poetry, and in the self-repression of his critical essays. If a man has a really just estimate of his own powers, his own place in the world, and if he lets that be seen, the world will make a great discount from his low self-valuation, and will underrate him. The "sad lucidity of soul" in Lockhart, combined with his shyness, was always at war with such ambitions as he entertained, and, in no very long time, he ceased to entertain any ambition.

Soon afterwards the Lockharts went to Scotland and abode at Chiefswood; Sir Walter's journals speak of their visit and the better hopes about Johnnie. But in all the correspondence of Mrs. Lockhart when she and her husband were separated for a time, it is easy to read that the child had never a chance of even a moderately long and healthy life. His pains, his coughs, his fevered nights, are again and again the melancholy burden of her letters, and Lockhart's intense anxiety demanded letters almost every day. "I cannot promise you a light heart, but I bring a warm one," he writes on one occasion, when about to rejoin her. On June 21, Lockhart wrote from Chiefswood to Sir Walter in Edinburgh, about the King's supposed recovery. On the 27th, as Sir Walter was walking over the field of battle at Gladsmuir, the

"Prince's Park," and "Cope's Loan," the bells tolled for the death of the last of the Georges.

During the remainder of the summer and autumn the Lockharts remained at Chiefswood, and Will Laidlaw was installed at Kaeside. "However languid, Sir Walter's spirits revived at seeing the children, and the greatest pleasure he had was in pacing Douce Davie through the green lanes among his woods, with them clustered about him on ponies and donkeys, while Laidlaw, the ladies, and myself walked by, and obeyed his directions about pruning and marking trees."

But Sir Walter, to Lockhart's regret, would toil, as of old, at his desk, and James Ballantyne, the most uncompromising of critics, no longer excited him by praise. "Why," one is inclined to ask, "why, with Lockhart at his side, did Scott turn to Ballantyne for criticism?" The truth probably is that in Ballantyne, comparatively uneducated, and ignorant of things which one supposes everybody to know, Scott thought that he had a measure of the ordinary taste, and a judge who would never veil his actual opinion, nor "seek for a glossy periphrase."

About this time, on September 6, I find Mr. Cadell making a formal offer for the book which he ingeniously suggested, the "Reliquiæ Trotcosienses," anecdotes about the "gabions," or historical curiosities of Abbotsford, including the Library. I have seen the manuscript of this fragment, and the earlier

pages, which Sir Walter tried to write with his own hand, give melancholy assurance of his temporary incapacity for any literary task. But he abandoned the "Reliquiæ," ambitious of higher work, and took up "Count Robert of Paris," which, as has been said, he obviously contemplated soon after his attack in February. The *Journal*, too, was abandoned from September 5 to December 20. Lockhart mentions a fit of apoplexy in November, and it seems a reasonable inference, from the manuscript of the "Reliquiæ," that there had been a similar illness in September, or that Scott did not really take the "Reliquiæ" in hand till after his November illness. By November 2, Lockhart was in town again, and he asked Scott for a review of Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials." This was to be the last of Sir Walter's writings in the *Quarterly*. Half a year before this date, in February, Scott had said to him, "I would be driven mad with idleness." On November 10 he sent the review of Pitcairn, written in a week.

In January Lockhart invited Sir Walter to London. "Your coming would be the source of unspeakable comfort and delight to one and all of the establishment." He added a little gossip.

"Moore is undergoing a pleasant course of regimen under Leigh Hunt's care. The Cockney revenges himself for Moore's abuse of his vulgarity in the second volume of Byron's 'Life,' by pub-

lishing in a daily paper of his—modestly yclept the *Tatler*—bushel on bushel of Tommy's early letters to himself, in which encomiums are lavished on the man and his writings, such as it is impossible to read without convulsions of laughter. This was in the days of libelling the Regent, when they were sworn confederates. By-the-bye, there is one shabby thing: Moore, writing from Lord Moira's seat in the country, says nothing can ever efface his sense of gratitude; but he must confess that his patron deserves, on public grounds, to be well basted in such a paper as the *Examiner*, which Tommy calls the paragon of all papers," &c., &c.

Through the distracted spring of 1831, Lockhart, who attended the debates on Reform, kept sending bulletins to Sir Walter. These, though they contain the reflections of an acute observer, add little to what is already known. Laidlaw warned Lockhart that politics and fear of change were the worst things on which he could write about to Scott, in his shattered health. Lockhart wished Scott to come to London for medical advice, and the society of his family; Mrs. Lockhart and the children would visit Abbotsford in spring. "Croker has had the whooping-cough," writes Lockhart on February 28, "but will be in the House to-morrow and speak: he had better have written, for he has neither manner nor character to win or command attention in the House." Croker, however, astonished his party by his harangue on the Bill as

affecting Scotland. In these years, at least, his relations with Lockhart were decidedly those of alliance, in the *Quarterly*, rather than of friendship. Neither Lockhart nor Sir Walter then trusted Croker. From Croker, in any case, Lockhart got much of the political gossip with which he entertained or depressed Sir Walter. On all sides he "witnessed a deep and bitter fierceness, such as never met my observation before."

On February 22, Lockhart announced a visit of his family to Abbotsford in May: he would follow as soon as possible, and trusted that Scott would come to him in October, as he dreaded a winter at Abbotsford, far from the very best medical advice.

"We were at Mrs. Baring's on Saturday evening," Lockhart writes. "The Duke came in, having just heard the news of these Paris rows, and told Sir J. Shelley *war was ready now*. Old Talleyrand was there, looking as if dug out of a mummy pit. . . . The story of the Citizen King having remarked, on rising from his dinner table, 'The weight of a crown is not a nothing,' and his son Nemours ejaculating thereon, 'Particularly when it is not one's own'—is, I hear, quite true. . . . If it be true that Lafayette and Soult are now forming a Cabinet, no doubt a Republic will be the next thing, and so on, God knows through how many changes, to Henri V."—who made *il gran rifiuto.*

On March 1, Lockhart was "disgusted with the

juvenile namby-pamby style of Lord John Russell's method of announcing 'the scheme of Reform.'" Joseph Hume said, in his high brazen note, "I'm not that ill-satisfied with the scheme." On March 2, "there was no good speaking, except young Macaulay's on the Whig side." Out of doors, "the defensive party is doing absolutely nothing." This is the burden of his letters; but a characteristic anecdote of an author is given.

"Sotheby has published his trashy 'Iliad' in two mortal tomes. He came in, two or three days ago, when Phillpots, Mackintosh, Sharpe, and some others were all sitting round the fire at the Athenæum, talking over the debate of the night before. 'Well,' said Phillpots, 'Well, Mr. Sotheby, what do you say to all this?' 'Why,' he responded, 'you are very good to be so much interested. Murray says, considering the excitement about other things, the sale is really not amiss.'"

On April 16, Lockhart announces the death-blow to all work on the Stuart papers. "Croker, by his mean suggestions in one of the Reports of the original Commission (which I never saw until the second had been issued), seems to have done everything to throw cold water on the affair—entering into calculations as to what booksellers would give the Crown, &c., &c., estimating the proper remuneration for editorship — in a word, furnishing *any* Government with sufficient pretext for that

shabbiness to which all Governments are naturally inclined.[1]

"The gay world holds on, Whig and Tory alike, in one stream of seeming carelessness and voluptuous levity. That persons with little but their brains and hands should be unable to look on without such feelings, while so many hollow, blown-up boobies—with so much to lose, and nothing to gain—continue staring about them with faces as meaningless and vacant as of old, may well seem odd."

Lockhart seems to have been in a democratic mood, without asking the pretty obvious democratic question, "What is the use of maintaining blown-up boobies?"

On April 22, Lockhart had heard of Sir Walter's severe apoplectic attack of April 16. He sent down Mrs. Lockhart and the children, and followed himself in May. About this time, in a temporary absence of Lockhart's from home, his wife wrote: "Watt's love of gardening has carried him into a strange mistake. For a fortnight past, Mary missed many articles of his clothes, and yesterday Bogie (?) found five pair of his socks buried in the garden, and, on Watt being examined, he confessed

[1] Booksellers would give the Crown very little for these historical documents. But the Historical Manuscripts Commission might perhaps be serviceable, if it were but to the extent of publishing a Calendar of Papers which curiously illustrate the diplomacy of the last century, and throw a little light (hitherto not made public) on the long mystery of the incognito of Prince Charles (1749–1766).

having planted the stockings that they might grow up into a great tree, with fifteen pair of stockings hanging on it."

A sentence follows which might have made Rogers blush, if he really said that "I always thought Lockhart hated Scott, and now I know it" —on the publication of the "Life."

Mrs. Lockhart writes: "I used to think it was both selfish and wrong, my marrying; but when I hear papa talk of you, and see the comfort you are to him, dear Lockhart, I feel I can never be grateful enough to you."[1]

From this date, Lockhart's letters to Scott are not included in the volumes of Sir Walter's correspondence. From this point, too (May 10, 1831), Lockhart tells the tale of his own life as far as it was blended with that of the great man now mortally smitten.[2] The narrative could only be spoiled by abridgment. The pages in which he describes Scott's daily sorrows; his struggles with "Count Robert of Paris," condemned by Cadell and Ballantyne; the sad matter of the disturbances

[1] But few quotations from Mrs. Lockhart's many letters have been made here, because they are almost always occupied with domestic matters, and especially with the health of Johnnie. They are all, like Lockhart's letters to his wife, proofs of the most complete trust and affection on either side, in this happiest of marriages, as far as love can make life happy, in despite of many grave anxieties and sorrows. The beautiful lines in which Homer describes a perfect wedlock, constantly recur to the reader's mind ("Odyssey," vi. 180–185).

[2] "Life," x. 66–106.

at Hawick and Jedburgh; the beginning of "Castle Dangerous"; the pilgrimage past Yair, Ashestiel, Traquair (haunted ground), to the tombs of the Douglasses; the warning given by Borthwickbrae's sudden death after meeting Sir Walter at Milton Lockhart;—these pages surpass all other achievements of biography. The restrained regret, the silent affection, the sorrow stoically yet sweetly borne, remind us, indeed, of lines in the "Agricola" of Tacitus. But that masterpiece did not, and could not, exhibit the perfection of romance, the high and passionate strain of this chapter of Lockhart's, which has no rival except in the most exalted poetry. Indeed, the piece is an epitome of all Scott's life. We see him here as the humourist; as "the Shirra"; for the last time at Milton Lockhart as the boon companion; as the antiquary; above all, as the poet who "with half his heart inhabits other worlds," and lives in other times. And for this once, he is beheld by human eye "as his companions in the meridian vigour of his life never saw him," when "the softer and gentler emotions trembled to the surface" of his nature.

"It was a darkish, cloudy day, with some occasional mutterings of distant thunder," when, fresh from the visit to the dust of the Douglasses, Sir Walter again repeated the lines that, long ago, he had chanted, *in tormentis*, in deathly agony, when he thought of Lockhart:—

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep,
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me beneath the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lee."

For twelve years the younger man had faithfully stood by his chief; nor, in all the documents that exist, is there one trace of a shadow on their affection. Indeed, it seems as if, in that darkly-guessed-at Wisdom which governs our world, Lockhart had been born to love Scott, and, beyond even that regard which Scott's works awaken in every gentle heart, to make him by all men yet more beloved. Lockhart has given to us a friend, the object of his own intense and undemonstrative devotion; and we, who find that even his death before our day cannot sever from our living affection the man whom, "not having seen, we love," owe this great debt to Lockhart, and, for very gratitude, must forgive all that in him which is less noble than himself—*quia multum amavit.*

The last of the old Abbotsford summers has been described by Lockhart. Again they dined in that haunted hall, where Scott saw the apparition of Byron which resolved itself into an illusion. Once more they feasted below the trees at Chiefswood, and rode with the children to fish for perch in Cauldshiels loch, and to watch "the sun upon the Weirdlaw hill." Turner came, and had to be implored not to dress Lowlanders in the kilt when he sketched Smailholme Tower. Mr. Adolphus, too,

was a guest, and explained to the author of the "Demonology" that he could accept "a modest ghost story"—what he could *not* accept was the "explanations" of these narratives. Mr. Cadell accompanied the great painter. With much tact he kept "Count Robert" in type, but did not throw off an edition till Sir Walter had gone abroad. In fact, the novel was more deeply marked by the author's malady than it is in the published version, and Lockhart overcame his reluctance to alter some lines from the master's hand.[1] As Lockhart has thought it right and just to say, Sir Walter had begun to entertain the intermittent delusion that his task was done, and that his debts were paid. He now went to his last coursing match, and took delight in the horsemanship of his eldest son. On Sept. 16, Wordsworth announced that he was on the road. His eyes were weak, and he writes that a child cried as he entered Carlisle, "There's a man wi' a veil, and a lass driving." Sir Adam Fergusson introduced Colonel Glencairn Burns, the son of the great poet; and, with Wordsworth, Scott visited Newark, for that last time of all. In Lockhart's company Scott reached London, on September 28, in the midst of the Reform riots. On October 29, Sir Walter set sail. It was not till

[1] Mr. Cadell's letters of criticism to Sir Walter are written with equal frankness and delicacy. A debatable point in the structure of the novel was at issue. The point is settled in Mr. Cadell's sense: Scott's plan was humorous but "realistic."

June 13 that Lockhart saw him again, a dying man; "he recognised us with many marks of tenderness." On July 7, he went, attended by the Lockharts, from London by steamer; on the 11th he drove from Edinburgh to Abbotsford. He woke to fresh life as he recognised the old spots, Gala Water, Buckholm, Torwoodlee.

Another, who watched Sir Walter on that day, was to make the same journey, and, dying, was to lean from the carriage and gaze on these same dear scenes of youth and happiness. It is his pen that records Scott's last hours, with a tenderness and a delicate self-control unsurpassed in literature, so that, however often we may have studied the immortal pages, we read them with dim eyes. Strangely, indeed, were Scott's final experiences to be echoed in those of Lockhart. The very words which Sir Walter spoke "in the last extreme of feebleness," namely, "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man;" these words were to reverberate in almost the last letter of Lockhart to his beloved daughter.

During Sir Walter's absence, another sorrow, long looked for, had befallen those whom he loved. On December 15, 1831, Lockhart wrote to his father:—

"It has this day pleased Almighty God to release our poor boy from his long sufferings. His end was not painful; and as hope had for years been dead

within us, we have, besides a natural pang, no feeling so strong as that of thankfulness to the Merciful Dispenser of all things. Sophia will feel relieved by-and-by—she is calm already. . . . God bless you all. My dearest mother will not expect a longer letter."

Thus, after extreme endurance, the inheritor of so much genius and sorrow had gone to his rest. A figure as of one of Charles Lamb's Dream-Children haunts the little beck at Chiefswood, and on that haugh at Abbotsford, where Lockhart read the manuscript of the "Fortunes of Nigel," fancy may see Hugh Littlejohn "throwing stones into the burn," for so he called the Tweed. While children study the "Tales of a Grandfather," he does not want friends in this world to remember and envy the boy who had Sir Walter to tell him stories.

CHAPTER XVI

LONDON, 1832–1836

Social relations in London.—Benjamin Disraeli.—"A tenth-rate novelist."—Friends.—Birth of Charlotte.—Scottish holidays.—Anne Scott's death.—Death of Lockhart's mother.—Lockhart and Maginn.—Letter to Mrs. Maginn.—Guests and hosts.—Death of Mr. Blackwood.—Lockhart on literature and rank.—Letter to Hayward.—Portrait of Lockhart.—His review of Tennyson.—Editing Scott's works.—Relations with Milman.—Letters.—Jeffrey in the House.—Scott's debts.—Southey and "The Doctor."—A mystification.—The British Association.—Bad times.—Southey on Scott's death.—"Birds of prey."—Troubles with Hogg.—Wrath of Wilson.—Attack on Scott.—Extraordinary proposal by Hogg.—Hogg's "domestic manners."—Correspondence as to "Life of Scott."—Mrs. Lockhart to Cadell.—Cadell's praise of Lockhart.—Lockhart on his own work.—Letter to Laidlaw.—Criticisms of Scott's "Life."—Mr. Carlyle.—Remarks on the Biography of Scott.—Wrath of Fenimore Cooper.—Americans and Scott.

It has seemed desirable to finish the story of Lockhart's relations with Scott, before sketching his London life, and describing his connection with one, at least, of his most important allies in the *Quarterly*. The letters to that friend, Milman, were partly written in Scott's last days. The society which Lockhart frequented in town may easily be guessed from a series of diaries, mere jottings, kept by himself and Mrs. Lockhart. In 1826, as new-comers to London, we find the Lockharts entertaining,

among others, Mr. Christie, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Disraeli, probably the elder Disraeli. The younger had vanished from the *Representative*, and was at odds with Mr. Murray. Lockhart speaks, later, without approval (to put it mildly) of his personal assault on "Crokey" as Rigby, in "Coningsby." The old Blackwoodsman thought it too personal, without palliating Croker's relations with the Marquis of Steyne. Lockhart and young Disraeli must have become unfriendly. Mr. Disraeli, wishing to revile Mr. Morier's novel, "Zohrab," in the *Edinburgh*, told Mr. Macvey Napier that it had been praised in the *Quarterly* because the *Quarterly* was edited by a "tenth-rate novelist."[1] Writing to Lady Blessington, he described Lockhart's style as exquisitely bad, and notable for confused jumbles of commonplace metaphors—a childish criticism which only enmity could inspire.

Dinners with Christie, Lord Dudley, Sir Humphrey Davy, Lord Stafford, Lord Gifford, Terry, Galt, Croker, Palgrave, Moore, Murray, are very frequent in Lockhart's diaries; Mr. Christie's name comes on every page; there are visits to Lord Montague's, and parties at Lydia White's. Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, after all, occasionally appears. On January 1, 1828, is the important note, "At half-past three A.M., Charlotte born," the future Mrs. Hope Scott, who, alone of the family, left a child to continue the house of Sir Walter in

[1] Unpublished Correspondence of Macvey Napier, in British Museum.

the female line. There follow parties at Peel's, the Duke of Northumberland's, Lady Louisa Stuart's, Lady Gifford's; the Richardsons of Kirklands, Mr. Morritt, the Hughes's, the Dumergues are often mentioned; Maginn, Mrs. Maginn, and Theodore Hook occur, though rarely. Sotheby, Southey, Crabbe, are occasionally the guests of Lockhart, with Chantrey, Sir James Mackintosh, the Aldersons, Thomas Campbell, Mr. Gleig, Barrow, Lord Mahon, Basil Hall, Washington Irving, and Campbell of Blythswood. The Scotch holidays are usually a blank in the diaries, but dinners at Gattonside, the Pavilion, Torwoodlee, Bemersyde, occur, and visits from Mr. Blackwood and Hogg are noted (1830). Wilson, too, came to Chiefswood, and Mr. Christie and Professor Sedgwick; Brewster also, and Will Laidlaw. In 1832 the Ettrick Shepherd loomed on the town, and was feasted; Lady Salisbury became a friend, and the Maginns met Mrs. Jobson; the names of The Macleod, Lady Shaw Stewart, Mrs. Opie, the Milmans, the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Samuel Shepherd, occur, and then Sir Walter came home for the last time, and the diary is a blank till his death on September 21 is briefly recorded.

No diary for 1833 seems to be extant, but, on July 20, Lockhart is obliged to inform his brother William of another death in this ill-fated family: "I need not *write* about poor Anne Scott's death; . . . you may conceive how various circumstances have combined to make the blow really a *shocking*

one to Sophia. She, too, ere things began to look seriously bad, had the luck to fall and sprain her old rheumatic knee very severely." "She had never before been so stunned and shattered," he adds, in a letter to Miss Violet Lockhart, "for Johnnie's death and her father's were long expected. This was so sudden."

Even in the freshness of this calamity, the loss of her who is drawn as Alice Lee in "Woodstock," the comfort and stay of Sir Walter's age and widowhood, Lockhart is under fresh and too well-founded apprehensions about "my dear mother." On January 9, 1834, arrived news of the death of that beloved parent. Lockhart attended her funeral, in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, on the 14th of the month.

A little later, on March 24, we find him writing to Mrs. Maginn. In the extraordinary licence which evil tongues have taken with the memory of Lockhart, some have even accused him of unkindness to Maginn. Of his relations with "bright, broken Maginn," not many traces are left. The archives of the first series of *Fraser's Magazine*, mainly conducted by Maginn, with that wonderful staff which included Thackeray, Carlyle, Galt, Coleridge, Harrison Ainsworth, and many another name of various note, are no longer accessible, and no key but that of conjecture is left as to Lockhart's contributions; but of his unwearied kindness to Maginn, traces do survive.

"DEAR MRS. MAGINN" (he writes), "I have been with Mr. Clarke, and am very happy to find that it is not necessary, in order to attain our immediate object—the Doctor's liberation—that I should put into the solicitor's hands a further sum of £50, which had been provided with a view to that result. I am therefore enabled to leave the £50 at *your* own disposal, and I don't doubt it will be agreeable to you to have it in reserve in case of any little difficulty arising before Dr. M. has got settled down once more into a regular course of life and industry.

"I don't doubt that most industrious his life will be, when he has once recovered from his recent sufferings in mind and in body. But you must not let him overwork himself at the first, and perhaps this £50 may help you in your efforts to keep him easy, as well as steady.—Ever sincerely yours, J. G. LOCKHART."

Nine years later, Lockhart secured a provision for Mrs. Maginn.

Life goes on, though the ranks of friends are thinned. We find Lockhart meeting D'Orsay at Lady Blessington's; Mr. Cadell and J. W. M. Turner come to dine; Mr. Blackwood and his son are guests, as is Captain Burns, the son of the poet. Now and then we have a note of books read—"The Corpus Poetarum Latinorum," "Virgil's Georgics," "Life of Virgil *apud* Heyne," but this

is during a tour to Scotland in 1834. Lockhart there dines at Lord Gifford's, with Jeffrey and his ladies, forgetful of old feuds; with Thomas Thomson, and with his very old friend, John Cay. "Professor Wilson dines on the *poddly*."[1]

Then come the notes :—

"Sept. 13.—Blackwood in bed. Dying. Quite clear—says he has got the turn, and asks me to smoke a cigar!

"Sept. 14.—Blackwood again.

"Sept. 16.—Blackwood dies. Walk with Wilson.

"Sept. 19.—Milton Lockhart. Write a few paragraphs about Blackwood for his magazine, before breakfast."

A melancholy walk that with Wilson must have been; but Lockhart seldom recorded his emotions in diaries, nor often elsewhere.

The notes on this Scotch journey, whence the Lockharts returned by way of hospitable Rokeby, have diverted us from a view of the company which they kept in London. Lockhart "was never in any sense the lion of a season," writes Mr. Gleig, "or of two seasons or of more. He kept his place to the last." New friends or acquaintances he made, but, to the end, the name of Mr. Christie occurs most frequently in his records of engagements. Mr. Christie, Mr. Traill, Mr. Cay (when in London), the Aldersons, the James Wilsons, the Dumergues,

[1] A poddly is a small fish of the lythe sort. How could Christopher dine "on the poddly"?

Croker, Mr. Murray, Lady Salisbury, Lord Mahon, any Borderers in town, Dr. Fergusson, Coleridge, the Shepherds, the Murchisons, the Milmans, the Miss Alexanders; the kindest of women, Mrs. Hughes —these were his most intimate associates. For diversion he had Theodore Hook, whom he pitted against "Lord Peter," in a kind of drawn battle of wits, described by Mr. Jerdan; and at one time he had Maginn, and dinners with the staff of *Fraser's Magazine*. Later came Carlyle, not edified by the *Fescennina licentia* of one of these banquets, and apt to think Lockhart "dandiacal," though he changed his opinion.

"The great," as Dr. Johnson calls them, were not unknown nor unfriendly, as the Marchioness of Stafford, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lord Montague, Lord Mahon, and others. Lockhart wrote, on Thomas Campbell's aversion to general society:—

"There was no reason why he should not have set his rest on old equal friendships—no man but a fool ever does not; there was no reason why he should not have been kind and attentive to persons vastly his inferiors who had any sort of claim upon him—no man with a heart like his could have been otherwise. But he might have done and been all this, and yet enjoyed in moderation—and, as a student and artist, profited largely by enjoying—the calm contemplation of that grand spectacle denominated 'the upper world.' It is infinitely the best

of theatres, the acting incomparably the first, the actresses the prettiest."[1]

There cannot be a more sensible view of the relations between men of letters and the great *de par le monde*, though among these, too, nothing prevents a man of letters from having friends, as Lord Mahon was a friend of Lockhart's. Besides, Lockhart's lineage was as good as that of any one he was likely to meet. He was a gentleman by birth, "and the king can be no more." In none of his letters is there the faintest indication of that curious uneasiness as regards persons of rank, which Thackeray did not pretend to conceal. Mrs. Gordon has a rather unkind remark on Lockhart, as if he neglected old friends for grand new acquaintances.

"The gay coteries of London society injured his interest in the old friends who had worked hand in hand with him in Edinburgh."[2] Lockhart still wrote on occasion for *Blackwood*, especially when Wilson needed a rest. His letters (not many, Wilson was "a letter-hater") and Wilson's show no falling off in the old affection. But Thackeray himself has said something about the sentiment which finds expression in Mrs. Gordon's remark. "No charge," says Mr. Gleig, "could be more ungenerous or unjust than that Lockhart forgot, amid the blandishments of fashionable life, the claims of old friendships, or even of ties less sacred."

[1] *Quarterly Review*, lxxxv. p. 64.
[2] "Christopher North," i. 261.

"Unjust" and "ungenerous" are hard words; the biographer of Christopher North was only, as Scott says of Lady Charlotte Bury, "a little miffed."

On this topic, the relations of men of letters with "society," I insert, though out of due chronological course, a letter of Lockhart's to Mr. Abraham Hayward. Hayward pursued society "in quite a legitimate, if not a very refined way—indeed, with a persistent hardihood," says Mr. Locker Lampson in "My Confidences." From what follows, it seems that he had irritated Lockhart by maintaining that "'the great' are prejudiced against literary people."

"*March* 3, 1845.

"DEAR HAYWARD,—I believe there was about as much cause for an apology from me to you as from you to me—at least we both lost our temper, and it signifies little which soonest or most. I was extremely unwell all yesterday, and therefore hope you will forget all my part of the mischief, as I do yours—with sincere thanks for your prompt and kind note.

"Since I am writing, let me say distinctly that I used the word *gentleman*, in reference to a most amiable man, in its *heraldic* sense only; though my acquaintance with him is very slight, I believe he is most entirely a gentleman in every other and better sense of the term; and I am sure you never dreamt that I meant, in reference to his wife, to insinuate that she was not, by every personal circumstance,

entitled to the position which, however, in my perhaps erroneous opinion, she owes to the literary merit generally acknowledged by the world. I was, I own, vexed, under Mrs. N.'s roof, and in the presence of Mrs. H. and Sir A. Gordon, to hear a literary man echo the complaint of something like a prejudice against literary men being entertained among the higher circles of English society. I don't believe any such feeling lingers among them. It is, I daresay, very true that people of consequence in their own province, who find themselves of no consequence here, regard with some spleen the ready access which science or literature affords to the fine houses of which they themselves hardly ever see more than the outside. But I think, on reflection, you will also allow that if these rural dignitaries wished to strengthen their own complaint, they might with perfect justice say that science and literature are flattered by the aristocracy — the real aristocracy—in a degree remarkably contrasted with their social treatment of the great professions themselves. If you find, in fact, that a clergyman, a physician, a surgeon, has made his way into the fashionable circles here, you will find that this has been so because of his having earned an extra professional reputation. How many now of the eminent doctors and divines in this town can be said to move in the sort of society you consider as *the thing?* Does any lawyer mix in it, unless he has made himself distinguished either in politics or in letters?

"I have pretty well done with the *beau-monde*, and have no pleasure at all in it, though I am not so foolish or so improvident (being a father) as to desire to drop wholly out of it. You are younger, and will, I hope, long be much gayer than I am. But I was thinking most of Kinglake, who has just begun to see the interior of life in the West End—who enters the scene with something like *radical* feelings — and whom I should like to form his own opinion on matters of this class, without a preliminary impression that we Tories of his order do seriously at heart attribute to our worldly superiors a species of prejudice which, I do believe, has no existence whatever—quite the reverse.—Ever yours, very truly, J. G. Lockhart."

Lockhart's personal aspect at this time is portrayed in the gallery of Fraserians, by Maclise. He is dressed (Sir Walter would have disliked the costume) in a kind of long dressing-gown; he has a cigar in his mouth, and a manuscript in his hand. His profile and head are of classical beauty, his figure is manly and finely proportioned. Another profile, in a group of "The Fraserians," is no less distinguished.

On the fly-leaf of a diary of 1817, mainly blank, I notice a much less flattering sketch of the same profile, severe, sardonic, and actually older-looking —it is from Lockhart's own unsparing hand. He was not vain: if Maclise's pencil be faithful, no

man, not even Byron, had more reason for personal vanity.

Before offering a collection of Lockhart's letters to Milman, on *Quarterly* matters, we must not evade confession of his famous misdeed, the *éreintement* of young Mr. Tennyson's "Poems" of 1833. The biographer must admit that though his admiration of the greatest English poet since Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott, is apt to go further than "this side idolatry;" though he—as a matter of private opinion—ranks Lord Tennyson at least the peer of the highest; though Lord Tennyson's early verses are, above all, his favourites, yet he cannot read Lockhart's review without laughing. Laughter is not begotten by the review of Keats (whoever wrote it), or by the assaults on Leigh Hunt: these rouse a very different emotion. But "that noble lady, or gentleman who is not freely merry" over the Tennysonian criticism, "is not my friend."

In "The Palace of Art" Mr. Tennyson had this sufficiently paralysing verse:—

> "Isaiah with fierce Ezekiel,
> Swarth Moses by the Coptic sea,
> Plato, Petrarca, Livy, and Raphael,
> And eastern Confutzee."

Lockhart makes the following strictures:—

"We can hardly suspect the very original mind of Mr. Tennyson to have harboured any recollec-

tions of that celebrated Doric idyll 'The Groves of Blarney,' but certainly there is a strong resemblance between Mr. Tennyson's list of pictures and the Blarney collection of statues:—

> 'Statues growing that noble place in,
> All heathen goddesses most rare,
> Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
> All standing naked in the open air.'"

Lockhart, in a letter to Scott, speaks of Chantrey arranging statues "that noble place in"—namely, Windsor Castle: he liked the Doric idyll. He omits the singular taste displayed by Mr. Tennyson's soul when "she lit white streams of dazzling gas" (so bad for pictures) in "The Palace of Art." Yet Lockhart hated the globes of dazzling gas at Abbotsford. For the rest the curious may turn to the old *Quarterly Review*.

The illustrious poet, unlike any other poet known to history, altered the passages which gave such advantages to criticism. But while he showed wisdom, he did not display much humour. It is known that, in a very manly and generous letter to Christopher North (who had mingled praise with blame), he expressed his inability to see any merit in the *Quarterly* article. Yet merit the article has: the *persiflage* is good: some versifiers could have laughed over their own discomfiture, perhaps we should not ask so much detachment of mind from a poet.

Yet, how could the author of "I Ride from Land to Land," and "When Youthful Faith is Fled"—how could *he*, as Mr. Saintsbury asks, overlook the merit of "Mariana in the South," of the "Lotus Eaters," and of "The Lady of Shalott," and "Œnone," even in their crude, early forms? Mr. Saintsbury speaks of Lockhart's objection "to romantic poetry." Yet Lockhart appreciated "Kubla Khan," "Christabel," and the "Ancient Mariner," the very corner-stones of romantic poetry. His blindness is inexplicable. Probably, he was in a wicked mood; his sense of humour was captivated by certain passages exquisitely ludicrous; in "Mariana" and "Eleanore" he found only, what we all find with delight, "a dreamy tissue"; and he delivered himself to the spirit of mockery. Let it be remembered that Dr. Johnson, Scott's favourite poet, analysed "Lycidas," and the "Odes" of Gray, with just as little sympathy as Lockhart showed for the "Lady of Shalott." In later years, Lockhart braved the wrath of "Crokey," that Tennyson might be fairly reviewed in the *Quarterly*.

One regrets Lockhart's review of Mr. Tennyson a little: he might have—and he should have—recognised, and made plain, the ways for a great genius. He did not do that, but he amused; and he wrote like a scholar—witness his quotation from "the learned continuator of Dionysius," who retreated in despair from the African names which the young English poet made musical. To have

a critic, however unfavourable, who knows Greek, is now a very unusual luxury. Lockhart's doctor's degree, given to him by Oxford in June 1834, was a recognition of his scholarly merits.

During these years (1833–1836), Lockhart, in addition to his labours on the *Quarterly*, was revising and editing all Sir Walter's works, poetry and prose. His letters to Mr. Cadell are mainly occupied with technical details about printing and publishing. The payment of the debts of Scott was Lockhart's aim and reward. On June 16, 1835, he remarks, "To omit the Miss Austen" (the review of that great novelist by Scott) "would be unjust to Sir Walter's character—his kind notice made her fame." He goes on, speaking of his preparations for the "Life": "I now sit among a multitude of Collectaneana, hopping and peering, for hours sometimes, before I can settle the plan of the day's operations. Perhaps I may promise a volume of my own reminiscences of our intercourse and fireside talk. I never thought of being a Boswell, but I have a fair memory, and to me he no doubt spoke more freely and fully on various affairs than to any other who now survives. . . . The letters to the Major and myself are, in their different ways, the most valuable he ever wrote, being by far the simplest, honestest, and wisest. So I say from general recollection, never yet having gone over *them* with a view to practical purposes—I mean book-making purposes."

We now offer a sample of Lockhart, not as a critic, but as an editor. His correspondence with Milman, the most distinguished of his regular literary contributors at this date, may be left, with very few elucidatory notes, to speak for itself. In 1826, Lockhart had read the manuscript of Milman's "Anne Boleyn" for the publisher, and had declared it to be, with the exception of "half-a-dozen passages of stately and noble versification, feeble in the extreme. . . . If he would learn to write prose as well as he does verse, he might make a figure worth speaking of."[1] The criticism was a prediction. Milman became one of Lockhart's closest friends, and to him, as to Carlyle, he was able, once or twice, to act on the spirit of his motto, *corda serrata pando*, to lay bare his heart.[2] We find one early undated business note, ending with this scra pof rhyme:—

"In Fancy's days, Hope's fervid gaze
O'er Life's fresh circuit ran;
And Faith, like Hope, found ample scope
Within this world of man.
But now my creed, from nonsense freed,
In three short items lies—
That nothing's new, and nothing's true,
And nothing signifies."

—*Album Græcum.*

The next note is of spring 1830, judging by

[1] "Life of John Murray," ii. 244.

[2] (Chronologically the first letters should have been given earlier, but it seemed best to present them in unbroken sequence.)

Milman's reply: he had proposed an essay on Indian poetry, meaning to turn it into Latin, for his lectures as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He had begun his "History of the Jews," suggested by Lockhart in 1828, for Mr. Murray, and was thinking of his work on "Early Christianity." Dr. Dionysius Lardner, so much celebrated by Thackeray, was anxious to secure the book about the Christians. Lockhart therefore writes:—

"The Rev. H. H. MILMAN,
St. Mary's, Reading.

"ATHENÆUM, *Tuesday.*

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—I fully expected to have had slips of your Ægyptiaca by this time—but am disappointed one post more. The Indian poetry will, I am sure (and I hope soon), form the subject of a not less delightful paper.

"I have just read to Murray what you say about Christianity and Dr. Lardner. He is confined with something in his foot—he denies gout—and is in great pain; but asked me to say that he is most ready to engage for Christianity, no matter how many volumes—that he will moreover pledge himself to accept as many books as you like to write for the 'Family Library,' as long as that work goes on, and to pay for them at the highest rate which any such work can offer—in short, that he hopes you will not lend your aid to Dr. Lardner, as Scott and Southey have both done through sheer misapprehension, and

as neither of them, accordingly, will do again. If you could give the 'Family Library' three vols. per annum—*tant mieux* for that concern.—Ever truly yours, J. G. LOCKHART."

The following note briefly touches on a controversy as to Milman's orthodoxy :—

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—I perceive your 'Jews' are now fast approaching the close. It is a splendid book, but some wise folks shake the head at some passages touching miracles. A few syllables would have disarmed them, and will no doubt do so in the next edition. Meantime I have been suggesting to Murray that your most efficient method might be to write a History of Christianity in the same form, and I sincerely hope you will smile on this proposal.

"But the *Quarterly* is much in need of your aid, and that must be my chief concern. I don't mean that we are falling off; on the contrary, Murray says the *Review* has now regained *all* it had lost at one period. But we are in danger of becoming a little too business-like, and want grievously the grace from time to time of a pen like yours discoursing eloquent music.—Yours very sincerely,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

The book by Henry Coleridge, referred to in the following letter, is his volume on Homer, in "Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classical Poets."

Thiersch, Kreuser, Lange, and Völcker were among the Germans criticised.[1] Milman's is an excellent essay, and, after a deluge of German "ingenuities" about Homer—ingeniously and inconsistently absurd as a rule—may still be read with pleasure and instruction. These were happy days, when a man received £100 for a *Quarterly* article on Homer!

Lockhart writes:—

"The Rev. H. H. MILMAN,
St. Mary's, Reading.

"CHIEFSWOOD, near MELROSE,
July 8, 1830.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—Owing to some mistake at Albemarle Street, I did not receive your letter of the 25th of June until last night—which I much regret, as time is beginning to be precious for the next *Quarterly*. I also have read Heber's 'Life,' and with great disappointment. The subject had in truth been exhausted before Mrs. Heber took it up. But although under these circumstances I can hardly think a 'Memoir' of the Bishop would be the thing for the *Quarterly Review*, I feel strongly that the book might furnish you with materials whereon to construct a most interesting general article. It is a proud thing for the Church that it always contains men of the same class with Heber—gentlemen—almost universal scholars—sincere patriots and philanthropists and Christians. There is no other

[1] *Quarterly Review*, January 1831.

Church—certainly no other Protestant one—of which all this could be said. Here is one point. . . . I admire Henry Coleridge's book very much indeed, and should be delighted to receive the proposed article on him and the nameless Germans you allude to. Let me have Heber and Coleridge—which you please first. But do let me have one of them, or something, at all events, from you forthwith, for I never was so poorly off for materials of the right cut; and please, if you write to me again, address me here at once.

"My wife desires her best remembrances. We have had very wretched weather, considering the time of year; but still there have been fine days some, and fine half days not a few; and finding ourselves after some summers' absence re-established in our old favourite cottage *juxta Tuedam*, we have been thinking of anything but complaint. I hope Mrs. Milman is quite recovered, and all your pretty children in full bloom.—Ever truly yours,

"J. G. Lockhart.

"Anything more as to the Indian poetry, and, may I add, as to the Christian scheme, Q.F.F.Q.S.[1] Sir W. Scott has not yet been released from Edinburgh, but will be here next week."

In the next note, Lockhart refers to the editorial custom of altering contributions. This will be dis-

[1] Quod felix faustumque sit.

cussed later. He did review Moore's "Byron," as we have already seen, finding no fresher contributor on that old theme :—

"CHIEFSWOOD, *Sept.* 12.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—I was tempted to put in some allusion to Mrs. Heber's change of name, but withstood it, not doubting she has already begun to taste of her punishment.

"Your paper on Homer will be most valuable and acceptable, and I shall expect it for next number, unless you should, on maturer thoughts, accede to my old proposition touching Moore's 'Byron.' Just such a review as that of Heber's 'Life' would be the thing. If you don't undertake it (in which case the second volume would be sent instantly), I must try myself; but I have written often about Byron, and feel barren. You, without effort, could throw off some sixteen pages of good sense and fresh feeling, and stick in sixteen more of capital extracts from Moore's second volume,—and behold it is done. Byron is dead and buried, and your feelings, as a contemporary poet, should interfere little with this affair. I would ask Scott, but he has already said his say in the *Quarterly Review*.

"Galt's 'Life of Byron' is rather a murder, and the crime is perpetrated with a coarse weapon.—Sincerely yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

We now have an excursion into politics.

"Last night Jeffrey made a very unfortunate *début*—where he was good, he was far too metaphysical for the House, going into first principles, which they always vote above; and, on the whole, his matter was poor and his manner feeble—so much so, that I could not have recognised my once voluble and sarcastic ally. Croker (*Quarterly* versus *Edinburgh!*) was capital and most powerful. I never saw so much horror excited as by his slashing dissection of Lord John Russell; and the House, at first cold and reluctant, became, as he went on, intoxicated with glee. He had some real eloquent declamation too, and his delivery was manly and authoritative, wherever it was not diabolical and vindictive.—Yours truly,

"J. G. LOCKHART.

"LONDON, *Saturday*,
May 5, 1831."

At the end of a letter on business, comes a characteristic anecdote:—

"The Rev. H. MILMAN."

(With Pope's "Essay on Man," and Wilkinson's "Materia Hieroglyphica.")

. . . . . .

"A friend of mine witnessed a set-to t'other day between two blackguards in Covent Garden's sweet purlieus, and they saluted each other, in place of

the olden endearments, with 'you blasted borough-monger,' and 'you damned bishop.'

"Set your house in order.—Ever yours,

"J. G. L.

"*Monday, Nov.* 14, 1831."

Here is brief reference to Johnnie's death. The scheme of a poetical collection seems to have collapsed:—

"LONDON, *December* 30, 1831.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—. . . Thanks for your kind note. In addition to that long expected, but still painful blow, my little girl of three years has fallen downstairs and broken an arm, poor thing; but she is doing well; and when something re-established, if you don't come up to town I think I shall invade you on my first excursus. I want to talk with you about various matters. Meantime, have you any stray leaves of *verse*, original or translations, you could *entrust* to my hand in case of a thing being *suddenly* begun which we spoke of as proper to be *attempted?* There appears to be an embryo getting into some signs of life.—Yours ever very truly,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

The edition of Milman is referred to here.

. . . . . .

"I think Murray will make you an offer about an Edition of Gibbon one of these days;[1] at least, I

[1] The Gibbon here alluded to, unlike the verses, was a happy and most successful enterprise.

heard him ordering calculations to be made about printing such a book, &c. As to the F. L., he still persists in keeping total silence *to me*."

Biography was always Lockhart's favourite theme: his liking for it is manifest here :—

"The Rev. H. MILMAN,
Reading.

"LONDON, *July* 1, 1832.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—What think you of an idea that has come into my head? It is to have an extra number of the *Quarterly Review* this autumn entirely biographical. We have just lost Cuvier, Goethe, Mackintosh, Crabbe, and Bentham. Would you, if you approve the notion, make one of the articles—and would 'Goethe' please your hand? If so, the materials are abundant, and by interweaving original translations you could make a most charming paper. I think of asking Herschell to do Cuvier—Croker, Mackintosh, and of assaulting Crabbe myself. But I want before going further to ascertain your opinion of the scheme, and whether I might rely on your co-operation. (Should there be prints?) Sir Walter Scott continues to linger on in a hopeless stupor—how much longer he might do so none can guess, but I suspect the end will be hastened by a fresh attack.—Ever yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Domestic troubles caused by the ignorant gossip

of journalists after Scott's death, are here exposed: —

"My wife and her sister are now well and quiet —I and my brothers-in-law are harassed beyond imagination about the money affairs of Sir W. Scott. The newspaper paragraphs here, though well meant, have done us in the meantime at least a world of mischief. They have inflamed the hopes of the creditors, and, I fear, taken away all chance of their acceding to the proposals we tendered for a general settlement of the affair. And all, or almost all, this difficulty comes of the officiousness of friends here who could not wait one week till some of the family could be communicated with.

"The *Quarterly Review* has been sadly neglected, and I must work hard at it *now*. Do let me have your strenuous quill at my need.—Ever yours,

"J. G. Lockhart."

Thanks to the enterprise and goodwill of Mr. Cadell, who advanced £30,000 on the security of Scott's copyrights and literary remains, a settlement with Sir Walter's creditors was concluded on February 2, 1833. The "Life" of Scott did much towards clearing the debt.

Early in 1834 arose a little question of literary interest. Who wrote "The Doctor"? Lockhart says to Milman (February 19). "I have a letter from Southey about 'The Doctor,' — he wholly

denies it, and suspects *Frere;* but Henry Coleridge tells me *he knows the author.* Can he be, after all, Hartley Coleridge or De Quincey? They both have lived much with the elder Lakers, and may either of them have been Boswellising as to stories as well as opinions. I could have sworn Southey wrote the bit about Lord Lauderdale and the Chimney Sweeps—and now believe he *spoke* it.—Ever yours, J. G. L."

Milman replied:—"'The Doctor' must be Southey's. He told me the story of Thistlewood which appears there, *totidem verbis*, when we met at dinner at Murray's. I confess that the gleams of genuine Southeyism appear to me faint, as far as his nobler qualities go; much of the art is his, and style."

Southey himself had written to Lockhart (February 3):—"'The Doctor' has been sent to me, with my name in rubric letters on the back of the title-page, and with the author's compliments, but with no indication who that author is; nor has the channel through which it came enabled me to guess at the source. Some guesses that seemed likely enough were met by greater unlikelihoods; but when I heard Frere named as the supposed author, I wondered that I had not thought of him at first. I know not in what other person we could find the wit, the humour, the knowledge, and the consummate mastery of style," which were really Southey's own!

All this was fairly cool in Southey, who, of course, was himself the author. He amused himself, later, by fixing on Theodore Hook as the writer, and by sending to him all letters on "The Doctor" that reached his own hands. "I have to thank you for a copy of 'The Doctor,'" he wrote to Hook on January 24, 1832. Lockhart, in his essay on Hook, remarks that Southey had, in a letter, quite unprovoked, to himself, "seemed to deny most explicitly the least concern in the anonymous production. It is probable that if we could lay our hands on it at this moment a loophole could be detected; but in our notice of 'The Doctor' we assumed that our original conjecture had been unfounded."

The letter survived, and has just been quoted. It is a strange affair. Southey played off a hoax much in Hogg's vein—or rather, several hoaxes. Coleridge had assured Lockhart that the book was Southey's. But Southey, in his letter to Lockhart, does not say explicitly, "*I* did not write 'The Doctor.'" The kind of amusement which the worthy man sucked from his mystification is not very obvious, but he certainly praised "The Doctor" in a manner which he usually kept for his own productions. There soon follows, in a note to Milman, an early reference to Lockhart's work on "Scott's Life":—

"Now don't cut the *Quarterly Review*. If you do, this next year or so we go to pot, for my hands

are much employed on another concern for that time, and really without you we can't do at all."

From Edinburgh, where Mr. Blackwood, as we saw, was dying in 1834, Lockhart wrote:—

"*September* 12, 1834.

"My dear Milman,—I received your letter here yesterday, having come hither to see the savants" (the British Association) "in their glory. I squeezed in in the evening, and found Buckland amusing, with puns and conundrums about the ichthyosauri, an assembly of nearly 2000 Christians, male, female, young and old—horrid humbug, but the newspapers will give you enough of it. I shall be at Rokeby, in Yorkshire, in another week, and, as there is a good library there, shall begin and think again of business. As the Murrays are both out of town, I need not write about anything to Albemarle Street; but I wish *you* would find the exact title of a book called something like 'Origines Biblicæ,' lately published by a Mr. Beke, of London, which I heard much spoken of by a clever man I met a week or two ago. Mr. Beke, it seems, has discovered that the Mityraem" (Mithraim?) "of the Pentateuch is not Egypt, but Arabia Petræa, and my friend appeared to think he had established many points of his argument. I can't believe that the universal *tradition* could have been wholly wrong on such a matter; but pray, look at the book and consider it along with Arundel, who is,

I fear, a weak brother. Please ask 'Mr. Dundas or Mr. Day' at Murray's to forward you these or any other books; and, *N.B.*, though I ask you to consider Beke with Arundel, I should like two shortish articles better than one long one.

"I have heard nothing of the last *Quarterly Review*, except from yourself and Murray, whose intelligence is that he has rarely sold so many copies of a Number, and that pleases him. I thought and think the Number a bad one, all but your own article, and that on Bérard. It is the radical vice of a certain acute mind[1] that it really is cursed *nil admirari*, and therefore I must try, as far as possible, to keep it at work in such affairs as French politics and French memoirs.

"My wife unites with me in earnestly hoping that Mrs. Milman may soon shake off the relics of her disorder.—Ever sincerely yours,

"J. G. Lockhart."

On the last day of 1834, Lockhart wrote a letter of political gossip, asking for an article on ecclesiastical affairs. He ends thus:—

"Meanwhile here are Coleridge's 'Ana' full of all sorts of ultra Toryism, to be *quoted*. He says, 'Mark the use Shakespeare always makes of a villain when he gets hold of one—he makes him speak all the grand wickednesses that have been

[1] Croker?

coming into his own head since he had such another opportunity.' Now old Samuel Taylor Coleridge shall be my *villain* for once. All this treason pray suppress, except to your fair dame, if she cares for such matters; and do write your article *quam primum*, for you see time is likely to press, and especially if I am obliged to run down to Scotland for these elections.

"I told Croker ten days ago that Peel ought to give *you* one of his first good things, and I know that Croker wrote to him to that effect—but the answer has not been communicated to the *sous-signé*, J. G. LOCKHART."

Here comes an unhappy gap in the correspondence, which is either missing, or devoid of interest, till the year, the most unhappy, or one of the most unhappy, in Lockhart's life, 1837. Southey's letters in 1831 are much occupied with a topic noticed in his published articles, a temporary diminution in the rate of payment for his articles. The times were bad (owing to Reform); Lockhart writes gloomily thereon to one of his brothers; and he himself (September 16, 1831) expressed his readiness to have his own rate of payment lowered.[1] Croker, at the same time, took the same position. Southey appears not to have received due notice of a change most unwelcome to a man who "drew his revenue from his inkstand." On March 15,

[1] "Life of John Murray," ii. 371.

1832, he says, "Mr. Murray overpays me largely," so times may have improved for the *Quarterly*. Southey was anxious that Scott should see Landor in Florence, as the thing "most worth seeing in Italy." Of Sir Walter's death Southey writes with deep feeling (September 16, 1832): "My heart has often ached at thinking of you and Mrs. Lockhart. The tragedy, I hope, has now closed. You have indeed been tried in the burning fiery furnace; God grant you present support and relief, and peace and happiness hereafter." In March 1833, Southey sent Lockhart some of Sir Walter's letters: he had looked over his correspondence in 1826. "This is a task in which the person who performs it saves his representatives from much trouble, at the expense of much pain to himself."

There is a short way with letters!

"The birds of prey are already at work," Southey says, referring to magazine articles on Scott.[1] He had refused an invitation to write a dirge on his own terms. He replied that "the death of an old friend was not an affair which he could treat in this way, nor upon such considerations."

Here, again, the correspondence ends, till, in 1838, Southey congratulates Lockhart on having produced "the most complete biography that has yet appeared of a great man." As a rule, Southey's letters to Lockhart are of very slight interest.

[1] An unauthorised "Life of Scott," by George Allan, appeared in 1834.

The task of collecting material for the great biography was heavy, and involved much correspondence. By far the most extraordinary letter on the subject of his "Life of Scott" which Lockhart received, was written by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Now, some friends of the Shepherd, among them his daughter, Mrs. Garden, in her "Memorials," and Professor Veitch, in the same work, have blamed Lockhart's behaviour to Hogg, and especially his comments on Hogg in the "Life of Scott." I do not think that either the Shepherd, or the faithful to his memory, have many serious grievances against Lockhart; and if "dear friends may meet once more,"

> "Beyond the sphere of Time,
> And Sin, and Fate's controul,
> Serene in changeless prime
> Of body and of soul,"

there, assuredly, all unkind temper and rancour is long ago forgotten and forgiven.

That the Shepherd, in early *Blackwood* days, had something to forgive the author, whoever he was, of a certain review, is undeniable. But he did forgive it. We have seen how Lockhart brought Hogg to Abbotsford, not to Lady Scott's delight; and to Hogg and Allan Cunningham Lockhart dedicated his "Life of Burns"; while he, of course, entertained and befriended the Shepherd in London. In some Reminiscences, at the beginning of his

"Altrive Tales" (London, 1832), Hogg sketched the portrait of Lockhart as a very young man, with his six black servants, his hoaxes and his caricatures. "A warm and disinterested friend he has been to me," says the Shepherd.[1] At the close of his "Confessions of a Justified Sinner," Hogg introduces Lockhart, and puts into his mouth comments on the Shepherd's own love of literary hoaxes.

That, in early *Blackwoods*, Hogg's name was occasionally attached to what he did not write, is certain; to a sonnet on Mr. Blackwood, for example, and, I believe, to a letter on the *Edinburgh Review's* censures of his "Jacobite Relics." This letter contains a curious expression of kindness to Keats, reports of whose illness had reached Edinburgh. It reads like a shame-faced apology. Whatever harm there was in all this, the Shepherd, himself a hoaxer, had long condoned. We have seen that Scott and Lockhart were busily trying to procure for Hogg a pension from the Royal Society of Literature. In 1831,[2] Lockhart wrote about Hogg (we have already referred to this matter), "His acquirements are now such that the Royal Society of Literature, in patronising him, might be justly said to honour a laborious and successful student, as well as a masculine and fertile genius." Then, to disarm objections which he may have encountered

[1] P. cxxxix.

[2] *Quarterly Review*, vol. xliv. pp. 81, 82.

in pleading Hogg's cause, Lockhart adds, "A more worthy, modest, sober, and loyal man does not exist in his Majesty's dominions than this distinguished poet, whom some of his waggish friends have taken up the absurd fancy of exhibiting in print as a sort of boozing buffoon; and who is now, instead of revelling in the licence of tavern suppers and party politics, bearing up, as he may, against severe and unmerited misfortunes, in as dreary a solitude as ever nursed the melancholy of a poetic temperament."

The plea is over-stated. Modesty was not Hogg's forte, nor was melancholy his foible. Probably, when Lockhart wrote, the Shepherd was happy enough at the Roaring Game, or was shooting wild duck.[1] The Shepherd of the *Noctes*, as described by Wilson, was, in fact, apt to be misconstrued by stupid people as a "boozing buffoon"—and the officials of the Royal Society of Literature were not clever people.

Wilson was very angry; he called Lockhart's remarks "a feeble fumble of falsehood," "a matter-of-fact lie by a Cockney in his dotage," and so forth. Such was the point and polish of his repartee.[2] In June 1830, Wilson had begun the trouble by attacking Sir Walter—"There's Sir Walter wi' his everlasting anecdotes, nine out o' ten meaning naething, and the tenth itsel' as auld as the Eildon Hills;" this, with other insolent reflections on

[1] January 1831. [2] "Noctes," March 1831.

Scott's old age, Wilson had put into the mouth of Hogg. But Lockhart's observation was merely meant to satisfy the people who had in their gift the pensions of the Literary Society. Probably, too, he was not well pleased by the assaults on Sir Walter, which were assigned to the Shepherd. So Wilson fell back on the lie direct, and the cry of "Cockney!" Lockhart forgave the offences with perfect magnanimity.

As to Hogg himself, on December 14, 1831, he wrote to Lockhart, asking for a preface to his Tales, and proposing to "have half a mutchkin" with one of the writers in the *Quarterly*. Later, in an undated note, he acknowledges Lockhart's literary advice as that of "a true friend." Signs there are of a quarrel with Blackwood; in whose magazine he declares that he can never again consent to appear. This note was written from Huntley Burn (Sir Adam Ferguson's), after the Shepherd's visit to London. About that visit Lockhart writes thus to Will Laidlaw; there is no trace of "virulence" here:—

"*March* 1832.

"My dear Laidlaw,—We have letters last night from Naples. Sir Walter writes this time a much better hand than the last, but I grieve to say he seldom writes about anything but new books he is or is to be about! I fear he will find Cadell little disposed for new undertakings at this time.

"The Hogg is the Lion of the season, and is playing his part with great good sense to all appearance. I hope and trust we shall be able to do something for his real good in the way of a subscription edition of the 'Queen's Wake,' which Murray is starting, and which the Highland Society are, it is believed, likely to patronise. As for his plan of twelve volumes of novels and tales, of that *I* never could have had any favourable opinion; and, between ourselves, I believe it is in the hands of a publisher not likely to be solvent, even if there were anything to pay.[1] At all events, the Shepherd, if he retires soon, will have left a good impression of himself here—and laid in a stock of new observation to boot, and thus, if in no other way, I trust he will have benefited by his trip. I keep my budget of his sayings and doings, which is a rich one, till I can communicate it over a tumbler.

"Whether I may be able to get away from town this year long enough to admit of my making a run to see the laird" (Scott, in Italy), "wherever he may chance to be, I can't yet say. If I cannot, we shall go down for a few weeks to Abbotsford, and place ourselves at the tender mercies of Mrs. Mackay.

[1] Mrs. Garden, in her Memorials of her father, thinks that Lockhart believed in the solvency of Cochrane, the publisher. There must have been a misconception on one side or the other. The publisher failed: Hogg was often unlucky. A letter of Mrs. Lockhart's, to Will Laidlaw, suggests that Lockhart may have changed his mind about Cochrane, as no better publisher was ready to take Hogg's work.

"Love to the ladies, and, when you see him, to Colonel Ferguson.—Ever yours truly,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Finally, after Scott's death, on October 4, 1832, Hogg writes from Altrive Lake, advising Lockhart, in composing the Life of Sir Walter, to take his (Hogg's) "name and forthright egotistical stile, . . . which will likewise do him some credit as a biographer." If Lockhart thinks it necessary, Hogg will copy the manuscript with his own hand. He ends, "May I copy a few pages of your 'Life of Burns'?"

In a similar vein, Hogg had long before proposed that Scott should transcribe and father Hogg's "Life of Hogg"![1] Lockhart's comment on that request is, "To say nothing about modesty, Hogg's notions of literary honesty were always exceedingly loose; but, at the same time, we must take into account his peculiar notions, or rather no notions, as to the proper limits of a joke."

The malignant Lockhart could have given another and stranger example of Hogg's ideas about literary honesty and the limits of a joke, namely, those set forth in Hogg's letter of October 4, 1832. But Lockhart held his peace about that egregious and almost incredible proposal: so far did he carry his "virulence."

For the rest, as Mr. Saintsbury has shown, the

[1] "Life of Scott," ii. 171, 172.

James Hogg

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

(Drawn by Daniel Maclise, R.A.)

anecdotes about Hogg, in the "Life of Scott," exhibit the self-same Shepherd as the Shepherd of those memoirs which "I like to write about myself."[1]

Unluckily Scott was not long dead when Hogg put forth his "Domestic Manners of Sir Walter Scott," in which the vain, random, egotistic gossip was accompanied by depreciatory notes from some editorial hand. "The pamphlet," says Mr. Saintsbury, "contains among other things, besides the grossest impertinences about Lady Scott's origin, at least one insinuation that Scott wrote Lockhart's books." The Shepherd meant no harm, I believe. If, as Lockhart says, "he did not follow his best benefactor until he had insulted his dust," there was no conscious malice in his blundering comments. The book contains some golden sentences on Sir Walter. But the man who could make the proposal about a "Life of Scott," by Lockhart, but signed by Hogg, did not and could not see things as the rest of mankind see them. As Lockhart says, Hogg was "a true son of nature and genius, with a naturally kind and simple character." But the children of nature are capable of very amazing and very irritating behaviour.[2]

From Lockhart's correspondents on the subject of Scott's "Life," not many letters are preserved. The most important papers are those of Mr. Skene

[1] "Altrive Tales," p. 1.

[2] Mr. Saintsbury's criticism of Hogg, in relation to Scott and Lockhart, will be found in his "Essays in English Literature," pp. 37–44.

of Rubislaw, whose "Reminiscences" would make a small volume of considerable interest. Mrs. Scott of Harden (Lady Polwarth) mentions two anecdotes of Sir Walter's early childhood: "You don't know how ignorant these boys are," he said, when asked why he did not play with some other boys, instead of reading. Again, as he sprawled on the carpet, perusing, of all books, "Tristram Shandy," some one inquired, "Do you understand that book, Walter?" "No," answered the young critic, "and I do not think that the author meant it to be understood."

The following letter, from Mrs. Lockhart to Mr. Cadell the publisher, describes Lockhart at work:—

"24 Sussex Place, *March* 4, 1836.

"Dear Mr. Cadell,—Knowing how anxious you are for the 'Life,' I cannot help writing you a few lines to tell you it is fairly begun, and Lockhart working as hard at it as ever you could wish. He has been arranging it so long in his mind that, now fairly commenced, he will not be long about it; and he has read to me, and continues to do so, what he writes, and I am much mistaken if anything in our time will come up to it in interest, style, or as a picture of manners just passing away. I cannot speak enough of the interest he has contrived to give to the genealogy, the least promising part, and you may believe the rest is not behind hand.

. . . When once set to a thing, he neither sleeps nor takes the necessary exercise. . . ."

Among Lockhart's correspondents, Mr. Cadell, Scott's publisher, was the most active. He pursued all the old gentlemen who might remember Sir Walter's youth, such as Mr. Irving, a Mr. Ramsay, and an English acquaintance, one Jones; "nobody knows what became of him." This, probably, is the friend who predicted Scott's literary greatness as early as 1789.[1] Mr. Clerk, "Will Clerk," was lazy in producing his recollections, and needed to be urged on by the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Adam of Blair Adam. Mr. Clerk found a few old letters; and the energetic Cadell says: "You may suppose that I implored, and prayed, and begged of Clerk to *howk* (dig) and search, and rummage for more, but I see nothing does him so much good as a note from Mrs. Lockhart. . . . Mr. Clerk cannot find the *love-letters* he thought he had, and thinks he must have burned them." Sir Walter in these days (1793) "used unceasingly to quote and repeat Smollett." On January 8, 1836, Mr. Cadell exclaims, *à propos* of Lockhart's industry in composing the "Life": "At no time did I ever hear you speak of yourself, certainly *never* in your own praise. I wonder if you ever think of yourself, and the filthy siller that you *can* make. I wonder, too, if it were possible to bribe you! If bribery in hand would be eschewed, the

[1] "Life," i. 215.

prospect of a lump of money at the completion of the job might be held out. . . . I am sure if you were selfish and money-loving all this must cross you."

This is indeed "testimony to character."

On November 24, 1836, Mr. Cadell sent to Lockhart the little sketch of his own life by John Ballantyne. "What a partner for the great minstrel!" he exclaims. In a letter of September 8, 1837, Mr. Cadell makes the important remark that Constable's firm and the Ballantynes' should have stopped on December 18, 1825, not on January 17, 1826. All the money raised by the firms between these dates was thrown away. "I told Sir Walter on the 18th December that *the kettle would not clout*," and Mr. Cadell blames Constable, then his partner, for continuing to struggle, or talk of struggling, for he did not at once go to London. This long letter is, unluckily, imperfect; but Scott's *Journal* for December 18, 1825, shows that he regarded Mr. Cadell as the bearer of good tidings. These financial affairs are excessively perplexing; we shall be obliged to touch on them in the matter of the Ballantyne controversy; and it will, at least, be plain that if Lockhart made errors, he worked on the best accessible authorities, and under the supervision of the person most likely to understand these problems, namely, Mr. Cadell. That gentleman, on September 23, 1837, sent to Lockhart a letter from Sir Walter to Lord Kinneder, found by Constable in the box containing the Waverley MSS. "It completely bears out your

view of the 'Beacon' affair."[1] Mr. Cadell's letters were, throughout the composition of the "Life," most appreciative and encouraging.

There is extant, fortunately, a letter of Lockhart's to Will Laidlaw, written in January 1837, and describing his own attitude towards his work on the "Life." He says that he is, "I think, wiser, at least more sober, neither richer nor more likely to be rich than I was in the days of Chiefswood and Kaeside—after all *our* best days, I at least believe. As to politics, I am a very tranquil and indifferent observer. Perhaps, however, much of this equanimity as to passing affairs has arisen from the call which has been made on me to live with the past, bestowing for so many months all the time I could command, and all the care I have had any real heart in, upon the MS. remains of our dear friend. I am glad that Cadell and the few others who have seen what I have done with these are pleased, but I assure you none of them can think more lightly of my own part in the matter than I do myself. My sole object is to do him justice, or rather to let him do himself justice, by so contriving it that he shall be, as far as possible from first to last, his own historiographer, and I have therefore willingly expended the time that would have sufficed for writing a dozen books on what will be no more than the compilation of one.

"A stern sense of duty—that kind of sense of it

[1] "Life," vi. 426.

which is combined with the feeling of his actual presence in a serene state of elevation above all petty terrestrial and temporary views—will induce me to touch the few darker points in his life and character as freely as the others which were so predominant; and my chief anxiety on the appearance of the book will be, not to hear what is said by the world, but what is *thought* by you and the few others who can really compare the representation as a whole with the facts of the case."

Lockhart then asks Laidlaw to read, and advise with him on the proof-sheets, ending—

"Out of these confused and painful scraps" (the very last letters) "I think I can contrive to put together a picture that will be highly touching, of a great mind shattered, but never degraded, and always to the very last noble, as his heart continued pure and warm as long as it could beat."[1]

This letter is, in itself, a sufficient reply to some of the censures urged, at the time of publication, against Lockhart's work.

The first six volumes of the "Life of Scott" were published early in 1836. "The criticisms," as Lockhart observed when the work was concluded, "were, of course, contradictory." The book was too cheap; it was too dear; it was too

[1] I owe the copy to Mr. David Douglas, who inscribes it thus, "From Maidment's collection, in the possession of Mr. Kermack." The letter is in answer to one of Mr. Laidlaw's from the North, with a present of ptarmigan. It has been printed in Dr. Carruthers' "Abbotsford Notanda."

long; it was too short; it told too much; it did not tell enough; Sir Walter was too much glorified; Sir Walter was traduced. Every author knows the discordant verdicts of contemporary criticism. On the whole, there was more agreement in the opinion that the book was too long, than in any other judgment. In his later abridged edition Lockhart declares that he would rather make it longer than shorter; the interest of Scott's life lying in the details. He contemplated the publication of selected letters, and Mr. Cadell urged him to write a book of "Reminiscences," while he himself thought of a collection of Sir Walter's oral legends and anecdotes. None of these plans was carried into effect, to our great loss.

Of all the contemporary reviewals,[1] but one holds its ground, that of volumes i.–vi., contributed to the *London and Westminster Review*, by Mr. Carlyle, in 1837. Mr. Carlyle was then a distant acquaintance of Lockhart's; they afterwards became friends, Mr. Carlyle finding in Lockhart "a thinking man." It was unfortunate that the reviewer had not the last melancholy and heroic volume before him, and it has often been conjectured that he resented Scott's unlucky oversight of his letter about Goethe. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, did not write in his most genial mood. He objected to the quantity of the work,

[1] There were minute, and to my mind prejudiced and unfair censures in *Tait's Magazine*. I have read, but do not mean to notice them.

as if it were what Lockhart styled it, a mere "compilation," a collection of materials. Mr. Carlyle did not foresee his own immense Life of Frederick, called the Great. Indeed, Mr. Carlyle's remarks on voluminousness were always like those of Baby Charles denouncing dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on incontinence. However, he said that "sagacity, decision, candour, diligence, good manners, good sense, these qualities are throughout observable," and "the compilation is the work of a manful, clear-seeing, conclusive man. Lockhart's free-speaking has laid him open to censure, a censure better than a good many praises." He has not left Scott "in the white beatified-ghost condition." As to the Ballantynes, of whom, alas, there is more to be said, Mr. Carlyle detected "nowhere the smallest trace of ill-will or unjust feeling." "Standing full in the face of the public, Mr. Lockhart has set at naught, and been among the first to do it, a public piece of cant; one of the commonest we have, and closely allied to many of the fellest sort, as smooth as it looks." Mr. Carlyle then demolishes the absurd theory, attributed to Rogers, "that Mr. Lockhart at heart has a dislike to Scott, and has done his best in an underhand treacherous manner to dishero him." On the other hand, if Lockhart has a defect, "it is that Scott is altogether lovely to him; . . . that his very faults become beautiful, his vulgar worldlinesses are solid prudences, proprieties, and of his worth there is no measure."

Here Mr. Carlyle was undeniably in error. Lockhart records Sir Walter's own remark that he had "a thread of the attorney in him," in money matters. Lockhart's sentiments about Scott's commercial dealings, about his too close association with, to be frank, flatterers, and creatures, if devoted creatures, like the Ballantynes—are plainly expressed, and not merely to be read between the lines. Lockhart does not disguise (though he understands it so well that he forgives it) Sir Walter's respect for rank, a feeling so often misunderstood. Nor does he conceal Scott's financial recklessness. I am unaware of any other motes in the brilliance of Sir Walter's moral character. Lockhart tells (though Mr. Cadell and other friends "winced") the tale of Scott's severity to his unhappy brother Daniel—and of his repentance. He shows how fraternal feeling caused Scott to behave as he did behave to Lord Holland at a Friday Club dinner; and he reports their reconciliation.[1] Again the friends winced, but the truth prevailed.

Not of all men is it well, perhaps, that biography should be written thus. Not thus unsparingly did Lockhart think it becoming to write about Robert Burns. But it is a thing to rejoice in, that the full story of one great man's life can be told as Lockhart has told the story of Scott's life. We know the worst of Sir Walter; we have the full portrait of a man; the defects are blazoned by the intense

[1] "Life," iii. 198, ix. 225, iii. 239, x. 189.

light of genius and goodness, and, thus displayed, how slight they are, how high is that noble nature above ours, if indeed it attains not to the rare perfection of the saints! Scott, assuredly, was not a saint, but a man living in the world, and, it is granted by his biographer, living too much for the world. But he lived for other men as few but the saints have lived, and his kindness, helpfulness, courage, temper, and moral excellence, his absolute, immaculate freedom from the literary sins of envy, jealousy, vanity, shine in Lockhart's pages as an eternal, if unapproachable, example. Only a good man could have so clearly observed, so affectionately adored, and so excellently recorded these virtues; and, though Lockhart's assuredly was a very faulty, as well as a very complex and occasionally perverse character, that would be a judgment harsher than men should judge with, which finally denied to him the character of a good man. Our temptations strike us on the unguarded side, as the poor stag in the fable was smitten by an arrow from the sea. Against the very different faults of Lockhart and of Scott, pride might have seemed a shield, but its protection was unavailing.

Of the literary merits of the "Life of Scott" it is not possible for one whose breviary, as it were, the book has been from boyhood, to speak with impartiality. To a Scot, and a Scot of the Border, the book has the charm of home, and is dear to us as his own grey hills were dear to Sir Walter. Necessarily,

inevitably, the stranger cannot, or seldom can, share this sentiment. Mr. Saintsbury, now in some degree a Scot by adoption, has, indeed, placed the book beside or above Boswell's. That is a length to which I cannot go; for Boswell's hero appears to myself to be of a character more universally human, a wiser man, a greater humourist, his biography a more valuable possession, than Sir Walter and Sir Walter's "Life." But it were childish to dispute about the relative merits of two *chefs-d'œuvre*. Each work is perfect in its kind, and in relation to its subject. The self-repression of Lockhart, accompanied by his total lack of self-consciousness (so astonishing in so shy a man), when his own person has to figure on the scene, is as valuable as the very opposite quality in Boswell.

Later writers, Thackeray, Macaulay, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Louis Stevenson, Mr. Pater, have given examples of styles more personal, infinitely more conspicuous, than Lockhart's; to many, doubtless to most readers, more taking. Lockhart has no mannerisms, no affectations, no privy jargon, no confidences with the reader; but it may almost be said that he has no faults. His English is like the English of Swift, all the light is concentrated on the object. Without disparagement of the great or pleasing authors already named; with every acknowledgment of the charming or the astonishing qualities of their various manners, we must also claim a place,

and a high place, for the style of Lockhart. He wrote English.

Concerning what may be reckoned the chief fault of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," more must be said in a later chapter. In whatever degree the Ballantynes were accessory to the financial ruin of Scott, Sir Walter, in choosing such instruments, was himself foremost in the fault, and this (as I understand Lockhart's account of the matter in the "Life") was Lockhart's own opinion. That all the anecdotes of the Ballantynes were strictly necessary to illustrate their characters, and the relations between Scott and them, I am far from being convinced; and Constable, too, might have been much more gently handled. Strange pictures of human life, entertaining passages admired by Mr. Carlyle, would, indeed, have been lost if Lockhart had been of this opinion; a portrait much less vivid of Sir Walter would have been presented. The balance must be adjusted by the sense of each reader of the book.

One other point in the "Life" may be regretted. Lockhart published certain passages of Sir Walter's *Journal* which reflected on the manners of some Americans with whom he was acquainted. He had suffered a good deal from American tourists, and from volunteer correspondents, like the young lady who cost him ten pounds for postage on two copies of "The Cherokee Lovers," in manuscript. English tourists and epistolary bores were, of course, no less frequent trials. But Cooper the novelist did his best

to secure some remuneration for Scott's novels as circulated in the States. Unluckily, Scott dropped a remark on Cooper's manner as contrasted with his genius, and this seems to have escaped the attention of Lockhart, Morritt, and Milman, who read the whole *Journal* in print. Cooper was, not unnaturally, angry, and wrote a review in which, as Mr. Charles Sumner observed, he scathed "the vulgar minds of Scott and Lockhart."[1] Sir Walter had American friends and guests whose letters attest the cordiality of their relations. This "rapacious" man (as Macaulay terms him) was much more anxious that the Americans should have cheap "Waverley" novels, than that he should be paid for them by the Americans. They are the most pious and frequent of pilgrims to his shrines, so let us hope that the tomahawk is buried. But Professor Lounsbury in his "Life of Cooper" (1895), is still palpitating with a cruel sense of wrong!

[1] In the *Knickerbocker Magazine.*

CHAPTER XVII

1837–1839

"The Ballantyne Humbug."—False impressions.—Lockhart's real aim.—The flaw in Scott.—Contradictions in his character.—Why Lockhart described the Ballantynes.—Mr. Cadell's evidence.—Lockhart's candour as to Scott.—History of the brethren.—Kelso.—Scott's "air-drawn schemes."—Extravagance in business.—John Ballantyne "penniless."—James's claret.—Bill and counter-bill.—Negligence.—Concealments.—Change of publishers.—Death of John Ballantyne.—Constable and the bills.—Reply of the Ballantynes.—Unbalanced books.—Cadell's evidence.—Hughes and Cadell.—Lockhart "could not understand."—"Be a good man."—Ballantyne pamphlet.—What "might have been."—Unfortunate James.—His labours and sorrows.—Abbotsford.—Counter charges.—Attitude of the press.—False accusations.—Cadell's letter.—His new documents.—Opinion of the Chief Commissioner.—Legal advice.—Lockhart's reply to the Ballantynes.—Defects of taste.—Their rebutter.—Lockhart's reception of it.—General reflections.

No part of the Biography caused so much outcry as the references to the Ballantynes and to Constable. The representatives of John, and James his brother, protested in a tract or pamphlet: their tone was the reverse of conciliatory. Their case was taken up by the part of the press politically opposed to Scott, and "the isle was full of noises" such as often follow a successful biography. The example of Mr. Froude's "Carlyle" is comparatively recent and familiar. To the representatives of Ballantyne,

Lockhart replied in "The Ballantyne Humbug Handled": his tone was not more to be commended than the taste, in a certain circumstance, of his opponents. They answered at great length, and with many tables of figures, and they were left "with the last word," except so far as the "Life of Scott," very slightly amended in the second and later editions, is the last and enduring word.

This affair of the three pamphlets cannot be omitted in a Biography of Lockhart, though the chapter which deals with it must inevitably be of little general interest. To myself it seems that the impressions which commonly exist in the minds of readers, as touching the matter of the Ballantynes, are these :—

1. The Ballantynes were the cause of Scott's financial ruin.

This is an absolutely erroneous idea, and is never upheld by Lockhart in his "Life of Scott."

2. Lockhart maligned the Ballantynes by throwing on them the whole blame of Scott's ruin.

This opinion, though industriously circulated in the newspapers of 1838–1839, is as false as the former.

In this chapter I shall try to show what Lockhart's theory of the relations between Scott and the Ballantynes, as set forth in the "Life," really amounts to. I shall demonstrate that his "brief," so to speak, in a commercial question, of which a man of letters is not usually a competent judge, was prepared for him by an authority whom he had

every reason to trust and respect. I shall show that if the quarrel was not settled in private between the parties concerned, Lockhart's advisers were responsible for the avoidance of this method; and that if Lockhart's conclusions were wrong, the error lay with acute and experienced men of business.[1]

One or two preliminary observations must be made. It was, as I have said, by no means Lockhart's intention or aim to attribute Scott's ruin to the Ballantynes. Their representatives made this general charge against Lockhart. His "one great object is to rivet on the public mind the impression that *all* the involvements, embarrassments, and misfortunes of his father-in-law were, in great measure, if not altogether, attributable to his choice of improper or worthless instruments." Lockhart had no such object. With equal clearness of insight and delicacy of statement, he executed the painful task of tracing Sir Walter's misfortunes to Sir Walter's own errors of various kinds. The Ballantynes (undeniably "improper instruments" for Scott) aided and accelerated, but did not cause, the downfall. Lockhart's intention and aim was to draw a thoroughly *truthful* picture of Sir Walter Scott. How entirely he succeeded, how boldly and

[1] Lockhart introduced into his Second Edition (the edition of 1839, in ten volumes) such alterations as he deemed that the truth required. It is therefore on the basis of this edition (compared with the first, and with the edition abridged by Lockhart himself in 1848) that his treatment of the Ballantynes shall here be discussed, with as much brevity as may be consistent with the innumerable minute details of the controversy.

fully, yet how delicately, as regards Scott, he told the truth, no one can know better than the present compiler, who has followed in his steps, and has handled many of the documents which he used.

Now it is a commonplace of modern speculations on genius to say that genius is never exempt from some moral or psychological *flaw*. To be sure, the nature of the most commonplace mortals is in the same perilous case; but the light of genius makes the shadows show darker, the fissures deeper. In the case of Sir Walter the inevitable flaw occurred just where it was least to be expected. It lay not in exorbitant love of wine and women; not in indolent waste of power; not in vanity; not in jealousy; not in the *sæva indignatio* of Swift; not in the *Morbus Eruditorum* and the melancholy of Johnson; not in any of the besetting sins of literary mankind; but in the conduct of these commercial affairs from which men of letters usually turn away in distaste and conscious incompetence.

Lockhart could not have concealed this flaw if he would. Sir Walter's hidden connection with business had been proclaimed from the house-top. Lockhart, therefore, had to examine the pathology, as it were, and all the complex and contradictory circumstances of a fault which he himself "was not inclined to," and he had to give of these as lucid an account as he might. "Contradictory" we may well call the circumstances. In Sir Walter we have undeniably a man of the noblest generosity.

While he was living the life of a mill-horse in the struggle to repay his creditors, he would steal the rare hours of his too-stinted leisure, and make of the work done then a free gift to persons with no claim on him but that of common misfortune. Yet he had early engaged in a secret commerce, and Lockhart, admitting that where there is secrecy there is usually wrong, is perfectly explicit about Scott's methods of feeding the Ballantyne Press.

Again, Scott was a proud man, and his assailants have called him (very unjustly in their sense) "the slave of rank." Yet he passed much of his time with cronies like the Ballantynes, whom he could not, and, indeed, certainly did not, regard or treat as his social equals. Here was another contradiction which galled Lockhart. As he observes in his reply to the first Ballantyne pamphlet (p. 4), "These gentlemen can hardly have failed to see why I introduced detailed descriptions of their comrades. The most curious problem in the life of Scott could receive no fair attempt at solution, unless the inquirer were made acquainted, in as far as the biographer could make him so, with the nature, and habits, and manners of Scott's agents." Therefore he drew his pictures of the manners and persons of agents whom Scott chose from a strange mixture of motives. His adversaries, the authors of the first Ballantyne pamphlet, urge that it never occurred to Lockhart that his

representations of James and John might seem inconsistent with the sagacity claimed for the great author who freely associated with them.[1] But this practical contradiction in Scott's character, this boon companionship and commercial alliance with men in no way his peers, *did* strike Lockhart: herein lay the mystery and the bitterness of Sir Walter's devotion to the Ballantynes. Lockhart offers his theory of this unlucky *engouement* in the "Life."[2]

I have been permitted to read, but do not think it necessary to cite, a private letter of 1838, in which Lockhart gives to a friend, Lord Meadowbank, exactly the same explanation of Scott's connection with the Ballantynes, as, in the "Life," he gave to the public. The identical conclusions are stated with colloquial freedom.

Scott, unhappily, lived in a mist about money, yet was, in some inscrutable way, a keen business man. As he said, he had "a thread of the attorney" in him. Scott was full of social punctilio, yet he unbent with Rigdumfunnidos and Aldiborontiphoscophornio. Here was the double-starred *flaw* in the ruby of Scott's nature; and if the flaw was to be understood, with all that it implied of "hallucination" (the word is Mr. Cadell's in a letter to Lockhart), with all that it meant of freakishness and whim, then Scott's associates, the

[1] "Refutation," p. 11.

[2] First Edition, iv. 175; Second Edition, v. 355, 356.

Ballantynes, must be described—and described they were—in imperishable pictures. But Lockhart repeats,[1] what is plain to any unprejudiced reader, that he "casts no imputation on the moral rectitude of the elder Ballantyne," while he thinks John Ballantyne guilty of nothing worse than "giddiness of head and temper." His theory is that, while Sir Walter initiated ill-considered enterprises, his two associates or subordinates were not the men to check him; but, from one or another foible or failing, and from want of commercial standing, were rather likely to accelerate his progress towards ruin. John would be keeping facts back (as Scott often complains), or would be intriguing (as against Constable in 1813–1815); John was mischievous and reckless. James (except in matters of literary opinion) was too pliant, and too averse from arithmetic. If these and other charges are over-stated, and if the portraits of the Ballantynes are caricatured, be it remembered that Lockhart wrote under the eyes, with the often-repeated approval, and in the light of the information furnished by Mr. Cadell. Now, from 1812 till the ruin of 1826, Mr. Cadell had been Constable's partner; he married Constable's daughter, who died young, and no man knew all the persons concerned more intimately than he did. He was a trained man of business, and of him, on the fatal December 18, 1825, Scott wrote: "He showed feeling, deep feeling. . . . I

[1] "Life," viii. 91.

love the virtues of rough and round men."[1] Scott also calls Mr. Cadell "a faithful pilot," and he was, as shall be shown, Lockhart's pilot in what regarded the Ballantynes. Even in 1848 he is rich in new anecdotes of John's iniquities!

The dispute between Lockhart and the representatives of the Ballantynes was, in essence, one of these hopeless controversies in which both parties are, to a considerable extent, practically saying the same thing. Thus the Ballantyne Trustees keep repeating, "Mr. Lockhart admits" this or that, whereas the so-called "admission" is really the essence of Lockhart's case. Lockhart represents Sir Walter as originating the Printing Company, and also the Publishing Company, though he *suspects* John's influence here. Lockhart shows how Sir Walter was a thoroughly incompetent publisher, selecting, for reasons unconnected with trade, books that were bound to fail. Lockhart dwells on Scott's reckless purchases of land, even in his most pressing hours of early embarrassment. Lockhart insists on Sir Walter's habit of living in fantasy, and what can be a more ruinous characteristic

[1] The following note is borrowed from George Allan's "Life of Scott," Edinburgh, 1834, p. 470 :—

"He remarked to Captain Basil Hall, on the eve of his departure for the Continent, in the autumn of 1831 : 'Ah, if I had been in our excellent friend Cadell's hands during all the course of my writing for the public, I should now, undoubtedly, have been worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, instead of having to work myself to pieces to get out of debt.'" Basil Hall tells the same story in one of his volumes of "Miscellanies."

in a man of business? Lockhart freely quotes (what he might, if uncandid, have suppressed) Sir Walter's remark, that to him James Ballantyne owed "his difficulties as well as his advantages." Thus Lockhart did *not* (as the partisans of the Ballantynes urge) hide Sir Walter's own share in his own ruin: did *not* throw all the blame on the brothers. But to them he gave such share of the blame as he thought due. If he erred, he erred in company with and on the suggestion of the man who, of all others, ought best to have known the facts, namely, Mr. Cadell. Meanwhile, the Ballantyne Trustees attack Lockhart as if all his extremely frank statements about Scott's share in his own ruin were reluctant, or heedlessly illogical admissions, made in a virulent campaign against James and John. This is the general effect of their first pamphlet, and this is what I mean when I describe the controversy as one in which, to a considerable extent, both parties are saying much the same thing.

For the understanding of the Ballantyne Controversy it is necessary, first, to have connected ideas as to what, in the "Life," Lockhart wrote about John and James. James is first mentioned as the son of "a respectable tradesman" in Kelso, and a schoolfellow of Scott at the Grammar School. An extract is next offered from deathbed memoranda, written by James, at Lockhart's request.[1]

[1] "Life," i. 157.

Scott and James met, but were not very intimate, when Ballantyne was attending law classes in Edinburgh, preparatory to becoming a solicitor.[1] James became a Kelso writer in 1795, and, in 1796, not succeeding as a country writer, he set up a weekly Tory newspaper. In 1799, Ballantyne printed at Kelso for Scott twelve copies of his early verses, "Apology for Tales of Terror," and Scott suggested making a volume of Border Ballads.[2]

On April 22, 1800, Scott wrote to Ballantyne, saying that there were chances for a good printer in Edinburgh, and hinting at "pecuniary assistance" in trade. Lockhart "suspects that even thus early the writer" (Scott) "contemplated the possibility at least of being himself very intimately connected with the result of these air-drawn schemes."[3] Thus Lockhart from the first represents the "air-drawn schemes" as Sir Walter's own, not as Ballantyne's. At the end of 1802, James Ballantyne, complying with Scott's hint, set up his presses in the precinct of Holyrood. He received (also in compliance with Scott's hint) "a liberal loan." Lockhart presently describes James's talents, his eye for errors in proof-sheets, his moral character—"he was really an honest man;" and, to Scott, was a useful critic—an extraordinary fact in literary history.[4] In 1805, when Ballantyne wanted a fresh loan, Scott announced his willingness to advance money "to

[1] "Life," i. 211. [2] Ibid., ii. 43.
[3] Ibid., ii. 48. [4] Ibid., ii. 201.

be admitted as a third sharer of my business."[1] Lockhart is "in doubt whether" this association "ought, on the whole, to be considered with more of satisfaction or regret." The solitary cause for "satisfaction," apparently, is the spur given to Scott's energy by the misfortunes of his enterprise.[2] Lockhart then speaks of Scott's own literary undertakings, but adds, "The alliance with Ballantyne soon infected him with the proverbial rashness of mere mercantile adventure." Lockhart shows how Scott's eagerness to help other men of letters "hurried him and his friends into a multitude of arrangements," often all but disastrous. "It is an old saying that wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong; and dearly did he pay the penalty for the mystery in which he had chosen to involve this transaction."

Here the mystery and the "wrong," in the sanguine enterprises, are all attributed, justly and explicitly, to Scott, despite the apparent sense of the passage about the Ballantyne alliance "infecting him with rashness." It was not James Ballantyne, an unadventurous man, but "mercantile adventure" that produced this fatal result. "Ballantyne's *habitual deference to his opinion* induced him to advocate" Scott's suggestions for publishing books "with enthusiastic zeal." This "habitual deference" made James a bad partner for Scott: that is a great portion of Lockhart's argument throughout, and the fact

[1] Ballantyne's Memorandum; "Life," ii. 230.
[2] "Life," ii. 235–237.

really cannot be denied. Scott suggesting books for publishers to print at his press, and James being his mouthpiece, "both came to take for their printing company a certain share of the pecuniary risk, by allowing the time and method of . . . payment to be regulated according to the employer's convenience. Hence, by degrees, was woven a web of entanglement from which neither Ballantyne nor his adviser had any means of escape," "except in Scott's indomitable spirit."[1]

Thus Lockhart displays Scott as the active person in the original weaving of the fatal web of credit: Ballantyne only acquiesces in "habitual deference to his opinion." A correspondent cited in Mr. Murray's "Memoirs"[2] incidentally shows us a feast given on the enlargement of the printing works. "Everything good and abundant. White Hermitage the order of the day. What would your London printers say to this?" (July 14, 1807). Mr. Murray's letters in 1809 prove that he regarded the business of the Ballantyne Press as wildly speculative.[3] The truth was that Scott, having now quarrelled with Constable, was setting up a Ballantyne *publishing* house, with John Ballantyne, of all people, as manager. To John, Lockhart was "inclined to trace" (perhaps erroneously) a share in Scott's alienation from Constable, "as well as most of my friend's subsequent misadventures."[4]

[1] "Life," ii. 235–237.
[2] "Memoirs," i. 86.
[3] Ibid., i. 170–175.
[4] "Life," iii. 117.

Lockhart now gives a sketch of John Ballantyne's early career (on information from Mr. Cadell), which he modified in his Second Edition. John's own Memorandum[1] confesses that, from the year 1802, in Kelso, he "neglected business," "neglected business every way," "shot and hunted," "got into difficulties"—finally (1805), "all consummated . . . my furniture, goods, &c., sold at Kelso, previous to my going to Edinburgh to become my brother's clerk. . . . My effects at Kelso, with labour, paid my debts, *and left me penniless.*" "What a partner for the Great Minstrel!" writes Mr. Cadell, when he sends the Memorandum to Lockhart (Nov. 24, 1836).

Whether John had been a tailor or not (though Will Laidlaw remembered him in that capacity) is a matter of no importance. But it was of importance to show that, in this negligent, sporting, penniless ex-tradesman (tailor or not), there was no proper associate for Scott, and no promising manager of his publishing company—"at £300 a year, and one fourth of the profits besides." Why did Scott select such an associate? There is the mystery, of which Lockhart gave his solution. In a veracious Life of Sir Walter these personal facts about John Ballantyne had to be taken into account. John was also dexterous at accounts pretty much as Sisyphus, according to Homer, "was of all men most skilled in the use of the oath." John had been in Messrs.

[1] First Edition, v. 77. Second Edition, vi. 330.

Currie's bank. This was denied; but Lockhart's authority was Mr. Cadell, writing on May 27, 1836. Lockhart then draws sketches of the brothers in their habitual aspect and manners—sketches which were described by his adversaries as malevolent caricatures. Mr. Cadell, on the other hand, writes (July 20, 1836): "I absolutely wept with joy at the Rembrandt portraits of John and James. I think I see the strut of James, and the wriggle of John, *and dark was the day which brought the last into council.*"

This remark either suggested or was suggested by Lockhart's observation, "They both loved and revered Scott, and I believe would have shed their hearts' blood in his service; but they both, as men of affairs, deeply injured him; and, above all, *the day that brought John into pecuniary connection with him was the blackest in his calendar. . . .*"[1] The Ballantynes, being the thirdsmen between Scott and Constable, were jealous of Constable, Lockhart thinks, and Constable of them, and this, he considers, was of ill effect on Sir Walter's concerns.

The publishing affairs of "John Ballantyne and Co." were never successful. Lockhart has explained, more than once, how Scott entered on enterprises interesting, if to any public, to a very small one; or dictated by desire to help poor authors. This system in itself meant ruin; nor

[1] "Life," iii. 121.

were John and James in a position to remonstrate. The actual capital *in ready money* (except such debts as James could recover from his old Kelso business) was Scott's. "My brother," says James in his memoranda, "though an active and pushing, was not a cautious bookseller, and the large sums received never formed an addition to stock. In fact, they were all expended by the partners, who, being then young and sanguine men, not unwillingly adopted my brother's hasty results."

If this admission by James Ballantyne does not mean that Scott and James accepted John's book-keeping and accounts at a venture, and that all three "spent the results," what does it mean? A curious example of the system, unknown to Lockhart, occurs in a letter of James Ballantyne to Constable.[1] James begs for money or bills. Two years earlier, not foreseeing the "painful circumstances" of 1813, he had bought wine to the amount of £75—from an ironmonger! "About six months ago I gave him my bill, at six months, for the amount." James "renewed" when the bill fell due, giving his acceptance in exchange. The ironmonger failed, "so that both sums, amounting to £150, are now due."

This was the Ballantyne-Constable bill-and-counter-bill system, writ small!

"Neither John *nor others* complained. Now . . . I feel insuperable objection to make this misfortune

[1] July 17, 1814, "Archibald Constable," iii. 44–46.

known to *the partners*. It would engender gloom and dissatisfaction," says poor James, and so on. James, being anxious "not to touch the business funds," wants to borrow, by a bill at six months, from Constable. Such were the ways of the partners; but James, at least, was anxious not to "touch the business funds."

By May 1813, thanks to the causes described, and "the rash adoption of some injudicious speculations of Mr. Scott's," the moneyed partner determined to dissolve the publishing concern. Constable rescued the partners, with the aid of the £4000 guaranteed to Scott by the Duke of Buccleuch. In a kindly letter of Scott's to John Ballantyne, while complaining of "sudden, extensive, and *unexpected* embarrassments," and a lack of "universal circumspection, and the courage to tell disagreeable truths," on John's part, he pronounces him an unrivalled "man of business" (May 18, 1813). Five days later he warns John against "shutting his eyes, or blinding those of his friends, upon the actual state of business." James has been "steadily attentive," but "one of you will need to be constantly in the printing-house henceforward."[1] So far, for about eight years, this elementary precaution had clearly been neglected.

Perhaps a manager who shuts his own eyes, or blinds those of his friends, who permits "sudden and unexpected embarrassments" to be sprung on

[1] "Life," iv. 78–81.

them, is not the very best kind of partner for a man like Scott. "Our friend" (Scott) "was always in a dream about cash and bills. He deceived himself," writes Mr. Cadell (August 29, 1836). Lockhart says that Scott's warnings to John Ballantyne were "vain," but they (the brothers) "had some reason for displeasure (the more felt because they durst not, like him, express their feelings), when they found that scarcely had these "hard skirmishes terminated in the bargain of May 18" (with Constable), "before Scott was preparing fresh embarrassments for himself, by commencing a negotiation for a considerable addition to his property at Abbotsford. . . . Nor was he, I must add, more able to control some of his minor tastes."[1]

This is frank enough, and not very consistent with the theory, that the Ballantynes are accused of ruining Scott. How much anxiety of the darkest kind John Ballantyne caused Sir Walter, by deferring to the last moment his announcements of debts to be paid; how Scott had to keep requesting him "to be a business-like correspondent"; how Ballantyne equivocated, how he did not write explicitly, how he never admitted the nearness of danger, "until it is almost unparriable," Scott himself sets forth in letters to the culprit.[2] Sir Walter deplores his "strange concealments"; he asks only for "a fair statement."[3]

[1] "Life," iv. 85, 86. [2] Ibid., iv. 89, 91.
[3] July, August, 1813. "Life," iv. 92, 93.

Constable was consulted in their difficulties, and suggested an appeal to a friendly capitalist. Scott obtained a guarantee for £4000 from the Duke of Buccleuch; yet even with this aid, and with Constable's assistance, matters went badly. At Christmas 1814 there was trouble, and Scott "determined to break up, as soon as possible, the concern which his own sanguine rashness, and the gross irregularities of his mercurial lieutenant, had so lamentably perplexed."[1] Here, on Lockhart's side, is a fair division of blame!

In the pressure, "Guy Mannering" was sold to Messrs. Longmans; and John Ballantyne, despite the debt of all partners to Constable, wished to offer the new edition of "Waverley" to a London publisher. Scott vetoed this "wretched expedient."[2] But Lockhart blames John Ballantyne for "prompting and enforcing the idea of trying other publishers from time to time, instead of adhering to Constable, merely for the selfish purposes—first, of facilitating the immediate discount of bills; secondly, of further perplexing Scott's affairs, the entire disentanglement of which would have been, as he fancied, prejudicial to his own personal importance."[3]

As to John Ballantyne's conduct at this time (1813–1815), whatever its motive, Lockhart had Mr. Cadell's authority. "You will see by them" (a parcel of letters) "how Constable & Co. *kept up* the Ballantynes in 1813–1814–1815, and the misery

[1] "Life," v. 22. [2] Ibid., v. 24. [3] Ibid., v. 151.

attending it. I wonder even now at the *picaroon* trick of going to other booksellers, when, every day almost, they were asking favours" (January 3, 1837). Meanwhile Scott, says Lockhart, was still buying land, and James's "management of the pecuniary affairs of the printing-house had continued to be highly negligent and irregular."

To end the financial history of John Ballantyne, he died in 1821, ignorant of the state of his affairs, and leaving to Scott £2000, which he did not possess.[1] In his Memorandum he declares that the publishing business, when wound up in 1817, left Scott fully paid, with a balance of £1000. Lockhart says that, on the other hand, in 1817, John's name was "on floating bills to the extent of at least £10,000, representing *part* of the debt which had been accumulated on the bookselling house, and which, on its dissolution, was assumed by the printing company in the Canongate."[2]

John Ballantyne was dead, but the financial confusion survived. Towards the close of his work Lockhart recapitulates the story of Scott's connection with the Ballantynes; repeating his assertion that James was "a perfectly upright man," while John suffered from "giddiness of head and temper." But James "was hardly a better manager than the picaroon."[3] He had never been a trained printer; taste he had, but not the vigilant "eye of the master." Even when in the printing-house, his

[1] "Life," vi. 332. [2] Ibid., vi. 332. [3] Ibid., viii. 91.

work was rather literary than mechanical: he was "a literator, not a printer." The complication of "bills and counter-bills" left by John's management was not to be cleared by James. Lockhart supposes that Scott kept no "efficient watch" on the sheaves of accommodation paper, and never knew "any Christmas, for how many thousands, or rather tens of thousands, he was responsible as *a printer in the Canongate.*" Now as, by the admission of Mr. Hughes, one of James Ballantyne's trustees, the books of the firm had not yet been balanced in 1837, it is not easy to see how Scott could have known the extent of his responsibilities.[1] Once more, "Owing to the original habitual irregularities of John Ballantyne, it had been adopted as the regular plan between that person and Constable, that whenever the latter signed a bill for the purpose of the other's raising money among the bankers, there should, in case of his neglecting to take that bill up before it fell due, be deposited a counter-bill signed by Ballantyne, on which Constable might, if need were, raise a sum equivalent to that for which he had pledged his credit. . . . The plan went on under James's management, just as John had begun it. Under his management also—such was the incredible looseness of it—the *counter-bills*, meant only for being sent into the market in the event of the *primary* bills being threatened with dishonour—these instruments of safeguard for Constable against

[1] "Refutation," p. 48.

contingent danger were allowed to lie uninquired about in Constable's desk, until they had swelled to a truly monstrous sheaf of stamps. Constable's hour of distress darkened about him, and he rushed with these to the money-changers. . . . And by this one circumstance it came to pass that, supposing Ballantyne & Co. to have, at the day of reckoning, obligations against them, in consequence of bill transactions with Constable, to the extent of £25,000, they were legally responsible for £50,000."

In fact, they were in James Ballantyne's case, when, in place of a debt of £75 for wine to an ironmonger, he managed, by dint of bills and similar accommodations, to owe £150!

This point has been warmly contested. As the matter is complicated, I shall give the reply of the Ballantynes here.

They say[1] that one of Mr. James Ballantyne's trustees, Mr. Hughes, being engaged in the press which printed the "Life," saw Lockhart's remarks on these bills and counter-bills in the proof-sheets. He thereon wrote a note to Mr. Cadell, saying that the subject "surely ought to be brought under Mr. Lockhart's review." Sir Walter was (contrary to Lockhart's opinion) "cognisant of all these bills," which Ballantyne discussed with him once a month, and they always met the bills falling due "by bills of a certain amount drawn on Constable & Co. . . . James Ballantyne & Co. granted counter-bills on

[1] "Refutation," p. 47.

Constable & Co., and of all these obligations Sir Walter kept a regular account in a book of his own."[1]

"The bills also, I am in a position to show, *were exclusively for Sir Walter's* accommodation, so that, as regards them, Mr. Ballantyne must have lost largely. The printing-house was thriving and had no need of them; and I have not the slightest doubt, when the books are balanced up to the bankruptcy of 1825–1826, that Mr. Ballantyne will be found to have been Sir Walter's *creditor* to a considerable amount."

Here let us again observe that, even in 1836 or 1837, the books of the Ballantyne printing firm had not yet been balanced! If this admission does not justify Lockhart's theory of James as an indifferent manager, nothing can do so.

Mr. Hughes goes on, in his note to Mr. Cadell, to discredit the story of Constable rushing to the money-changers with a "sheaf of counter-bills." "Counters were regularly drawn for the primaries, the difference of interest calculated, and the counters as regularly discounted." The authors of the pamphlet insist on this, and give a specimen, "which overthrows completely Mr. Lockhart's theory of the bill transactions. . . . The bills were *not* in Constable's desk. . . . The statement is either a creature of imagination only, or of abused credulity."[2]

[1] A royal 8vo, bound in red morocco.

[2] pp. 39, 40.

Now, on all this matter Lockhart drew his information, not from fancy, but from Mr. Cadell, who, of course, was with Constable when the day of panic came, and ought to have known the facts.

On January 3, 1837, before the "Life" was published, Mr. Cadell wrote from Edinburgh:—

"*John Ballantyne.*—I felt diffident as to what I stated to you, when I was in town, as to the bill transactions resting on my unsupported authority. I have, since I returned, therefore, *per* favour of Constable's trustees, got a sight of a huge batch of letters. I send for your inspection some forty or fifty; it will not take long to glance at them—a few bearing me out, and one or two to procure you a laugh after a hard day's work. . . . I cannot at this distance call to mind the remedy for the slippery payments made for the bills for John's use, which I appear to have suggested in October 1815.[1] John suggested the double bills!!"

This is all that I can find about the double bills in Mr. Cadell's correspondence. I discover no single hint of remonstrance from Mr. Cadell to Lockhart as regards this matter, no single note of dissent. Criticism Mr. Cadell offers on a variety of other points not financial; on this point (in existing letters)—none. He did not send Mr. Hughes's notes to Lockhart; "he never communi-

[1] See letter of 29th October.

cated them to me; but had he done so, I certainly should have paid very little attention to their tenor, for this reason . . . namely, that the statement which this subaltern of the Ballantynes impugns *was drawn up by me on the authority of Mr. Cadell himself*, the surviving partner of the house of Constable, and . . . one of the most acute men of business in existence."[1]

Lockhart especially refers to a letter of Mr. Cadell's of October 1836,[2] opening the topic in these words, "One thing Sir Walter never could have foreseen." The point was "that, according to Constable's partner, Scott could not have anticipated being called upon to discharge *twice over* the monies indicated by a certain large amount of bills drawn by James Ballantyne & Co."[3]

To all this the Ballantyne Trustees reply by reports of conversations between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Cadell, in which Mr. Cadell accepted Mr. Hughes's view, and showed him proof-sheets annotated accordingly for Lockhart's use. In another interview with Mr. Cadell, Mr. Hughes averred

[1] On this point, and on the non-communication of Mr. Hughes's letter to Lockhart, Mr. Bayley writes: "I once thought it would have been better you had seen Hughes's letter, but now it is as well you did not, as you could not have taken his statement in opposition to Cadell's; but it must be brought out that you never saw it. . . . I spoke to the old Chief Commissioner (Mr. Adam of Blair Adam) as to Cadell being the respondent, as it was his information you went by, but we think you must yourself stand forth. . . ."

[2] This letter is missing.

[3] "Letter to Sir Adam Fergusson," p. 103.

that Mr. Cadell agreed with him about the fact that Constable "had not one bill in his desk to take to the money-changers," in the panic. "Curiously enough, he had laboured to convince Lockhart of this, but could not get him to understand it."

Now, Mr. Cadell had only to make a plain statement of fact.

"Curiously enough," no trace of these labours to enlighten the dull intelligence of Lockhart remain in a correspondence which, though incomplete, everywhere shows Mr. Cadell supplying Lockhart with the facts about the Ballantynes, and nowhere shows him even hinting at any correction where they are concerned. "Curiously enough," Mr. Cadell never contradicts or qualifies Lockhart's assertion that the whole statement was made on his authority. Mr. Cadell, in fact, calls John Ballantyne "the *origo mali*," and, as I have already said, as late as 1848, keeps throwing in new stories illustrative of John's "picarooning" exploits, with an unpublished anecdote or two of James. One story, about the British Linen Company Bank, and some bills, is especially *picaresque*. Apart from questions of tone and style, then, it appears undeniable that Lockhart, in writing about the Ballantynes, worked throughout on the facts supplied, and in accordance with the advice given, by an adept in business, and an eye-witness of the transactions.

To illustrate Lockhart's sentiments towards James Ballantyne *before* he had examined the pecuniary affairs, I quote a letter of his to Mr. Cadell (Jan. 22). It was written soon after James's death.

"I am obliged by your letter about poor James Ballantyne, and shall be pleased to hear that his family are left in tolerable circumstances. I hope that the business will be kept, in part at least, for the son, who seemed a very fine boy." Lockhart also contributed towards the support of John Ballantyne's widow. To Mr. Cadell, Lockhart writes (Oct. 3, 1833), "Would to God you had been near to Sir Walter from the beginning."

He appreciated Mr. Cadell's sterling qualities; he relied on his information, and, whatever error may have come into his uses of that information, he did well in trusting to his informant. About the first Ballantyne pamphlet he writes, "It gives me no concern, because, as you know, I have spoken nothing but the truth about James Ballantyne, and never bore him the least ill-will, God knows."

We have condensed the pages which contain the gist of Lockhart's remarks, in the "Life," on the Ballantynes. He also cites freely and fully from Sir Walter's commendations of James, whom he had "tried to enrich," whose "misfortunes and advantages," he said, alike came from *him*. Sir Walter and his old companion never recriminated on each other, says Lockhart; but circumstances apart from money matters came between them at

the close, in the twilight of two broken lives. That the Ballantynes were odd, incongruous associates for Sir Walter; that his whole unlucky relations with them were the result (as we have said) of a *flaw* in his noble nature; that had he dealt with men *not* his dependents and retainers, say with Mr. Cadell, it would have been better for him; that John "did something smack, a little grow to;" that James did not balance his books yearly—Lockhart may be said to have demonstrated. So far these men's influence was ill for Scott; and Lockhart has made it conspicuous in every page, that Scott's choice of such friends and such agents was his own fault. For the rest, some remarks might well have been spared; but a whole aspect of Scott, and a strange and potent influence in Scott's history, would have been lost, had the portraits of the brethren as they lived been omitted. If the etching be deeply bitten, the acid, so to speak, had been gathering long. The Ballantynes were not, in obvious social ways, congenial to Lockhart's taste; he believed that their society was rather unworthy of Sir Walter; and—supposing them to be accessories (not more) to Sir Walter's ruin—he owed their memory little good-will. His own life had been embittered for many years by the collapse of 1826, and his temper had not been improved.

"The trustees and son" (a boy of sixteen) "of the late Mr. James Ballantyne" published their

"Refutation of the Mis-statements and Calumnies" of Lockhart, in August 1838. With a taste which may be left to the judgment of the reader, they headed their work with a motto from the "Life," Sir Walter's dying words, "Lockhart, my dear, be a good man . . .!" They then decided that Lockhart had been a very bad man. His "attempts to exculpate his father-in-law from blame" are blended with "caricature portraits and degrading anecdotes. . . ." He "panders to that depraved taste which gloats," and so forth: Mr. Carlyle's reply may suffice. It is needless to remark that Lockhart never, for one moment, tries "to exculpate his father-in-law from blame." Far from endeavouring "to aggrandise the character of Sir Walter by depreciating that of the Ballantynes," Lockhart deliberately shows how Sir Walter lowered his own nature in the society of Rigdum-funnidos and the other. Lockhart's imputations on the Ballantynes are, it is urged, "equally at variance with the evidence which he has himself produced, and with facts which, having access to them, he was bound to make himself master of. . . ."

There follows a defence of John; Lockhart drew thence a few emendations for "Les Enfances Jehan," as set forth in his Second Edition. For the rest, the facts about John Ballantyne, as extracted from Sir Walter's and Mr. Cadell's letters, may suffice. John was not a good manager of a pub-

lishing establishment; that fact is undeniable, even by Trustees!

Dropping John, the Ballantynes develop their own case. Sir Walter "was greatly benefited by his connection with the Ballantynes." "His own large expenditure absorbed the whole profits of the printing establishment, and much more besides, involving the elder brother" (James) "in ruin, at a period of his life when, from the nature and extent of his business, he might otherwise have possessed a comfortable, if not an affluent independence."

This last allegation is an excursion into the chapter of "might have been." Had Sir Walter not taken up Ballantyne, *he* might have been "blessed with a sturdy partner." Had James not been taken up by Sir Walter, he might, or rather certainly would have, vegetated as a "stickit writer" at Kelso, publishing the Kelso Tory weekly, and supporting, out of his "comfortable, if not affluent independence," his old parents, and the "penniless" sporting tradesman, John.

Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, writing to Lockhart after the publication of the Ballantyne pamphlet, says that these opinions prevail in canny Yorkshire. "This is plain common sense, and none of them cared much for the details, which I suppose nobody understands but the traders in bills."[1]

[1] Mr. Morritt had urged an objection against the description of the revels in St. John Street; this I gather from Mr. Cadell's letters. Mr. Cadell took the opposite view.

The ruin came, say the Ballantyne Trustees, from Scott's "extensive purchases of land before he had realised money to pay for it, and from his making a free use of the name of the Company (with the consent of his partner, of course) to meet the payments." Certainly: Lockhart never conceals, nay he insists on, these ruinous purchases; but "the consent of the partner," the fact that the partner, for years, was Scott's salaried employee, and Scott's error in having such a pliable partner, are all part of Lockhart's case. Indeed, the Trustees keep quoting Lockhart's statements about this matter *against* him, whereas they are a proof of his fairness.[1] The more candid Lockhart is, the more he is blamed for inconsistency!

The strong and essential part of the Trustees' case is that the accommodation bills, and other kites flown by the *Company*, were for Sir Walter's *private accommodation alone*, not for the Company's uses. True; but all the real bullion (beyond the Company's earnings) was also Sir Walter's own, payment for his novels and poems. "Except the means necessary to carry the business on, and Mr. James Ballantyne's personal and family expenses, Sir Walter drew from it *all* its earnings, and more than all." Mr. Ballantyne's profits "were floating in the business at the command of Sir Walter Scott. . . . He had cast his bread upon the waters, but it did not return to him after many days of labour and sorrow. He lost all."

[1] "Refutation," pp. 26, 27.

At one time, in 1816–1822, it is not apparent to me that James had anything at all to lose. He was merely a salaried servant. "The labour and sorrow" of James, among the luxuries of his various abodes, his horses, his wines, and so forth, are not conspicuous. All these mortifications he owed to his connection with Scott, and, after the ruin, Scott resolutely declined, even to his own disadvantage, to let any of his copious printing work be given to any press but that of Ballantyne. "Cadell rather wished to rush it" ("The Tales of a Grandfather") "out by employing three presses, but this I repressed. . . . I will not have poor James driven off the plank to which we are all three clinging. . . . I am happy enough to think that the plank is large enough to float us all."[1] Ballantyne, say his friends, "lived to repair his ruined fortune." If he did, he had Scott to thank for it.

It is also alleged that James knew nothing of the disposition of Abbotsford at the marriage of Major Scott; that he did (as against Lockhart's belief) "make serious efforts to master the formidable balance of figures;" that he reckoned Abbotsford among the assets, thinking "there was Abbotsford, which would secure everybody, and make up every deficiency." That Abbotsford, if sold, could "make up every deficiency," was a rather sanguine estimate. Here, as usual, we have

[1] *Journal*, ii. 106. Letter to Cadell, "Life," ix. 210.

Lockhart frankly stating that Sir Walter felt that he had done wrong in placing any part of his property beyond the reach of his creditors, by entering on that marriage contract without a previous most deliberate examination into the state of his responsibilities. If James knew not about the disposition of Abbotsford, his nescience was, clearly, unknown to Lockhart.

Lockhart's repeated attestation of James's honesty, and his own regret at the comments he has to make, is dismissed by his critics as "cant."[1] It is again alleged that Scott did know the amount of his liabilities—though how he could, without balance-sheets, is a mystery to myself. Moreover, the liabilities were personal in essence, not commercial. Scott's own view, that James "owes his difficulties as well as his advantages to me; . . . I have been far from suffering by him," is cited, from the "Life," where Lockhart gave it every prominence. But Lockhart differed from Scott's opinion; *he* believed that Scott did suffer from having Ballantyne as a partner—a partner whom, by his own fault, he had chosen.

The Trustees "notice Mr. Lockhart's extraordinary assertion that Sir Walter never drew anything from the printing-house business." They do not cite page and volume for this extraordinary assertion, which they ascribe "to ignorance,"[2] and admit "in one sense to be true."[3] They also

[1] "Refutation," p. 33. [2] Ibid., p. 55. [3] Ibid., p. 27.

contest, by passages from *James* Ballantyne's diary, Lockhart's suspicion that *John* Ballantyne fanned the feud (1808) between Scott and Constable. Constable's own opinion about "the misrepresentations of interested persons," and Scott's denial that these caused his anger, may be found in the "Life."[1] The Trustees also contrast the tone of Lockhart's letters *to* James Ballantyne before he wrote the "Life," with his sarcasms in the "Life" itself.

To myself it seems that the Trustees err in exaggerating Lockhart's theory of the injury received by Scott from the Ballantynes, and in exaggerating the injury done to the Ballantynes by Scott. To John no injury was done. That penniless sportsman lived, thanks to Scott, a life of affluence and enjoyment. James did the same, in his way, and, after a period of distress, retrieved his fortune, as he had made it and lost it, thanks to Scott. Lockhart's theory of the injury done by the Ballantynes to Scott (as I understand it) has been already explained. That it is (as I comprehend it) correct, I do not doubt. But it may be said, *Volenti non fit injuria.*

In this controversy, the press, as a rule, took sides against Lockhart. Sir Walter had never loved press-men; never sought, as he says, to make "what are called literary acquaintances"; had even done his nature violence, by repressing

[1] iii. 152, 153. I think there is a pretty obvious way of reconciling these contradictories.

the impudent advances of at least one "able editor." The *Times* and several other papers calmly remarked that Lockhart "attributed Sir Walter's embarrassments wholly to the mismanagement of the Ballantynes"! This is the old favourite fallacy! Say that a man holds a position which he does not hold, then demolish it, and he is confuted. This argument is the unfailing resource of ignorance, carelessness, and spite; of course, it is usually successful with the public. The Trustees reprinted these mendacious statements of Lockhart's position as a supplement to their pamphlet! Lockhart, of course, never took up for a moment the position assigned to him by the *Times* and its allies in the press: he had ascribed Scott's ruin to Scott's own failings, aggravated, in some degree, by the qualities of John Ballantyne, and by the very nature of James Ballantyne's position, and his carelessness about balance-sheets.

This I take to be Lockhart's argument in the "Life"; but, in his reply, through a very natural consequence of the logical fallacy employed by his opponents, he was almost irritated into defending, and believed that fresh documents entitled him to defend, something like the position which his adversaries had assigned to him.

Between Mr. Cadell and Lockhart, after the "Refutation" appeared in August 1838, a correspondence occurred. "The *brochure*," said Mr. Cadell (Aug. 18), "has the strongest display of

bad spirit from the motto" ("Be a good man, my dear") "to the end. But for Sir Walter Scott, what could James Ballantyne have done for himself? What could John? It was John's concern that laid the foundation of all. His trash about £1000 over"—from the publishing business wound up in 1817—"was, like his £2000 legacy, paid *by* Sir Walter to the tune of above £400! . . . As to money made by James after 1826, who gave him the business to make it? Sir Walter Scott, who would not allow me to take a volume from him."

On August 23, Mr. Cadell suggested that Lockhart should make no reply to the Ballantynes, except "in the new edition"—advice which could not be followed, for practical reasons. As to the marriage contract about Abbotsford, he "has not a scintilla of doubt as to Ballantyne's knowledge" of it; and is "*certain*" that Constable also knew. Both men were concerned in raising £10,000 on Abbotsford, in December 1825—money hopelessly wasted.

On August 26, Mr. Cadell sent to Lockhart (who was at Milton Lockhart, and remote from his books and documents) a copy of his letter of October 1836, on the authority of which, and of documents sent by Mr. Cadell, Lockhart had written what he did write about the bills. "On reading what I said at the above date, and asking Bayley to come to me for the same purpose, we feel that you should give yourself not one moment's uneasiness." Mr. Cadell then makes statements, to the detriment of John and

James, which, at this time of day, it seems needless to publish. He adds, "I retain my conviction that, in 1825–26, Sir Walter did not know the gross amount of his engagements." He writes, but only with "almost" certainty, as to James's knowledge of the marriage-contract about Abbotsford.

If Lockhart had, in Mr. Cadell's opinion, made a gross *bévue* about the bills, here was the opportunity for reminding him of it. But Mr. Cadell obviously supports him, by reference to his own letter of October 1836.

I am not concerned to prove that Lockhart's theory of the Ballantynes (especially in his reply to them) is correct. But as a man of letters, with no commercial training, obliged to write about complicated matters of finance, I do not think that Lockhart can reasonably be blamed for relying on the opinion of Mr. Cadell. He might, indeed, have distrusted Mr. Cadell's possible "personal bias," but how was he to make due allowance for that element in the affair? That he did, mentally, make such allowance is a fact. That most telling and serious story about John Ballantyne and the British Linen Bank, Lockhart did not use in his defence; possibly he found it to be erroneous, possibly he spared the memory of John.

On Oct. 31, Mr. Cadell announces that "Mr. Bayley" (the family agent) "has been greatly delighted with the hasty perusal we have given to John Ballantyne's 'states'; they more than bear

out my long statement of October 1836. James was first in business by himself. In 1804 Sir Walter joined. James put into the concern types and presses, along with £1604 of debts; Sir Walter *all* the money—*all* which money James spent. . . . In a word, as my letter two years ago said, James began all the evil."

On Nov. 8, Mr. Cadell writes in high spirits. He has "concluded his remarks on the entire pamphlet, and got nearly through a corresponding series of notes on the 'Life' in reference to the pamphlet. I had come to the same conclusion as the glorious letter of 1821 now before me, that Sir Walter was, *ab initio*, both James & Co. and John & Co.; but all is now settled to 1822, finished, concluded, and indeed the pamphlet answered to that date.

"James in debt in 1816. A pensionary to 1822. In 1822 in debt. . . ."

Figures follow, then, "The conclusion, you may take my word for it, will be that in 1826 James had not one shilling—on the contrary, was deep in debt."

The "glorious letter of 1821" (June 15) referred to by Mr. Cadell here, and often cited in the correspondence, was a "missive" from Sir Walter to James Ballantyne. It contained a statement of their relations, and proved that, between 1816 and 1821, James was not a partner in "Ballantyne and Co." Sir Walter "was the Firm"; James was a manager with a salary of £400 a year. The letter is in Lockhart's Reply to the Ballantyne pamphlet,

pp. 66–70. The "missive" was discovered after the publication of the first edition of Scott's "Life."

For these and other reasons, Mr. Cadell was eager that Lockhart should write a "Reply," and backed his opinion by that of Mr. Bayley, Scott's legal agent. He had sent "the 1821 letter" to Black, the publisher of the Ballantyne pamphlet. "He was in as great astonishment as I was in delight." Mr. Cadell, in a postscript, again urges Lockhart to reply in a pamphlet, and not to notice the matter in the new edition of the "Life." On November 10, Mr. Cadell writes that he has shown the letter of 1821 to Mr. John Gibson and his co-trustee, "who concur in declaring it conclusive." "Where now is the call for any communication about the marriage-contract of January 1825? Ballantyne was, in fact, nobody in the concern. What of the money for Commissions" (Major Scott's) "and Building? Sir Walter was only drawing on his own funds." Mr. Cadell ends by suggesting that certain documents should be asked for, and that he should, perhaps, draw up a statement of figures.

On November 16, Mr. Cadell writes about the difficulty of getting the Ballantyne account-books for 1821–1826: "B. & Co. do not like to give them up, and offer to join for an accountant to go over them! We need no accountant!"

This does not seem self-evident!

"On considering the whole question very maturely,"

says Mr. Cadell, "I see no call for any lengthened examination of figures!" On November 20, Mr. Cadell had not yet obtained the Ballantyne account-books. On November 29, Mr. Cadell is yet more jubilant. James was really spared too much in the "Life"! The Ballantyne Trustees "are now funking. Mr. Bayley thinks there should be a consultation with them. Mr. Cadell is "against any treaty or compromise, or communing on mutual ground." "I think you should act the Black Hussar on this occasion: neither give nor receive terms."

On December 6, Mr. Cadell writes that he has got, and is examining, "part of the Ballantyne books; but much, very much is kept back. The Old Chief (Mr. Adam) is most violently against any treaty, after I read the letters to him. Oh, how he did hotch and laugh!"

By the kindness of the Dowager Lady Adam, I am permitted to make use of the letters of the venerable Chief Commissioner, Sir Walter's great friend. He was now over eighty years of age, and blind, but the excellence of his heart, and the wonderful clearness of his statements, prove that his expressed distrust of his faculties was erroneous. This old friend of Sir Walter's died in February 1839; hence it is probable that he never saw or never expressed an opinion on Lockhart's reply to the Ballantynes. On December 10, he acknowledges, through an amanuensis, Lockhart's "most kind and most judicious observations."

"In my conversation with Cadell and Bayley on Saturday last, I was much pleased with the additional views and facts; they strengthen the case; but Mr. Cadell says that Sir Walter's missive (1821), with James Ballantyne's reply, renders it triumphant without any more."

On January 20, the Chief Commissioner sent a long letter on the point of an allegation about usurious interest received by Scott on loans to the firm, and cleared up that point. "I have conceived, in travelling on with you, in every step, an increasing and sincere interest in those uncommon qualities of head and heart, and of honourable feeling, which you have disclosed to me" (December 20, 1838). There could be no higher or better evidence as to Lockhart's earnestness in this matter than that of Sir Walter's old friend.

I may add the following memorandum made by the Chief Commissioner:—

Memorandum[1] *of a Conversation with Mr. Cadell and Mr. Bayley, on the pamphlet entitled, "A Refutation," &c.*

"EDINBURGH, 17*th December*, 1838.

. . . . . .

"I consider (and from that point I set out) that the missive of Sir Walter, dated 15th June 1821,

[1] This document is in the possession of Mr. Cadell's heirs, to whom I owe it.

and Ballantyne's reply, establish unanswerably, that the pamphlet of the Ballantynes is a false representation throughout. It proceeds upon the assumption of making Sir Walter the debtor of Ballantyne, whereas it is quite clear, upon the deliberate admission of Ballantyne, that he was indebted to Sir Walter, and it does not appear that there ever was a period when Sir Walter was indebted to him. . . ."

Mr. Adam then examines the letters concerning James Ballantyne's financial position at the time of his marriage (February 6, 1816), to this result:—

"It is established, by the deliberate written declarations and solemn acts of the parties, that Mr. Lockhart is perfectly correct in what he has asserted in the 'Life,' and that Mr. Cadell and Mr. Bayley were equally correct in the information with which they supplied him.

. . . . . .

"It is thus made to appear, by the most unerring evidence which human affairs afford, namely, the deliberate declarations of the parties in writing, and their acts in the most solemn contract which exists in the social intercourse of man, that the facts upon which the pamphlet is founded, and the calumnies contained in it, are unanswerably refuted, so that it is quite unnecessary to carry the matter further; but as it might be satisfactory in some views to do so, the period between 1809 and 1816 and between

1822 and 1826 may be looked into and the result reported."

"Who will now deny," writes Mr. Cadell, on January 30, 1840, "that Sir Walter was sole partner and sole prop of both concerns, and the sufferer, the real sufferer, by the extravagancies and mismanagement of both his allies? . . . Sir Walter Scott lost £20,000 by these concerns; pity it is he did not wipe it off from the produce of his wondrous writings, in place of allowing it to roll on in a huge sum, which was, in 1826, the means of overwhelming him."

Here the letters of Mr. Cadell cease, that is, no more are apparently preserved, till we reach 1847.

The reader now understands the nature and authority of Lockhart's "brief." From the incompleteness of the correspondence, I was uncertain as to whether the whole material in Mr. Cadell's and Lockhart's hands was submitted for counsel's opinion to an eminent advocate who is mentioned.

I am now informed by Mr. Bayley, Writer to the Signet, who has most kindly examined the books of his firm, that the documents submitted to the Chief Commissioner, with a brief by Mr. Cadell, "were on January 5, 1839, laid before Mr. Duncan M'Neill, advocate (afterwards Lord Colonsay), and that, as he was unable to undertake their consideration, they were sent to Mr. Patrick Robertson, advocate (afterwards Lord Robertson), and that he,

in consultation with Mr. Cadell and my father, (Mr. Bayley), revised Lockhart's proposed Reply to the Ballantyne pamphlet. Mr. Robertson gave no written opinion; and the result of his being consulted was his revisal of Mr. Lockhart's Reply."[1]

Perhaps it is now sufficiently clear that, both in the "Life of Scott," and, later, in his Reply to the first Ballantyne pamphlet, Lockhart did not write hastily, nor neglect due consultation with the best accessible authorities. To have established this fact suffices for my purpose. As late as 1851, Lockhart wrote, "The details of Scott's commercial perplexities remain in great measure inexplicable."[2] Therefore I do not attempt to judge, in matters of detail, between Lockhart and the representatives of the Ballantynes. It is enough to demonstrate that Lockhart did his best to be accurate.

As a literary production his pamphlet may, undeniably, be censured for its taste.[3] It is not the "dignified reply" desired by Mr. Cadell. In his *Journal*, Sir Walter Scott, amidst his distresses, exclaims, "I don't care!" and avers that his temper is growing "savage," and that he "stands at bay." Constant misfortune and endless *tracasseries* had evidently a similar effect on Lockhart's temper, at no time to be compared to Sir Walter's. The pro-

[1] Letter of Mr. Bayley, Edinburgh, March 25, 1896.

[2] *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxviii. p. 199. "Life and Letters of Southey."

[3] "The Ballantyne Humbug Handled." In a letter to Sir Adam Fergusson. Robert Cadell, Edinburgh, 1839.

vocations of the Ballantyne pamphlet, above all the motto, must be allowed for, and Lockhart, of course, believed to the fullest extent in his "brief." The tone and taste of his Reply may thus be accounted for, though not vindicated. He swept away, with success, a cloud of petty imputations. For example, it was alleged that his friendly letters to James Ballantyne "must have been written at the very time when I was concocting my so-called 'calumnies.' I was not quite in such a hurry as to be 'concocting' a book about a friend and parent before he was cold in his grave." It was several years later, when he had studied the affairs of the Ballantynes, that he changed his tone. This part of the Reply the Chief Commissioner had approved.

Into the financial part of Lockhart's argument, and of the Ballantynes' answer in a second pamphlet, it is impossible for me to enter. I have made, and abandoned, the attempt to elucidate masses of figures, charges, and counter-charges. The late Mr. Dykes Campbell, I am informed, spent a year on these affairs, with no apparent result. As to what James Ballantyne calls "the discreditable incident" of October 1816, adding, "I was not aware of the terrible consequences arising from one acting partner's using the co-partnery signature for his personal purposes," I cannot see that the Trustees make a satisfactory explanation.[1] At the least they place James in the position of "an ignorant

[1] "Ballantyne Humbug," p. 59. Reply, pp. 103–105.

accountant," as, by the Trustees' showing, he frankly confessed himself to be.[1] To accountants who are not ignorant the rest of this controversy must be left. Lockhart writes, "The whole import of my statement was, that, as a man of affairs, and as manager of the business, Ballantyne had injured Scott by his carelessness and inefficiency." Ballantyne's own letters confess ignorance, confess a beginning in business made "without capital." Lockhart may have been wholly wrong as to the extent of Scott's nescience about the bills, and on other points; he had only his brief to go upon. It would, perhaps, have been wiser to meet the Ballantyne Trustees, and discuss quietly their view of the matter; but Lockhart's advisers discountenanced this course. He says, "I have all along considered myself as Sir Walter's literary executor, and abstained, in general, from giving either advice or opinion as to any steps proposed or adopted in reference to any money matters of one sort or another."[2] It might have been well if the biographer could have abstained from discussion of money matters, no less than did the executor; but abstention was impossible.

The idea that Mr. Cadell should be the "respondent" was discountenanced by the Chief Commissioner. Lockhart merely acted as the mouthpiece of Mr. Cadell, and Mr. Bayley, the exponent of

[1] Reply, p. 84.
[2] "Ballantyne Humbug," p. 117.

their views of the question. If his finance is wrong, that is a warning to men of letters against dabbling in figures, "states," "calendars," "bills," "counter-bills," and the other mythology of commerce.

As to what Lockhart thought of the second Ballantyne pamphlet, the reply to his own, I have no evidence beyond what is contained in this letter to Mr. Andrew Shortrede, son of the Mr. Robert Shortrede who accompanied Scott in his raids into Liddesdale long ago:—

"MILTON LOCKHART,
Sept. 18, 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR,— . . . I have hardly yet had leisure to read the new Ballantyne pamphlet, but I see the manufacturers are at their old tricks, mentioning the £1600 odd of book debts due to James Ballantyne when the firm was formed in 1805, whereas it was twice over stated by me distinctly in my pamphlet. They accuse me of omitting various balances, &c., and yet *imply* that the book they are drawn from was found by them since my pamphlet appeared. They refer to their appendix for a most important array of figures, &c.—the details of James's expenditure—and behold the appendix hath not the document. But I am not sure that I shall think it worth while to meddle again with the Dirty and his associates.—Yours truly,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Here the discussion of an affair often made

matter of reproach against Lockhart must end. I am content to give the sources of Lockhart's "foul and elaborate misrepresentation of the Ballantynes."[1] If John was a *vir pietate gravis*, if James was a learned and sedulous accountant, then Lockhart "foully and elaborately misrepresented" the brothers.

[1] Miss Martineau, "Biographical Sketches," pp. 348, 349.

CHAPTER XVIII

LONDON, 1837–1843

Illness of Mrs. Lockhart.—Letter to Miss Edgeworth.—Mrs. Lockhart's death.—Letters to William and Violet Lockhart.—Burial-place.—Retreat to Milton Lockhart.—The children described.—Letter to Laidlaw.—Letter to Wilson.—Grief of Lockhart.—Wilson's despair.—His rapid recovery.—Letter to Miss Edgeworth.—Return to society.—Haydon on Life of Scott.—Lockhart on his critics.—Myth of his marriage.—"The widow."—The Bowden Bard.—Talleyrand on Macaulay.—Death of Charles Scott.—Letter to Milman.—"Demonstration."—Scientific gaieties.—Chalmers and the Contessina.—Letter on *Quarterly* gossip.—On politics.—Central America.—Copyright Bill.—Walter and Charlotte.—A Rhyme of Rose.—Louis Napoleon.—"The Jew scamp."—"Coningsby."—Advice to Walter.—Duchy of Lancaster.—Walter's follies.—Letters to Laidlaw.—Court gossip.—Lockhart at a ball.—Visit to Italy.—Avernus, "a third-rate loch."—Letter to Christie.—Pompeii described.—Return to England.

We have seen that Lockhart's work on the "Life of Scott" was interrupted by a great misfortune. His letters to his family, in the April of 1837, speak most anxiously about Mrs. Lockhart's health.

The following note to Miss Edgeworth is concerned with his domestic sorrow and of his great work :—

"London, *April* 12, 1837.

"Dear Miss Edgeworth,—I am sure you will be very sorry, in the midst of your own distresses, to hear that my wife, so far from answering your

kind letter, has not been for many weeks able to read one. She has gone through a six weeks' severe treatment for a liver complaint, and, though the doctors think she has now overcome the disease, the utter prostration of strength in which the cure has left her is most deplorable to witness. I had not heard till I read your letter of the grievous affliction you have sustained in the loss of Mrs. Fox. Indeed, for a long while I have been hardly in the world or in the way of hearing anything. I shall inform you of Sophia's progress by-and-by; and meantime beg you to believe that *your* approbation of my book, should it be so fortunate as to receive it when completed, will afford me far greater satisfaction than I could draw from all the applauses of all the world that did *not*, like you, know and love Sir Walter Scott.—Ever, my dear Miss Edgeworth, yours most truly,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Once Lockhart detected despair in the faces of the physicians; then came brief intervals of hope. But a constitution never strong, and severely tried by earlier maladies and by a succession of sorrows, was unable to rally. On May 17, Mrs. Lockhart died. Long before, in "Adam Blair," her husband had depicted the passionate grief of a man smitten by the sorest of all afflictions. This he had now to endure, and he bore it like a man of courage, fortified by the sense of duty. In later years he

could speak, to an intimate friend, more freely of the blank in his life, the irremediable and undying regret. At the moment he wrote thus to his brother William :—

"*May* 17, 1837.

"My dear William,—At three this morning my poor wife breathed her last. I pray you signify to Violet and Lawrence that her end was calm, and that throughout her long illness her sweetness of temper had never given way. Both Sophia's brothers are with me—but this is a terrible blow, and will derange all my hopes and plans of life. I shall very probably ask you to come up by-and-by, for I may need counsel.—Yours affectionately,

"J. G. Lockhart."

Two days later he wrote to his sister :—

"My dear Violet,—As when this reaches you, you are likely to be with my brothers, as well as my dear father, I may tell my story at once to all I have now left to care for besides my poor babes. Sophia's mind had been during many weeks in a very unsettled condition, but it pleased God to restore her to full possession of herself for the last fortnight, and, though her bodily suffering was occasionally acute, she surveyed her approaching departure with calmness and humble serenity, and at different times signified her farewell feelings and desires to us all in the sweetest manner. I think no one ever lived a more innocent life, and it is my

consolation now to reflect that it was perhaps as happy a life as is often granted to human creature. The duty I owe to her children is quite sufficient to steady and compose me, and I shall endeavour to make the world continue, as it had begun, to wear a cheerful aspect for them. Their grief has been very deep, but they both have a vast deal of good sense and feeling for others, and are trying, poor souls, to look like themselves and be a comfort to me. . . .

"I have purchased a plot of ground in the New Cemetery on the Harrow Road—a wide, spacious garden with a beautiful prospect—and that morning, an hour before we reach the spot, the bodies of Anne and Johnnie will have been removed thither from the vaults of Marylebone, that the sisters may be henceforth side by side, and the child in the same dust with his mother. . . . The place will be one that we can visit from time to time with ease, and, I do not doubt, with a sense of pleasure.

"Perhaps I am indulging feelings at which many would exclaim as savouring too much of the dreams of the mere fancy. But I don't believe you will take such a view of the matter. My dearest mother has a resting-place of which I can think with satisfaction, a solemn and awful one; but, except Westminster Abbey, there is no old burial ground here that I could have been able to look at with comfort, and remember that it contained the ashes of my wife. . . ."

The rest of the letter refers to his domestic arrangements, and the education of the children. By the invitation of his brother William, Lockhart, with his boy and girl, retired to Scotland, to Milton Lockhart, accompanied by Mr. Charles Scott, himself in deep grief. Walter Lockhart was now, as Mrs. Lockhart describes him in a letter of the year before, a strong, robust boy, reading even Latin books with interest when they dealt with war, "screaming over 'Gil Blas'" in the original, and, during a holiday at Boulogne, "speaking French with extreme audacity," fencing, riding, and dancing.[1] He was at King's College School, where the Rossettis, and Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews, were then being educated. Dr. Boyd remembers him as a boy of unusual beauty, with bright fair hair,

[1] In the letter of Mrs. Lockhart from Boulogne, she says: "Lockhart and I went to the play, out of curiosity to see some of the very *wicked* dramas that have been making such a noise in Paris, such as the *Tour de Nesle*, and, strange to say, I have felt more shocked at some of our own farces. I suppose the extreme want of nature of the pieces makes me feel this. They are extremely well acted. One thing is odd enough: a French heroine is always a certain age, either in the novels or plays, generally with a grown-up family, before she is wicked." Mrs. Lockhart was much interested in the Blessing of the Sea before the herring fishery begins, and in a touching scene of a woman and a child on the return of a boat.

"The woman had a little boy of about four years old; a great ornament of gold, her husband's gift, I suppose, she pushed into the child's hand, screaming, 'Child, look for father—I can't see!' her own hands convulsively pressed on her eyes, evidently not being able to see whether she was widow or wife. I could not rest till I learned he was safe; and such a picture of happiness, both going home, their friends congratulating them." (October 9, 1836.)

and resembling the portrait of Hugh Littlejohn. Mr. William Rossetti, in his biography of his brother, speaks of Walter's regular features, and boyish skill in making boats with the aid of a pocket-knife.

There exists a little pen-and-ink drawing, mounted on brown paper, and inscribed in Lockhart's hand, "Very like W. S. L. before he went to Cambridge. *Eheu!*" For Lockhart's heart was to be doubly tried, first by an exaggeration of youthful errors, and then, after a complete reconciliation, by the sudden and unexpected death of his dear son.

Of his children, shortly before his great loss, Lockhart had written thus to Will Laidlaw (Jan. 19, 1837): "Walter is now a tall and very handsome boy of near eleven years, Charlotte a very winsome gipsy of eight, both intelligent in the extreme, and both, notwithstanding all possible spoiling, as simple, natural, and unselfish as if they had been bred on a hill-side, and in a family of twelve." Such companions must have been, and were, his best consolation, and the most certain stimulus to action. Indeed, his packets of books and proofs from Mr. Murray followed him to Milton Lockhart. As once long before, and in the stress of a mental anguish even more poignant and more complex, he "sought in business repose."

Long afterwards, in 1844, Lockhart wrote to Wilson, himself bereaved in 1837, "Let us both be thankful that we have children worthy of their

mothers," and he reproaches himself because, in spring, he can awaken no more than "a dim, ghost-like semi-sympathy with them, or in anything present or to come. No good, however, can come of these croakings." Mrs. Gordon charges Lockhart with "something of a listless bitterness," in contrast with her widowed father's "healthful heart."[1] Surely in the "regret for buried time, that keener in sweet April wakes," a man may speak freely to an old friend and companion in sorrow, about the *regret pensif et confus d'avoir été, et de n'être plus.*

It will be shown that Lockhart neither forswore society, nor threw a gloom over the happiness of his children. The very letter to Wilson disproves this part of the theory. Mr. Gleig writes, in defence of his old college friend, that Lockhart visited Wilson "at the season of his deepest anguish." Then, from notes of a conversation with Lockhart, he prints his words:—

"I found Wilson utterly prostrated, unable, or, as he said, determined never to take any interest in the affairs of life again."

"Well, what passed?"

"Not much worth repeating. I reasoned with him, and tried to show him that neither he nor I had any right to succumb to evils that were not of our own seeking—that we both had work to do and must do it—that it was neither manly nor Christian to mourn as he was mourning."

[1] "Christopher North," xi. 287, 289.

"Had your remonstrances any effect?"

"Yes, I think they had. He pressed my hand, looked up for a moment into my face, and said, 'It is all true, I know it, but I have no strength.' However, his strength came back faster than we had both expected, and now he is pretty much what he ever was."[1]

Lockhart, within himself, did not become "much what he ever was." But, except in his letter to Wilson, and in another to Milman, he kept his enduring grief; while, in that *cor serratum*,

"His night of loss was always there."

It is ill work, the criticism of another's grief: "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." Let it be enough to say, and later to show, that Lockhart could still find pleasure in nature and in human company; and, above all, could take and give an aging man's, and a sad man's, but a brave and constant man's pleasure in the society of his children.

Lockhart could not work at his Biography of Scott in these months of retirement at Milton Lockhart. His diary tells nothing of his doings from March 3 till May 16 and May 17. On the former date Sir Walter Scott, the son, arrived from Ireland; the latter page bears, between lines of black, the melancholy record of the day. On

[1] *Quarterly Review*, vol. cxiii. p. 230.

May 11 something had been written, and obliterated with one large coating of ink. There follows a blank till the note of leaving Milton Lockhart for town, by way of Rokeby, on September 18. There Lockhart saw Charles Scott, and met Christie again. On October 21 he with Lord Ashley and the children visited Hatfield House. On December 4 he wrote thus to Miss Edgeworth, on some slip in the first edition of his "Life of Scott":—

"London, *December* 4, 1837.

"My dear Miss Edgeworth,—I had some days ago your very kind letter, and I thank you for it most sincerely, though very briefly. I much regret the circumstances which have given pain to you or to others; but the truth is, the enormous heaps of letters committed to me were all copied by ladies, and the originals forthwith returned; and I fear besides innumerable blunders of names and dates which, in the most important of them, it cost me no small pains to correct, there may have been, on the part of my dear Sophy and her assistants, many omissions of hints about omission which had come to hand on separate papers. I hope no very serious evil has been occasioned, but consider that she who had been my secretary for years in preparing these Memoirs only lived to see, not to read my first volume, and in her I lost the only person who could have put and kept me right as to a thousand little things.

"I shall bear all you say in mind when I come, if ever, to a second edition. Meantime believe me always most gratefully and affectionately yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

On December 12, Lockhart notes, "Dine at Mr. George Cruikshank's, to meet Mr. Dickens, *alias* Boz." He takes the children to see Madame Vestris; when he can be, it seems, from the entries, that he is always in their company.

As to his feelings about his book, a trace may be found in a letter to Haydon, part of which has already been cited in another connection[1]:—

"Your approbation of the 'Life of Scott' is valuable, and might well console me for all the abuse it has called forth both on him and on me. I trusted to the substantial greatness and goodness of the character, and thought I should only make it more effective in portraiture by keeping in the few specks. I despise with my heels the whole trickery of erecting an alabaster image, and calling that a *Man*. Probably I shall be very severely handled for daring, in the seventh volume, to indicate the decay of his intellectual vigour. But I did this very deliberately, on purpose to show that all the good points of his moral being, and all the predominant trains of fancy and feeling, survived the wreck. The work is now done, and I leave

[1] February 11, 1838.

it to its fate. I had no personal object to gratify,[1] except, indeed, that I wished and hoped to please my poor wife; and, since she is gone, I consider the whole affair with most consummate quiescence."

For the rest, Lockhart's diaries of 1838 and 1839 show that he kept his usual company; saw, among new faces, Hayward, Carlyle, Sterling, Mr. John Hope; went to Commemoration at Oxford with Christie; dined with Traill and Gleig; took the children to plays and to the country houses of intimate friends; occasionally dined alone with Walter, and became acquainted with Mrs. Norton and Miss Burdett Coutts. Autumn he spent in Scotland with his relations.

As happened in Sir Walter's case, people were determined to marry Lockhart, and selected for him a young lady of great fortune. On April 22, 1839, he writes to his brother William:—

"I have sent you lately two or three *Satirists*, &c., for private refreshment. The story of my marriage to —— is revived in such force that I expect to find it in some of these worthy chronicles anon. The fact is, I have not seen the damsel above twice these twelve months, and I never was in her house in my life. Yet Lady —— formally congratulated me on the engagement. . . . This malice is at her, not me. . . . If ever the girl proposes to me, you shall hear immediately."

[1] The profits of the book went towards paying off Sir Walter's debts.

The absurd news reached the Border, and Lockhart was congratulated by one of "huz Tividale poets," *not* the tuneful weaver of Galashiels, who breakfasted with Scott and Hogg on a notable occasion, but the Bowden Bard. He wrote:—

"DEAR SIR,—It's rumoured hereabouts ye're gaun to wed the widow" (the lady was not a widow). "They say the widow has a land of big stane-houses in the Strand, chockfu' o' siller, kists on kists. A five pund note will ne'er be missed, which would refresh yours, with regard, for auld lang syne,

"THE BOWDEN BARD."

Bowden Moor is in Roxburghshire; there Scott, on a day, was guided by a pillar of smoke to the shy haunt of a timid Tory voter.

To his sister Violet, Lockhart wrote often; she was in ill health, and his father was old and ailing. "The Queen," he says, "was much delighted with Sydney Smith's late definition of Tom Macaulay—"a Book in Breeches;" but it is only a terse anglification of old Talleyrand's *mot* on the same subject, eight years ago, "Voilà un gros livre, on m'avait parlé d'un grand homme."

The year 1840 finds Lockhart dining, or giving dinners, or taking the children to parties almost every day. His engagement book might make envious men of letters feel as young Mr. Moss did

when he surveyed the cards on Clive Newcome's chimney-piece. All manner of men, men of letters and marquises, entertain and are entertained. We find Lockhart attending Carlyle's lectures, or, at least, one lecture of Carlyle's. The *Quarterly* absorbed his working day; autumn, as usual, he spent in Scotland, seeing, among others, Wilson and Lord Peter. The diary of 1841 opens—"This year died Charles Scott, October 29; and Theodore Hook died in August." To Mr. Charles Scott, who died at Teheran, he was deeply attached; and Hook was a familiar companion, met for the last time on July 14.

This letter to Miss Edgeworth speaks of the loss of his brother-in-law:—

"LONDON, *December* 27, 1841.

"MY DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,—The confirmation of the newspaper report of Charles Scott's death never arrived till last night—the Persian Minister's messenger having been stopped by our Ambassador at Vienna for a week. I had no doubt of the truth of the sad story—but still could not write to you, as I otherwise would have been sure to do, in the absence of direct intelligence.

"I am very grateful for all your kind thoughts and recollections. Charles has only joined a company who are, and ever will be, as present to me, while memory remains, as if they still were partakers in what we call Life. It is, however, a very serious

calamity to me, for we had very much in common, and it was to him I had always looked, in case of my own death, for protection to my children during their tender years, or rather, I should say, for giving them that cast of mind and sentiment which I would fain have them inherit from their mother. . . . —Ever affectionately yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART.

"Please return the letters."

Lockhart's life at this period is best read, perhaps, in his letters to Milman.

This note, after some details about "The Emperor" (Mr. Murray) and the *Quarterly*, describes a "Demonstration" with some vivacity :—

"MILTON LOCKHART, LANARK,
Sept. 22, 1840.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,— . . . Yesterday I spent in Glasgow. I found the town all occupied with a Chartist procession of at least 20,000 people arranged by trades and districts—the object being to welcome back, as the first huge banner explained, 'Victims of Whig persecution,' to wit, two cotton-spinning scamps convicted of a conspiracy for, *inter alia*, murder about two years ago, and now returned from Botany Bay by the favour of the Whig Government, who have reduced their seven years of exile to one. The flags and symbols were of the most

audacious kind—the inscriptions breathing everything horrid and atrocious against kings and priests, and especially Whigs, and the only flags not inscribed being either Tricolour or Yankee. Yet the captain of the Glasgow police stalked with his baton in advance of the whole, and his satellite sergeants regulated and accompanied every section of the march; halting to groan at every Whig factory or mansion, and to cheer, very often, at the residences of the Tories. I thought this was carrying liberality a little too far on the part of the authorities; but Jacobi of Balm, whom I sat by at dinner, was enchanted—he had never before seen police acting but like executioners; in this happy land they seemed good-natured schoolmasters humouring the boys in a frolic! And certainly all was good-humour and whisky—not a symptom of violence all day long, and the evening quite tranquil. A barber who cut my hair told me he fancied it might be a question whether the Chartist row or the scientific one[1] were the grosser humbug. I met twenty-four of the philosophers at dinner *chez* Sheriff Alison, Historian and Economist, and Lionfeeder in Chief of the City — Duke and Duchess of St. Albans; Sir A. Johnstone, Privy Councillor; Lords Breadalbane, Sandon, and Teignmouth; Sir J. Macneil and his wife; half a score Germans and Russians; and the Contessina — whom you pro-

[1] Lockhart used to banter Sir Roderick Murchison about the British Association. See Mr. Geikie's "Life of Murchison."

bably encountered among your Whigs when she illuminated Mayfair a while ago. She owns to twenty-three, but looks forty — very handsome, dressed after some picture of Correggio, with magnificent black curls clustered under portentous draperies of gold and scarlet. Her section is, I fancy, that of *l'amour physique*, and the specimen she seemed to take most interest in was Sir John Macneil, who sported his red ribbon and star with due effect. I accompanied these exotics to a *promenade scientifique et musicale*, where perhaps forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen were jostled up and down the Royal Exchange of Glasgow, among two thousand dominies in corduroys and mackintoshes, with their spouses in straw bonnets, and their daughters in tartan snoods and plaids—the refreshments, tea, coffee, and punch, in about a hundred huge bowls, arranged under a gallery crammed with all the bagpipers of the region. I witnessed the introduction of the blazing Contessina to Chalmers, reeking forth rain and other fluids, splashed to the mid-leg with mud, and with a portentous hat, which distilled abundantly water, grease, and odours. The doctor has little French and no Italian—so they only looked their loves. But I did not see his Grace of Siluria,[1] and, alas! I fear I shall not see him; for I left Glasgow at six this morning, quite satisfied with the Association, and he and her Grace are, I hear, to move whenever the grand Cattle Show is

[1] A nickname of Sir Roderick Murchison.

over upon the deer parks of Breadalbane.—Yours ever truly, J. G. LOCKHART.

"I hope you will do the 'Roms Beschreibung,' &c., soon. (A modest Editor!)"

The trouble of the Oxford Movement was now beginning, as the following letter shows: Lockhart's position in the *Quarterly* was that of the moderate High Church party:—

"MILTON, *October* 4, 1840.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,— Thanks for your *seria mixta jocis.* I believe I must cut ecclesiastical things entirely—it is so very hard to keep the peace among my reverend allies: but I think I altered nothing in your last article, though I omitted a few things, and *italicised* one or two of the quotations; and I am sure you will own that if the article *were* to be in the same number with that on Tom Carlyle, this was as little as the Editor could do in the way of manipulation, and most assuredly I took a hundred times more liberty with the Oxonian,[1] wherefore his jobation is yet to come. He has spent these three months past in Ireland, and is still there. . . . I expect that his lucubrations will be highly curious and interesting, as regards the prime object of his study, viz., the actual state and system of the Romish clergy, and I hope that this study will be found

[1] Sewell apparently.

to have much qualified his general theory as to the legitimate scope of ecclesiastical authority. It would be a lamentable thing for me to lose him. I seriously think him one of the greatest writers now going; and even Croker expresses admiration pure and unmixed of his last paper, though he is as far as you are, perhaps, from the New Mania; but I am thoroughly alive to the danger of the case, and extremely obliged to you for all your hints.

"Of the *nine* poetesses[1] only one has written in acknowledgment—and perhaps she is the best of them, 'V——.' She says that 'all her good has come on her at once,' for she never 'hoped' either to be praised in the *Quarterly Review*, or to get a husband, and that both this article and a proposal 'reached her in the same week.' I expect cake. H. B. must not make her the Terpsichore of the choir.

"I am sorry John Murray has not sent you the Memoirs you wanted—pray, *en attendant*, give us a short article on the French tract you mention—but can I not persuade you to buckle to Juvenal and Persius? You only have to assume the truth as to the profound ignorance of the public, and make free use of the best bits of Dryden, Gifford, Drummond, &c., &c., and throw off a fine rhapsody on Satire—Greek, Roman, Italian, French, and English—and you can't fail to produce a most entertaining, instructive, and really valuable *article*.

[1] Nine Muses reviewed in the *Quarterly*.

Gifford's notes are capital material, many of them, both for extract and in the way of suggestion. Hallam has shown, as well as yourself heretofore, how new such old things may be made to appear under the treatment of a vigorous hand thoroughly mistress of the craft. Another favourite scheme of mine for you has been 'Ovid.'"

Here is a trifle of political gossip, and literary talk of new books. Lockhart's interest in Hayward may be observed; they were not deeply attached to each other:—

"The Rev. H. H. MILMAN,
Kent House, Tenby, Pembrokeshire.

"LONDON, *Feb.* 17, 1841.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,— . . . I am not able to tell you whether Croker had any offer from Peel. His phrases are obscure on that head; but he seems to dine daily with the new Ministers, and to be in good humour with them all. Mahon had an offer of his old berth; but I fancy that, the new Foreign Secretary being a peer, Peel wished to take the Foreign department in the House of Commons on himself, and therefore made a merit of declining. Peel says he behaved very handsomely—and he has gone with his wife to the Loire apparently in placidity—so I look for his name by-and-by in a *Gazette*. Ashley has, to Peel's extreme regret, stood aloof altogether on account of the Factory question — and the Carlton says his dissent has already cost them

Bradford. He, too, however, expresses no sort of displeasure, and I hope the crack may yet be mended—perhaps when a Lordship of the Chamber falls vacant.

"I have had *as usual* a request to give hints as to literary persons worthy of favour, and I hope some of my hints, falling in with those of more potent voices, may be attended to anon—*e.g.* as to Hayward, who ought to have a Police Magistracy or the like, if he pleases, as soon as possible. I suppose nothing could tear him from Mayfair, or a Colonial Bench might be adorned easily with his person. The *Quarterly* has but few on its staff, and of these I don't know any other that is very likely to be served soon. In fact, we are a small band. Only Croker, yourself, and the Editor can be called regular supporters—if I may put myself with you two. Sewell, I fear, may hardly do for us, unless occasionally when I can tempt him out of his own beat, which he has pretty well exhausted. I wish they would give him a good living, however—and have said so—or a prebend, better still. Ford, Broderick, and one or two more, though now and then useful, are hardly more than outlying volunteers —old Barrow quite effete. I wish I could find one or two really good and sturdy hands; for we are all getting old, and I for one am often weary enough of the business of article-making. I assure you I have had neither offer nor promise of anything for myself—indeed, I never had anything like that,

except from Ministers whom I could not undertake to stand by, viz., Canning and Goderiche. But I daresay there is no indisposition to serve me in case of opportunity. Should a baronetcy be proposed, I shall beg to hand it to the Emperor.[1]

"Poor Theodore is off the list of claimants. He has of course died deep in debt—they say £30,000—and he has left six children, and there is a subscription going on, I think favourably, in their behalf. Four girls—all young women! and the mother, who is said to have been married by T. H. a year ago. His exit was characteristic—but I'll keep it till we meet.

"There is a deal of very curious reading in a new American book by Stephens on Central America—rediscovered cities, temples, statues, inscriptions, &c., &c.; but, to take up that, one should have Lord Kingborough's huge work digested. The images have a most Hindoo look some of them—others almost Egyptian. Mr. Catlin is going to head a party of a hundred, under the Yankee Government, for exploring a region said to contain similar monuments in the direction of the Rocky Mountains. Perhaps *we* shall see the cloud dispersed. Already Stephens gives us minute plans and sections of palaces which nobody seems to have disturbed since the days of Pizarro, and he appears to have strong belief in the existence at this moment of an unvisited and entire Indian kingdom, enclosed between two

[1] Mr. Murray.

ranges of the great Cordillera.[1] Eight thousand copies of the book went off forthwith in America—so that the interest excited must be great. I expect some very magnificent things from Peel in the way of building, painting, &c., &c. He is aware that this is Albert's hobby, and it is also his own. Trench has published a new edition of his plan about our great river, and I really think if we live ten years we may see quays and railways on both sides, from Westminster Bridge to London Bridge.—Ever yours and Mrs. Milman's,

"J. G. Lockhart."

Lockhart had acquired a habit of noting the deaths of the year on the first page of his diary. In 1842 he marks, "This year die Dr. Maginn, Allan Cunningham, Tom Hamilton" (the brother of Sir William), "Mrs. Fergusson" (his doctor's wife), "and my father."

His diary records, "I placed my father in his coffin with my own hands." Dr. Lockhart was buried beside his wife in the "Dripping Aisle" of Glasgow Cathedral.

Lockhart promoted a subscription for Mrs. Maginn, and in a letter to Wilson (p. 209), denounced the Carlton for refusing a contribution.

[1] Archæology has much neglected Central America. To this day the Indian city haunts the fancy of explorers, and has believers in its existence, despite Mr. Haggard's story of its downfall, "The Heart of the World."

Meanwhile the usual social functions go on: "Walter and I dine at Christie's;" "Duchess of Sutherland's fête for the King of Prussia;" "Lady Salisbury's, Lord and Lady Mahon, Lord de Ros, Miss de Ros, Lord and Lady Douro, Duke of Wellington, Captain Percy." March 15: "The Flatterer" (Mr. Flatters) began his bust of J. G. Lockhart." "To 'Acis and Galatea,' with the Murchisons, Walter, and Cha." April 5: "This is the evening of debate on the Copyright Bill. Lord Mahon, Macaulay, Lord John Russell, Peel: the Bill carried through in its important clauses in the Committee, and good hopes of its passing this year."

The Bill was of great importance to the family of Scott, and Lockhart discussed it in the *Quarterly*, No. cxxxvii. His letter to Mr. Murray on the subject is in Mr. Murray's "Memoirs," ii. 499. "You can, if you please, reject the article *in toto*," he says. "I don't at present feel at all disposed to take thought about Peel's or any other politician's opinion. I have studied the subject, and so has Wordsworth, who is at least as likely to study any question to advantage as Sir Robert Peel. I propose no plan for an Act of Parliament. But I think I have shown that unless more protection be given to authors and publishers — whose interests I have treated as identical, which they are—our literature must expire in a muddled heap of fraudulent and worthless compilations, and base appeals to the lower passions.

After all, just ask yourself whether the Editor of the *Quarterly Review* has not a right to express his own deliberate opinion on a subject of that sort whenever he pleases? It seems to me, if he has not that right, he has none." (December 13, 1841.)

Lockhart's relations with his children at this period were as amiable as they were unusual. Miss Lockhart was being educated at Calais. Her brother went from King's College School to read with Mr. Holden. He had been entered at rabbits, and looked forward to grouse. To both of the children Lockhart wrote frequently, treating them almost as equals in age and understanding. The gossip of Parliament, anecdotes of the Queen and Prince Albert, news of the Duke of Wellington, are mingled with bulletins as to Pepper and Ginger, doubtless of the old Liddesdale breed, the Dandie Dinmont strain. To Charlotte he writes that he misses their "cosy little Sunday dinners," "your little interruptions." "I miss your voices, and feet, and plague, sadly," he writes to Walter, "but must bear my solitude for a while longer yet." He sends Sydney Smith's latest jokes, old jokes now, and well known. "Now mind 'Medea,'" he writes to Walter; "it was the first Greek play I ever read, and I can still say every chorus by heart." "The King of Oude"—then a neighbour of his—"can flirt like a Christian," he writes to Charlotte. To Walter, at Mr. Holden's, he gives some advice, Walter having

jested at "The Puseyite Calendar": "Consider these gentlemen think the fate of the world hinges on this nonsense; laugh at it in your sleeve as nonsense, but respect their sincerity, and be polite." In a matter of some difficulty with a governess, Lockhart shows the most perfect considerateness and liberality. He would cross to Calais, entertain Miss Lockhart, her duenna, and her girl friends at dinner (including champagne), and drive as many of them as a roomy chaise would hold into the country. When they were at Brighton he went down, gave them dinners, and consulted them on the innocent *menu*. He corrected Walter's Latin prose (and very bad that Latin prose was) with extraordinary gentleness and patience. Few parents indeed would have been so lenient in the presence of such perversions of the language of Cicero. Here is a rhymed petition, written for Charlotte to Mr. Rose, asking him to contribute to her Album. In 1825, Scott, Lockhart, and Miss Anne Scott formed an Anti-Album Society. This was forgotten when Lockhart had a girl of his own.

PETITION

Dear Mr. Rose,
I can't suppose
You'll frown on my petition,
The tiniest dose
Of verse or prose
Will satiate my ambition.

But if you be
In topping glee
(As I could wish you ever),
Throw off for me
Some *jeu d'esprit*,
The cleverest of the clever.

The book I've got—
As yet no blot
Upon its virgin pages—
May show perhaps,
Ere long, the scraps
Of many bards and sages.

But, grant who may
The boons I pray,
A blight's on all my posies,
If luckless scorn
Shall plant with thorn
The spot I've marked for Rose's.

He was no gloomy recluse, who, fatigued, like Caxton long ago, with weary writing, yet found time and energy for long letters of family and political gossip to a boy and a girl. The politics are dead, dead are the uncles and aunts and friends of whom Lockhart writes, but the ardent affection in these old letters never dies. Here follow a few somewhat longer extracts—Miss Lockhart was then in Calais :—

"*August* 8, 1840.

"My dear Charlotte,—Your French epistle has given me much satisfaction, and I regret that, how-

ever French my *figure* may be, I have not French at my finger-ends to answer it to-day. I am surprised you say not a word about Louis Napoleon's new insanity, and beg you will let me know all the Calais part of the story. I have met him occasionally in society, and he always appeared to me a stupid vulgar corporal, with nothing imperial about him, but a breast-pin of diamonds in the shape of an eagle. He must now be mad in earnest, I suppose. Our alarms of war have already blown over, but I hope you will also let me know what they say at Calais on that score. . . . It afforded me more pleasure than I can well express to see in what kind hands you are, and I hope you will profit largely by the opportunities of improvement afforded you in being surrounded by such accomplished and amiable society."

To Walter he writes on "Coningsby," which Croker asserted that he had never read:—

"*May* 13, 1844.

"(To WALTER SCOTT LOCKHART.)

". . . Ben Disraeli, the Jew scamp, has published a very blackguard novel, in which the Pusey and Young England doctrines are relieved by a full and malignant, but clever enough detail of all the abominations of Lord Hertford, and Croker figures in full fig.[1] I should not wonder if there were some

[1] As Mr. Rigby. Lord Hertford left a large sum of money to Mr. Croker.

row—the abuse of Crokey is so very horrid, ditto of Lord Lowther. Peel is flattered, but the Government lashed. Awful vanity of the Hebrew!"

In March 1844 (to advance a little beyond our date), Walter failed to get into Christ Church and Balliol. Lockhart makes no harsher criticism than this: "I am in great difficulty, and I don't doubt you will quite share my concern." Again: "Your letter gives me great pleasure. I trust there will ever be entire confidence between us. Our interests are and always must be the same, and I don't doubt that when the proper time comes we will agree as to your choice of a vocation.

"I have always considered that it would be absurd to choose the Bar, unless you had satisfied me and yourself, while at Oxford, of your capacity for very arduous study, and, I may add, of your having a natural faculty for public speaking. The last I never had—and it was the great error in my early days that I nevertheless selected the Bar. In these days there were no Debating Societies at Oxford; and it is very different now.

"But I had to make my election at a very early age—19—and had no relations capable of understanding the case or of advising me judiciously."

He then says that they must consider about a profession after Walter has taken his degree at Oxford. He next refers to the little office (the Auditorship of the Duchy of Lancaster) which

Government had given him in 1843, as below his expectations, if anything was to be done. "But, in truth, I had never counted on them at all. I accepted what was offered, and thankfully, *on your account*, as enabling me to defray the charges of Oxford more easily than I could otherwise have done."

As has been said, Walter did not matriculate at Oxford. At Cambridge, where he stayed but a short time, he acquired those singular habits of vain expense which a certain proportion of undergraduates develop. By the end of 1846 he was thinking of the army, and was already in debt, and in his father's displeasure. Lockhart set down his extravagances, and rightly, to vanity; and the old familiar course of things ensued—a sudden outburst of a young man's folly, estrangement, and, at last, full reconciliation and early death. Of this sorrow more is to be said.

Letters to Will Laidlaw, of this period (1842), are interesting.

"24 Sussex Place, Regent's Park,
April 30, 1842.

"My dear Laidlaw,—I feel very much your kindness in taking care that my first intelligence of your attack should come in your own handwriting, and show that neither mind nor the nobler functions of the body have suffered. Be of good cheer—temperance you always practised, but you can still reduce,

and that will do wonders. Perhaps you may not know, for great pains were taken to conceal it, that Professor Wilson had a similar seizure a year ago. Ever since, he has resolutely abstained from all strong drink whatever, and his friends assure me he now not only shows no symptom of the malady, but looks as if he had renewed his youth under the salutary influence of the pledge.

"Let me hear again soon. I am writing to-day to Sir W. Scott, whose last letter gave good news of himself and wife, but very bad ones of the state of the Native Army in Madras. I am afraid he must have a share in the great doings now arranged for the Cabool frontier. God send him well out of that and safe home. If this Copyright Bill pass the Lords (as I hardly doubt it will), it will be a very great thing for his interests. Indeed, I expect he will have some proposition for Cadell, which will enable him soon after the law is made to call his land his own. Said Cadell also talks grandly of the prospects of his pictorial edition of the Novels, of which No. 1 is published this day; but commerce is at present in a very ticklish state, and I fear he will find less success—at the start, at all events—than he has been looking for.[1]

"Give my love to Mrs. Laidlaw and the young ladies. My boy and girl are both well—but, alas! you and they wouldn't know each other if you met. And yet I should not say so, for Walter is very like

[1] The "Abbotsford Edition" was clumsy and unsuccessful.

Sir Walter Scott, and Charlotte very like her mother and Anne.—Ever yours affectionately,

"LOCKHART."

To Laidlaw he again gives a budget of family news :—

"LONDON, *May* 25, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,— . . . My boy is now as tall as I am—17 years old—and exceedingly active and robust ; a good horseman and an excellent oarsman ; a very good boy and a great comfort to me, though not as yet very ardent in his pursuit of learning. His sister is at 15 more of a woman in appearance, manners, and acquirements, than many considerably more advanced in years. She is, I think, though not beautiful, a very graceful girl, and I have in her a constant and agreeable companion at my fireside and in my walks. So much for home.—Sir Walter and his wife continue to have perfect health in India. Some time ago he fancied he might be able to effect an exchange and come home, but the bad times of trade have not spared the booksellers, and the debt remaining heavy, after I had hoped to hear of its total liquidation, he, for the present, has laid aside all thoughts of quitting the post he holds. He had for a year the command of the regiment, and will, I trust, have it again soon, and when he has that the allowances are very handsome. Meantime he writes regularly and in excellent spirits. Lately he tells me, hearing that a Highland battalion

was to pass about fifty miles off from his station (Bangalore), he rode that distance one day, and back the next, merely to hear the skirl of the pipes. No doubt there would be a jolly mess for his reception besides—but I could not but be pleased with the touch of the auld man. I fear he had not got your letter about seeds. He writes that a box of seeds is on its way, which I am to hand over to the Duke of Buccleuch on its arrival, his Grace to give him some of the produce in the shape of young trees of Himalayan and Cabul origin in due season for Abbotsford. If he had had your application I am sure he would have directed a parcel to be included for you, and possibly so I may find the case to be when it comes to hand after all.—Ever yours truly, J. G. LOCKHART."

A few other notes from Lockhart's domestic correspondence at this period may be given. Here is a little note on illustrious persons, written to Miss Violet Lockhart :—

"I was twice at Court last week, once as an Oxford Doctor, when the Duke of Wellington went up with the Oxford address to the Queen and Prince Albert; but I hardly saw *her*, there was such a crowd of Academics. The Duke, however, looked quite himself, and read his address in a good firm voice, not a whit shaken; and she [read] her answer in a very sweet silver tone, with much grace. I was also to be presented, and, kissing her hand,

had coolness to study her face. It struck me as careworn, and grown ten years older within the twelvemonth. I had seen Prince Albert before, at the play. He is considered very handsome, and is, certainly, — though his figure has defects, the shoulders being too high, and the legs somewhat heavy—a very fine youth, with regular features, a clear olive complexion, and a mild, and, for his age, uncommonly manly expression."

Lockhart then alludes to the domestic happiness of Her Majesty in very pleasing terms—but here quotation must cease.

"My children," he writes to Miss Lockhart, "have been very happy in some country visits, and much admired everywhere, and their respectable papa was seduced by a Court *belle* of nineteen, Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, into dancing till five o'clock at a Kent County Ball, which fact will probably receive due notice in to-morrow's *Age*."

These fragments out of a life, busy with literature, politics, society, and, till Walter went to Mr. Holden's, with the daily tutoring of Walter, may remove the not uncommon impression that Lockhart, after his wife's death, was a moody and lonely man. He did not, and could not, forget, and once or twice, as to Wilson, he expresses what is most intimate, and lays bare his heart. But he was emphatically no kill-joy.

His dancing days were over, despite his exertions at the Kent County Ball. In 1842 and 1843 he

had to endure what he calls "severe surgical treatment" at the hands of Sir Benjamin Brodie. His hair, he complains, is whitening, and he notes that Lord Palmerston has ceased to dye, "has dropped his bottle and brush." In August 1843 he went to Italy, leaving the *Quarterly* "nearly ready," and an article on Politics by Croker "unseen by me." Travelling by Strasburg and Basel, he crossed the St. Gothard, and so to Genoa (which he thought over-described), Pisa, Florence, and Rome to Naples. Avernus he describes to Christie as "very like a third-rate Highland loch." So Sir Walter must have thought when on that classic shore he bethought him not of Virgil, but murmured—

> "Up the rocky mountain,
> And down the mossy glen,
> We daurna gang a-milking
> For Charlie and his men."

Herculaneum he visited, and spent ten days at Rome. Perhaps what pleased him most was the view of Naples and smoky Vesuvius from the sea. He returned by Venice, Verona, Munich, Augsburg, reaching England on October 20. Here is his itinerary in a letter to Christie :—

"NAPLES, *September* 13, 1843.

"MY DEAR CHRISTIE,—. . . At Milan we had a couple of days most interesting—the Duomo being by many miles beyond any Gothic Cathedral I

have ever seen—even Cologne and Strasburg—and the Ambrosian Library containing several first-rate pictures, &c., and the Last Supper of L. da Vinci being still visible enough (on the walls of a deserted refectory, turned by the French into a stable) to prove that no engraver or copyist has caught even a glimpse of the Saviour's expression—but the wonderful picture is otherwise a mere ghost, and will soon be laid entirely. Thence we proceeded to Genoa, and enjoyed some palaces; but I thought the describers had all been much in the exaggerating line. Then we took steam for Leghorn, and nothing can be more delicious than such travelling in this season over the Mediterranean, which never showed more than a ripple; and, by-the-bye, I thought our captain gave a very sensible account of the *blue* of the sea, which Davy tried to explain and failed to satisfy himself. . . . He says the reason is plain—where there are no tides the yellow sand is rarely stirred from the bottom to mix with the blue and make it green. The *cuisine* on board very good, abundance of *ice*, and the company excellent, especially some very well-bred and well-read Franciscan Friars, with whom I conversed in very elegant Latin, *de Papa et Puseyo et quibusdam aliis.* We had also a couple of worthy and learned priests from Münster (in Westphalia), on their pilgrimage to Rome, and quite made friends with them. One, after dinner, sang in fine style—our own old *mihi est propositum in taberna mori.* Funny to hear that from a German

divine in a Tuscan boat off Civita Vecchia. These all landed and went to Rome, and we were afraid if we once got there we should never go farther, and so stuck on the boat, and had another glorious night—seeing, when the sun rose, Vesuvius right ahead, with his smoke all blazing in the purple, and Capreæ and Baiæ, and, by-and-by, all the bays and promontories between Baiæ and Castellamare. You can't conceive anything richer, grander, or more beautiful, certainly nothing more curious, for every rock is pierced with Roman brick, and you can see arches and pedestals creeping everywhere into the sea. We have since perambulated the shore, and found the remains of temples and baths and water reservoirs very satisfactory—these last on a truly stupendous scale—their object to supply the Tyrrhine fleet, which usually lay at Misenum. Avernus (close by) is very like a third-rate Highland loch, and the King has a most cockneyfied little fishing lodge just where it ought least to have been. The *Acherusia palus* is no great shakes:—Smith of Dranston would soon convert it into better ground than the Elysian fields just beyond, which produce only food for goats, *i.e.* bitter herbs smothered in dust. We spent our first day at Pompeii; but I shall only say that none of the books or prints had given us the least notion of the place, nor even of the minutest discoveries. I was, I confess, surprised to find that the Legionaries found dead at their sentry-posts had their heads cased as heavily and

completely in enormous hats of iron, with visors down, and merely two open circlets to look through, or (when the finish indicated an officer) a *barred* visor, precisely as in the helmets on our heraldics. . . . —Ever affectionately yours, J. G. LOCKHART."

Once arrived, we find him rushing, as it were, instantly to dine with Christie and Gleig. On December 15 he took Walter to Balliol, where he met Mr. Shairp, later Principal of St. Andrews. Dr. Jenkyns examined Walter: Mr. Jowett would have stretched a point, Dr. Jenkyns did not, Walter was plucked.

We may now resume the correspondence with Milman, first offering a letter to Wilson on Maginn's affairs:[1] (see p. 194)—

"*April* 20, 1843.

"I forgot yesterday to say anything about Maginn. The subscriptions have come to about £350 to £360, and a good deal of that has of course gone already, keeping four people alive. I believe no more will subscribe here. I have tried the Carlton Club in a very serious way, by a long letter to the Committee, and they sent an unanimous refusal. Government gave a cadetship for the boy; but if he is equipped and sent out, that will swallow all the money in hand at the least.

"James Wilson's wife has, I believe, got a gover-

[1] I owe this letter to the kindness of Mr. C. M. Falconer, of Dundee.

ness's place in Ayrshire for one of the girls. If you could do so for the other it were very comforting. . . . I cannot comprehend Irish folk—never could. . . .

"Please observe the doctor's creditors were arranged for through myself and a few others some ten years ago, when we raised nearly £1000 for him, and paid off with that about £3000 or £4000 of debt. Just before he died he passed through the Insolvency Court on schedule, Dr. G. says, of just under £10,000.

"The girls are comely, lively, clever girls. . . . One writes poetry!

"I went yesterday audaciously and witnessed a queer scene in a tavern opposite Bow Street Police Court, and dined abominably with three or four dandies of forty or fifty. . . .

"One of the attorney's clerks who acted counsel was Brougham himself—every touch and tone—the other Thesiger, two most clever fellows, and their speeches, examination and cross-examination of the witnesses, and the Judge's charge (Abinger alive!) were all quite equal to the best of Matthews' mimicries. Peter *must* not be here again without seeing this comedy—the only one I have seen for many years, and almost the best I ever saw—such a complete show-up of all the trickery and pompous humbug of forensic practice. . . ."

In a brief note to Wilson he says, "I hear you are

in love with E. Rigby, and she with you, of course. All right—she is a good one, and bright too." Miss Rigby, afterwards Lady Eastlake, wrote occasionally in the *Quarterly Review* at this time. In her Memoirs is a touching expression of affection for Lockhart, who was popularly, though inaccurately, said to be "crushed" when Miss Rigby married "another." He gave her Scott's works as a wedding present.

Out of place, and out of date, here occurs another note to Wilson; it is not in harmony with Mrs. Gordon's picture of him as a moody, world-weary mortal :—

"GLASGOW, *August* 26, 1839.

"MY DEAR WILSON,—I have just heard from R. Finlay that you are idle enough to be going to the Eglintoun Tournament. Be so good as to go on a Glasgow hack armed with a rung, and I lay 500 to 5 you will beat all the Knights, Squires, and Heralds to a jelly in a jiffy. Astley's, to be serious, is a better thing by far than, from witnessing the rehearsals, I expect the performance to prove. I shall regret not having been there if it turns out, after all, that you are in armour, and the veritable *chevalier inconnu.*

"Now contrive to come with Allan.—Ever yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

From this excursion into the past, we return to Milman and the *Review* :—

"SUSSEX PLACE, *May* 1, 1842.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—I have been, and shall be while the East wind lasts, plagued ever and anon with a complaint which unnerves me, so that I don't know when we may meet. I fear you have worse distresses at home—but it is long since I heard anything of your household.

"I must now think, in spite of all maladies and misfortunes, of the *shop*. Can you do anything for me this time? I don't think anything you gave me has been better liked than the *Arundines Cami*, and I say so in hopes that you may snatch a morning or two for something of an unfatiguing sort. Yet I have nothing to suggest. What say you to Wordsworth's new volume? I fear the tragedy is very dull, and can see but little to admire in the rest—except some very fine feeling verses about Burns. Campbell's new concern I have not seen, nor have I heard either it or the other mentioned by any one. That it should be come to this!—Ever yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Lockhart had now to condole with Milman on a domestic loss, and remembered his own:—

"SUSSEX PLACE, *July* 5, 1842.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—I am very sure I need not say how often, and how much, I have been thinking of Mrs. Milman and you of late—how well I re-

member your kindness to me in my great affliction of 1837—how willingly I would have tried to see you now had I been able, or sure that a visit would be otherwise than disturbing. I now hear you are out of town, but I hope you can give me a line (when acknowledging the enclosed) to say how you both are.—Ever yours affectionately,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

The same memory recurs here: Lockhart's friend and physician, Dr. Fergusson, had lost his wife:—

"SUSSEX PLACE, *October* 18, 1842.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—I was very sorry to miss your wife and you; but hope you are soon to be settled, and that we shall then meet often. I am well in health again, and fancy I shall be able to find some pleasure in society this winter, which was not the case last season almost at all. But neither for you nor for me will there ever be any approach to comfortable feelings, unless the mind have regular work found for it beyond the sphere of personal reflection. I wish you *would* make an effort for your own good, and also for mine exceedingly, by setting about an article; but I am greatly at a loss to suggest a subject. If Macaulay's 'Roman Lays' be out soon, I shall look to you for a review thereof in the Christmas Number, that is, if they be worthy of his talents—which I hope and trust is to be the case.

"Our friend Fergusson is in a calm state—I rather think recovered as well as he is likely to be for many a long day. I was present at the funeral —and lived over again the hour in which you stood by me—but indeed such an hour is eternally present. After that, in every picture of life the central figure is replaced by a black blot; every train of thought terminates in the same blank gulf. I see you have been allowing yourself to dwell too near this dreary region. Escape it while the wife of your youth is still by you; in her presence no grief should be other than gentle.—Ever affectionately yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Lockhart was now, as will be seen, placed in a difficult position. He admired Macaulay. Milman was devoted to Macaulay; but Macaulay had assailed Croker. The letter shows Lockhart's readiness to aid deserving writers :—

"*January* 17, 1843.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—I am exceedingly vexed to find that the sheets containing your article on Macaulay are not printed off—for the gross insult to Croker in his new article on Madame d'Arblay makes it very difficult for me to sanction the publication of your eulogies on the perpetrator. The detection of the imposture about F. Burney's age was made in the *Quarterly Review*, as you know. Can the editor allow his contributor to be thus handled, and then caress the enemy? Would not

Croker have reason to complain of me as deserting the soldier of my own flag?

"Do not suppose that I blame Macaulay for criticising Croker in regard to that affair; but it might have been done in the style of a gentleman. It is done in a style of low, vulgar rancour and *injustice*.

"Nor, on the other hand, do I wish to take credit for any special tenderness of feeling towards Croker. I think he has, of late especially, not treated Murray and myself at all well in the concerns of the *Quarterly Review*. But he is at least *one* of our most prominent hands; and can we continue to accept his assistance without giving him some right to reclaim against the appearance, at this moment, of such a paper as yours? Make the case your own. Suppose such an attack on you, from so distinguished a quarter, for what you had written in the *Quarterly Review* some years ago. Suppose you had been assailed by Blomfield, or Whately, or Sydney Smith; and suppose it to be felt that the *odium ecclesiasticum* had been mainly excited by your use of the *Quarterly Review* against doctrines or tenets or Church parties espoused by such an assailant as one of these.

"There is another difficulty which I must state. I never received any civility from Peel in the line of patronage but once—when he took office in 1834.[1] Croker then called here and said Peel was anxious

[1] In 1838 Lockhart, writing to Mr. Cadell, described Peel as "the greatest Reformer in heart, and the ablest in head, of his period."

to know if Murray and I had anything to suggest to the new Minister for the department of Literature and Science. Murray said he wished there could be a pension for Mrs. Somerville. I expressed my anxiety (Murray heartily concurring) that you might have some London preferment, if possible a prebend, in order to break the force of a prejudice which at that time seemed so strong as to make your advancement in the Church improbable, unless something were done effectually to discountenance it; and secundo, that Crabbe's son might get a Crown living in place of his curacy. Now all these three things were done, and that almost immediately; and next time I saw Lord Lyndhurst, which was at a drawing-room or levee, he said to me, 'You are a pretty fellow—I find your man Crabbe is a keen Whig, if not a Radical, and he has got his living.' He laughed heartily; and when I told him I had not doubted that he would like the opportunity of serving so good a man, the son of such a father, all the better for his being of the opposite colour, he laughed the more. I have no similar evidence to connect your prebend with Croker's intermediation. Perhaps you *know* that other and not less efficient machinery was worked in your behalf. But I thought I must state what I knew of the affair at this moment, and I am sure you will consider the statement as worthy of your candid reflection under all the circumstances.—Ever affectionately yours,

"J. G. Lockhart."

Notwithstanding Croker's grievances, an admirable and laudatory review of the "Lays," with a welcome to Macaulay as a prospective historian, appeared in the *Quarterly* (March 1843). Lockhart's hand, perhaps, may be detected in a note, quoting Hudibras's description of the Roman aldermen—

> "Followed by a world of tall lads,
> Who merry ditties trolled, and *ballads*."

The next letters are on articles about Newman's conversion, and other ecclesiastical questions then flagrant :—

"East Cowes, *July* 30, 1845.

"My dear Milman,—On all the great heads I think you are right and sound, and have taken also what will be thought the proper combination of religious tone and mundane sense. I go with you nowhere more than in your argument on Celibacy; but pray look sharply to every syllable where St. Paul is alluded to, bearing in mind the ordinary notions of his *inspiration*—for in one or two places you seem at least to discuss his *dicta* as if that notion were thrown over. The whole of what you say about the Puseyites is excellent—I only desiderate more distinct references and more bold use of their Lives of the Saints. The lecture on coarseness of idea and intolerance in the new juveniles is likely to tell with exceeding effect—it is so just, and to me it is *new* too. This part will

repay all possible elaboration. It is needless to think of exhausting such a subject in one article, or in six—I think there is already as much *theme* as will suffice, and look merely for pruning and paring here and there, and the skilful interweaving of any illustrations or facts that may have occurred since you wrote the draft.

"If I were you I would not at all hesitate about expressing your fear that the two French parties are equally in the wrong. Have we not, in fact, the same with us—our Ultra-Church and our Ultra-Liberal factions? You have already, I think, taken up the proper to and fro between the extremes here, and every word on the foreigners will carry its application with it, if you exert all your dexterity.—Ever yours affectionately,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

"MILTON, *October* 9, 1845.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—I thank you for your letter, and will meditate on the subject thereof; but I do not believe I shall be able to make up my mind to ask any one to do a paper on Newman, unless you should yourself encourage me to ask you. I think the *tone* of your last article perfect, and so I fancy all its readers (sane readers) have done; excepting, of course, the *Morning Post*, who considers it a bit of Hoadleyism—Croker, who suspects it of being *Ward's* post-nuptial statement—and Palgrave, who says he is utterly puzzled to make out the

drift. Either Gladstone or Croker would jump at the proposal, but I fear either would miss the mark. You could do what would satisfy equally sober Christians and calm gentlemen of the world, and yet even you would avoid the grand fact, but the 'fact' was avoided.

"I leave this place to-morrow—hope to be in London this day fortnight, and to see you there then, or speedily afterwards. Meantime pray consider what a great service you might do, not to the *Quarterly Review* merely, but to the Church and the country, by devoting some leisure to the working out of your own sage suggestions. Two or three such articles as the last would really rally round your name a very great body of *via media* people! I wonder you are not already a bishop, but hope and trust I shall see you one in three or four years.—I salute my godchild, and remain, ever affectionately yours, J. G. LOCKHART."

"*December* 14, 1845.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—Your note gives me an anxious and earnest hope that you mean to do Newman, and I am certain you, and only you, could do him in a way that would be satisfactory to the sane and superior mind of the country. I may not be able to have a talk with you to-morrow on such matters, therefore I say now, that if you undertake the thing, I shall feel at ease; and if you don't, I know I shall have much trouble with Gladstone,

who will be sure to desire a job for which his deep predilections must render him entirely unfit. He has not yet offered, but in some recent letters he says he is studying the book.

"If you do this now, and rightly, you will carry on and complete the very salutary impression made by the paper on Michelet—which I think you ought now to acknowledge generally. I hear it is commonly given to Dr. *Turton*. I think I wrote you so. They had traced it to the Abbey. I think it very likely—there not being time now for *much* politics, and it being on the cards that we may find either another Conservative Government contracted, or a Radicalised Whig one in power by the time Parliament meets—that we may be forced to publish a number in February, for the purpose of taking ground decidedly and deliberately. I have promised, however, to set about the miscellaneous two hundred pages of the spring number forthwith, so as to be quite ready in case there should be a call of this nature on the *Quarterly Review*.—Ever yours affectionately,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Milman finished his article on Newman. Lockhart writes :—

"*December* 27, 1845.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—You could not have told me more agreeable news. Be early ready, and be sure you shall have the last touch at the last proof.

I quite understand that a profane hand might do harm by the least alteration of a colon—to say nothing of a diphthong.

"I suppose you rather approve of sending a few Littlemore black sheep for the wide tables of the New Zealanders. G. will for the present be occupied with anti-agricultural schedules and devils-dustrial calculations; but, depend on it, his creed will by-and-by show itself in Elections of Antipodal Mitres—*if*—*if*—*if*—if the Government endureth—a right pregnant *if*.

"Ellenburgh is writing a Proclamation, say his colleagues to be—but on what subject, or what place he is to have, I have not as yet been informed. I think, in case of war with Jonathan, he would do well at the Admiralty. Indeed, I don't know why he might not replace Arthur presently as well as Albert. The Queen could make *him* a Field-Marshal if she liked, and I back him to invent a hat that would please even *Jeames*.[1]

"All good things be on you and your household, now and ever. Amen. J. G. LOCKHART.

"*P.S.*—Have you read Arnold's second volume? I suppose his work ought to be reviewed, and I am sure you are the proper person, if you should feel disposed.

"I shall get to London about the end of this month, and so I suppose will you—so my rural flir-

[1] One reference, at last, to Thackeray.

tations with the house of Maryburgh must lie over until another season. Tell me, if you write again, what you think of the Duke's health. I take it for granted you have seen a good deal of him as well as of your other neighbours; also whether you have heard anything particular lately touching Lord Brougham.

"Kindest respects to Mrs. Milman, in spite of all her sarcasms upon J. G. LOCKHART."

Milman's article on Newman's book was courteous, if controversial. The lay mind is rather baffled by the learning.[1] The Rev. James Smith, of Ecclesmachan, who seems to have been very erudite, was able to correct Newman and de Maistre, and to inform Milman on certain points. A *via media* was what the *Quarterly* tried to follow. Lockhart was free from bigotry in these matters, and this child of the Covenant, when abroad, was very fond of the society of learned priests of the old faith. This appears in his letters of travel, which usually describe the ordinary sights dear to tourists, and do not need to be cited.

[1] *Quarterly*, vol. lxxvii. p. 404.

CHAPTER XIX

LONDON, 1828–1848

Correspondence with Carlyle.—Review of Life of Burns.—Their first meeting.—Carlyle's description of Lockhart.—Desires Mr. Elwin to write a Life of Lockhart.—"Mr. Carlyle *knows* this to be a *lie*."—The Goethe medal.—Lockhart proposes a novel.—Carlyle offers "Chartism."—Borrows books.—Lockhart answers as "Able Editor."—Carlyle on Jenny Geddes.—Carlyle on his wife's mother's death.—Lockhart's reply.—His poem.—Carlyle on the Infinities and other matters.—On the gifted Gilfillan.—Carlyle's affection for Lockhart.—His desire that Lockhart's life should be written.

At this point—a kind of middle point before the evil days begin—it may be convenient to introduce all Lockhart's extant correspondence with Mr. Carlyle. To Lockhart, though they saw each other seldom (a quiet dinner is noted now and then), Mr. Carlyle was greatly attached.[1] In 1828 he called Lockhart's book on Burns "a trivial one enough," but the sage was not on good terms with the nature of things in 1828. In 1831 they met. "Lockhart (whom I did not know) desires to be introduced to me," at a Fraser dinner. "A precise, brief, active person of considerable faculty, which, however, had shaped itself *gigmanically* only.

[1] Once Lockhart met Carlyle at Lord Ashburton's. His diary says of the visit, "very stupid!"

Fond of quizzing, yet not *very* maliciously. Has a broad black brow, indicating force and penetration; but a lower half of face diminishing into the character at best of distinctness, almost of triviality. Rather liked the man, and shall like to meet him again." "Lockhart dandiacal, not without force, but barren and unfruitful."[1] In 1872, Mr. Carlyle urged Mr. Elwin, Lockhart's aid and successor in the *Quarterly*, to write a Life of his old chief, but in vain. Mr. Alexander Carlyle informs me that his wife, then Miss Carlyle Aitken, used to write letters for her uncle. "She had said to Mr. Elwin, 'Mr. Carlyle believes *this*'" (something as to Lockhart's character in respect of the Scott-Christie duel, Mr. Alexander Carlyle thinks) "'to be an error.' Carlyle, reading the letter before sealing, came on the words, 'believes this to be an error,' struck his pencil through them, and wrote instead, '*knows* this to be a *lie*.'"[2] Mr. Froude mentions Carlyle's great and lasting regard for Lockhart, whom he so seldom saw.

I now give the whole correspondence in one mass, despite the separation of dates: the unity of subject seems to justify this arrangement. Lockhart writes as to the famous Goethe medal, unaccountably unacknowledged by Scott:—

"*June* 7, 1834.

"DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for

[1] "Thomas Carlyle, First Forty Years," ii. 233, 263.
[2] Letter from Mr. Alexander Carlyle, February 27, 1896.

your communication, and shall not forget it when I reach that part of Sir Walter Scott's life to which it refers. My impression is that I have seen at Abbotsford the medals, and that I never did see the letter of Goethe. So if it be not too much, pray, when the original turns up, be so good as to transcribe the necessary paragraph.—Yours very truly, J. G. LOCKHART."

Mr. Carlyle complied with this request: his original letter to Scott is at Abbotsford. Like Mr. Carlyle, Lockhart could feel "low."

"*April* 24, 1839.

"MY DEAR CARLYLE,—I am your debtor, and Varnhagen's too, for a very neat and pleasant little book, which you shall read when you like. I am sorry to hear you are *low*, but I am myself *in profundissimis*.—Ever yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

That Carlyle should write a *novel*, as Lockhart next proposes, was a curious suggestion. Thomas busy over a love-scene cannot well be imagined.

[*Undated.*]

"DEAR SAURTEIG,—There used to be a learned Icelander in the Advocates' Library, but he left there years ago, and is now established, I think, at

Copenhagen—Rask, his name, I believe. I know of no one here at all inclined to that lore. Like you, I have dabbled in it, and in the Danish and Swedish, but not lately. I was in youth, language mad, and remember with wonder spending a whole winter on Anglo-Saxon, from which I diverted to the Saga religion.

"I hope we shall walk, or, better, dine together soon; but I am now going into Herts for a few days.

"Now give us a Romance of the Middle Ages, or of any age. Why not Cromwell's time and the Scotch Covenanters? You have more the power of putting life into the dry bones than anybody but Scott, and nothing could be more unlike his method of doing it than yours. Ergo, you may walk into a field that always will be rich for whoso can walk without stick or crutch.—Yours,

"Able Editor."

The familiarity of this note seems to show that it is later than the following proposal from Carlyle:—

"5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
May 20, 1839.

"Dear Sir,—It will probably seem surprising that I of all persons should propose writing for you in the *Quarterly Review*. Neither do I propose it for a series of times, nor altogether definitely even for one first time. For one first time, however,

there is in it such a look of possibility that I find it worth while to consult you on the matter.

"I have, and have had for many years, a word to speak *on the condition of the lower classes* in this country. My notions on this subject differ intensely from those of the speculating Radicals, intensely from those of the Whigs: it seems to me the better class of the Conservatives are, on the whole, the persons to whom it were hopefullest, and in many ways fittest, to address myself. There are writers in your *Review* with whom I have a deep sympathy; a Rev. Mr. Sewell in particular, whose name I inquired out some years ago, gets in general from me the heartiest, most entire assent all along *till we get to the conclusion* he draws, when, strangely enough, I am obliged to answer, 'Not at all by any means,' for most part! On the whole, I think I partly understand what the conditions of this proposed sermon of mine would be; and if you gave me scope I think I could tell my audience a strange thing or two without offence—nay, with hope of persuading and interesting certain of them.

"At all events, as I said, it is a kind of necessity for me to speak this word, some time or other, somewhere or other; and as I cannot afford to pay for printing pamphlets, or even to write for nothing, I find on looking round me that first of all I ought to ask *you* to consider what is feasible about this, and let me know your decision.

"I come almost daily into the Piccadilly region,

and could give you a meeting anywhere in that quarter, at any house, at any time (about the middle hours of the day), you might please to appoint. At all events, pray consider this proposal not altogether as an intrusion, but at lowest as a proof of something which (I judge very certainly), if you knew it to the bottom, would *not* be offensive to you. —I remain, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE."

Lockhart was unable to accept Carlyle's essay, which, indeed, was a book, not an article. Carlyle writes, after he learned this, assuring Lockhart that he is not annoyed:—

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
December 11, 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR,—There are two books of yours here; which I beg you to understand are not meant to be kept as *black-mail*, but to be returned with thanks. I retain them only till the *Chartism* concern be printed—till I can send you a copy of that along with them.

"However, the reason of my writing is not these books, which are probably of no value at all to you; but a reflection I made yesterday on the irritable nature of authors—on the doubts you may by possibility have about my being irritated! God knows I am much gratified, by your praise of me especially, which I believe to have much more sincerity in it than praise usually has. For the rest, I consider

CHARLES SCOTT

(Facsimile of a Water-Colour Drawing by J. G. Lockhart.)

that your decision about that wild piece as an article for the *Quarterly* was altogether what it should have been, what on the whole I expected it to be. Fraser is printing the thing now as a separate pamphlet. Your negative was necessary to decide me as to that step. The *Westminster* people were willing to have taken the thing after you; but I was not willing to appear with it there. And so it comes out in the pamphlet way—*quod bonum sit!* One has an equation with more than one unknown quantity in it: eliminate the *Quarterly y*, there remains *x*—printing as a pamphlet.

"With many kind regards, and a hope to fall in with you again by-and-by,—I remain, my dear Sir, yours very truly always, T. CARLYLE."

Carlyle was now in search of books on the Covenant, and found them hard to obtain; to *buy* books was, indeed, difficult for him at this date.

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
October 26, 1840.

"DEAR MR. LOCKHART,—In reference to one of the topics touched upon yesterday, when I was lucky enough to come athwart your orbit for a little, —it strikes me that I might as well have asked you if you did not by chance possess a copy of the Covenanter Baillie's 'Letters and Journals'? or perhaps you know some charitable soul who has one, and would lend it me to read? As I borrow

books from all persons, it ought to be added that I endeavour to make conscience of punctually returning them uninjured. I have been in quest of this *Baillie* for two years and more, to no purpose hitherto. It strikes me that one Peterkin republished it at Edinburgh lately, or was about doing that; in which case you are more likely to have it.

"I will ask farther, now that my hand is in, whether you have not, in defect of Baillie or not in defect, some stock of books on that period of history, in which a hungry reaver might be allowed, on occasion, to forage? I desiderate greatly the *Literature* of it, Songs, Pasquinades, &c. &c.—so far as it had any Literature.

At lowest, perhaps you can tell me something about *Jenny Geddes!* I search to no purpose for any glimmering of light about Jenny. C. K. Sharpe (in *Kirkton*) says, she had sat on the *Cutty Stool* for a mistake in behaviour; but even that small fact I am unable to verify. Burns, you tell me, named his mare after her;—proper surely. In truth, she stands as a most memorable monumental figure, this poor Jenny, to me; featureless, I am afraid, for ever. Shakespeare's is not the only lost Biography! Greedy oblivion makes haste to swallow us all. —Believe me, yours very heartily,

"T. Carlyle."

Lockhart did possess some books on the period

Carlyle was studying—Napier's "Montrose," for example. Carlyle writes :—

"CHELSEA, *January* 6, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Yesterday I left your Napier's 'Montrose' with Fraser, who promised to send it home forthwith ; many thanks for it. The book is very readable, not without talent : an *anti-Cameronian rant*, as in the former case, but with somewhat of the dissonance abated, marrowbone and cleaver music mostly left out, &c. I find the great Montrose not unintelligible ; a right brave man, with his haughty shut mouth, with his broad mournful brow ; a man of genius,—a hero and hero-worshipper, with nothing but a poor shambling Charles First to worship : one of the most tragical conditions. Ah me!

"Have you 'Argyle's Letters' among your Maitland books? or is it a Bannatyne one?

"If you ever see that Mr. Richardson, of Fludyer Street,[1] perhaps you will bethink you to gather from him whether he actually possesses a stock of Covenant works, and is communicative of it? I have got from Scotland, after endless labour, a *Baillie* under way for me. A hapless man searching in these departments is like a cinder-sifter, a Parisian rag-picker, searching and swashing through all gutters, happy if here and there he find a copper button or an old nail!

[1] Mr. Richardson had a good library, now at Kirklands.

"I wish I fell in with you oftener. A mouthful of rational conversation does a man real good; and he seldom gets it in these times and places, poor devil!—Yours very truly, T. CARLYLE."

"The good honest Scotch face" of poor Charles Scott, spoken of by Carlyle in the following letter, had been sketched by Lockhart long ago. Carlyle also comments on Lockhart's article on Copyright: the subject of his own humorous petition:—

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
January 11, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—If you have yet got any certain intelligence about poor Charles Scott, may I claim of you to let me share in it. If not yet, then as soon as any does arrive. I have the liveliest impression of that good honest Scotch face and character, though never in contact with the young man but that once. Alas, so many histories are tragedies; or rather, all histories are! I pray you, let me know.

"That is a capital article on the Copyright question: a conviction in it as deep and vivid as my own, or that of any other *idealist;* but embodied, with excellent dexterity, in the given element of practicalities, possibilities, and existing facts—which do and will exist, let us bless them or curse them! It cannot but do great service. I fancy I know the hand very well: a most *velvet* touch; truly a

patte-de-velours, yet here and there with a terrible *claw* in it! Mr. R. Chambers's till is infinitely obliged.—Yours always truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

Carlyle's grief at the death of Mrs. Carlyle's mother finds expression in his next letter.[1] That he wrote to Lockhart in this hour of sadness proves his confidence in his friend's heart and sympathy.

"TEMPLAND, THORNHILL, DUMFRIESSHIRE,
March 26, 1842.

"DEAR LOCKHART,—An event has occurred here, of which, though it can only concern you through me, I think I should apprise you. My poor wife's mother, Mrs. Welsh of this place, has been unexpectedly called away by death. She was a person of much generosity and worth; whose very frailties and failings, being, as they were, all *virtues* in a state of obstruction and terrene imprisonment, now make one love her more, now that the imprisonment has broken down, and all has melted into clearness and eternity! My wife, her only daughter and child, has returned to Chelsea; her letters still betoken extreme misery and disconsolation. Mrs. Welsh was a widow, and her father had died here, and before him her sister. This establishment is now to be abandoned and terminated. None can fancy what all that will mean

[1] See "Thomas Carlyle," ii. 237.

for me. Rough country businesses, with the poor passions and avidities of rustic men, occupy me for a part of every day. I keep myself all alone otherwise; alone with the old hills and rivers, with God's universe and the spirits of the dead. I am to be here yet, I suppose, for a matter of three weeks. You need not write to me; send me a friendly thought in silence.

"It is often far longer than this that I do not see you; but I feel as if, were I within four miles of you at present, not even London should keep me from exchanging a few words with a thinking man. Adieu.—I remain yours very truly always,

"T. Carlyle."

"*P.S.*—This Mrs. Welsh was the owner of the little dog Shandy which used to run about the feet of Sir Walter Scott. Ah me!"

The dog, which fell in love with Sir Walter in the street, is mentioned in Carlyle's essay on Scott. Lockhart replies thus:—

"Sussex Place, *April* 1, 1842.

"Dear Carlyle,—Thanks for your brief, friendly missive from the hills. I have outlived so many friends, and am left with so few, that it is no wonder I should dwell a good deal more in the past than the present; but I am nevertheless quite alive to whatever interests and concerns you, and therefore your wife—never seen by me, alas! but often heard

of, and respected for her own sake as well as Thomas Carlyle's afar off. Pray, since you have spoken of this loss, speak again and tell me that it brings some addition to your worldly resources, *i.e.*, £, *s. d.*— makes you somewhat a fatter victim for the altar of Income-Tax Peel. You and I would not be made a whit loftier in spirit, or more Mayfairish in personal habits, by the sudden bequest of all that Lord Stratford has just *not* carried with him to the ingleside of Father Dis; but it would be a fine thing to be independent of booksellers, and, though I don't hope ever to be so, I would fain hear that you are henceforth. Meanwhile, with philosophy such as you can muster, *thole* the factor's *clash*, and all the botherations of the Moorland region, and return to us, be it rich or poor.

"It is an old belief
That on some solemn shore
Beyond the sphere of grief
Dear friends shall meet once more—

Beyond the sphere of Time
And Sin and Fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
Of Body and of Soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
This hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the Sleep
Unless to waken so."

"Yours very truly,
"J. G. LOCKHART."

The verses are part of a lyric written by Lockhart in 1841. Mr. Carlyle answers wisely as to booksellers; but he had grumbled the same grumble himself, as his published letters declare. The letter is touchingly affectionate, and displays the sage in his best mood :—

"TEMPLAND, THORNHILL,
April 5, 1842.

"DEAR LOCKHART,—Your letter is very kind and friendly; thanks to you for it.

"We are not much richer, even in money, by our good mother's death, which has made us poorer in so many other ways : a small *peculium*, once hers, is now ours, and might in case of extremity keep the hawks out of a poor author's eyes (which is a blessing too); but henceforth, as heretofore, our only sure revenue must be the great one which Tullius speaks of by the name *Parcimonia*—meaning abstinence, rigorous abnegation—Scotch thrift, in a word! Not so bad a *vectigal* after all. Really the Scotch are a meritorious people. They make wholesome pottage by boiling oatmeal in water; savoury soup of a singed sheep's head. They teach a poor man to understand that he is verily to live on bread and water, or even to die for want of bread and water, rather than beg, and be another's bondsman. They say, with their rigorous stoicism, and Calvinism, which is hyper-stoicism : 'Suffer, abstain;' thou art there to abstain and endure! Honour to them, poor fellows. It is really the lesson which destiny itself

teaches every man, in the great inarticulate way, throughout this life; and if the man be not a block-head and unteachable, he learns it, let him be born in a peasant's hut or a king's palace.

"We growl much about bookseller-servitude; worse than Algerine—and yet at bottom we are but a foolish folk. Consider you, for example, how many of your good things you would perhaps never have taken the trouble to write at all had there been no such servitude! *Servitude* is a blessing and a great *liberty*, the greatest that could be given a man! So the shrewd little De Stael, on reconsidering and computing it, found that the place, of all places ever known to her, she had enjoyed the most freedom in, was the Bastille. As to me, I have dragged this ugly millstone Poverty at my heels, spurning it and cursing it often enough, ever since I was a man; yet there it tagged and lumbered on; and at length I was obliged to ask myself, Had they *cut* it for thee, sent thee soaring like a foolish tumbler-pigeon, like a mad Byron! Thank the millstone, thou fool; it is thy ballast, and keeps the centre of gravity right! In short, we are a foolish people, born fools—and it were wise, perhaps, at present, to go and smoke a pipe in silence under the stars.

"The mountain-tops are aglow like so many volcanoes: it is poor tarry shepherds burning their heather, to let the grass have a chance. Sirius is glancing blue-bright like a spirit—a comrade of

more than twenty years. Penpont smoke-cloud and Drumlanrig Castle have alike gone out. In the north is an Aurora—footlights of this great Theatre of a Universe, where you and I are players for an hour. God *is* great; and all else is verily altogether small.

"These last days, the rustics and factors driven out of my way, have been altogether like a kind of Sabbath to me—different enough from Agnew's. Unhappily they are now to end: in the beginning of next week come packers, carpenters; on the Thursday it all ends in an uproar of auctioneers, &c.; I before that am far off, never to return hither. Back to your whirlpool, I suppose, in some few days more. Adieu, dear Lockhart; many good nights.—Yours very truly, T. CARLYLE."

Lockhart here acknowledges Carlyle's "Past and Present," in Carlyle's own manner:—

"*April* 27, 1843.

"FATHER SAURTEIG,—Thanks to thee for thy new *work*—a real piece of work such as even thou hadst not before given us the like of—not even in 'Sartor Resartus.' I could wish thou hadst not put forth more of this at once than the two or three first books, and that the *first* had been placed last of these. Thou shouldst have begun assuredly with thy true revivification of the men of St. Edmundsburg.

"Neither can I agree with my teacher in what he more than once proclaimeth as his judgment general, touching Olivier of Tyburn; nor, indeed, am I very sure that I leap as yet contentedly to any of thy distinct conclusions, save one—namely, that we are all wrong and all like to be damned (p. 158). But I thank thee for having made me conscious of life and feeling for sundry hours by thy pages, whether figurative, or narrative, or didactic. Thou hast done a book such as no other living man could do or dream of doing.

"Give us more of thy pictures of the past. Bad is the present, and black exceedingly the future, and even thou canst do little for either of them, except truly that thou canst enable thy fellows now breathing to breathe more nimbly whenever it so pleaseth thee to indite a page of Carlylism. —So resteth ever thine,

"J. G. Lockhart."

The Templand epistles are those of which Carlyle speaks in his notes on the letters of Mrs. Carlyle, where he fears that he has lost Lockhart's replies. "A hard, proud, singularly intelligent, and also affectionate man, whom in the distance I esteemed more than perhaps he ever knew. Seldom did I speak to him; but hardly ever without learning and gaining something."[1]

"The ways are sair" from Regent's Park to

[1] "Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle," i. 44.

Cheyne Row, wherefore the two men rarely met. Lockhart was of Carlyle's mind, as a letter of his to Croker shows, on the overwhelming importance of the question of Society, and had become nearly as indifferent as Carlyle to Whig and Tory. The correspondence is thoroughly characteristic. Lockhart "was not afraid" of Carlyle, as many people must have been, so gruff was the bark of the sage, though innocuous enough was his bite. In Lockhart's notes we mark the heavy heart and the light tone of the man, his Pantagruelism, *confit en dépit des malheurs*.

Carlyle's letters are, as always, the man himself. How true, especially (despite his own murmurings), are his remarks on Lockhart's grumble at the "booksellers," a traditional grumble: Lockhart had no cause for complaint. Two later letters of Carlyle's may be added. The gifted Gilfillan, whom he here recommends, published later in a kind of "Life of Scott" the usual things about Lockhart, called him "malignant," "virulent," and so forth. He who would defend Lockhart, said Mr. Gilfillan, would be "another Lockhart," with the rest of such inspired judgments.

"Bay House, Alverstoke,
Nov. 20, 1845.

"Dear Lockhart,—A poor, meritorious Scotchman, a burgher minister in Dundee, of the name of Gilfillan, has published a book—I believe at his own expense too, poor fellow—under the title

'Gallery of Literary Portraits,' or some such thing; and is about sending, as in duty bound, a copy to the *Quarterly*. I know not whether this poor book will in the least lie in your way; but to prevent you throwing it aside without so much as looking at it, I write now to bear witness that the man is really a person of superior parts; and that his book, of which I have read some of the sections, first published in a country newspaper that comes to me, is worthy of being looked at a little by you, —that you may decide then, with cause shown, whether there *is* anything to be done with it. I am afraid not very much! A strange, oriental, Scriptural style; full of fervour, and crude gloomy fire,—a kind of *opium* style. However, you must look a little, and say.

"This testimony I have volunteered to send, having seen the man as well as his writing;—and now this is all I have to say. The antecedents to this step, and the corollaries that follow from it on your part and on mine, are not needed to be written. I believe you will do me the honour (a very great honour as times go) to *believe* what I have written; and the helping of a poor fellow that has merit, when he can be helped,—this, I take it, is at all times felt to be a pleasure and a blessing by you as by me. And so enough of it.

"We are here on the Hampshire coasts, hiding with kind friends from the London fogs for a while: a pleasant place in comparison, especially when one

has tobacco and nothing to do! When I return to town I design again to try Sussex Place, though my successes there are rather far between, of late. Why do you never come to see me?—With real regard, yours ever truly, T. CARLYLE."

This is the last letter which has been preserved:—

"CHELSEA, *March* 29, 1849.

"DEAR LOCKHART,—Here are your Session Papers again, with many thanks to the Lord Peter and you. I had heard of Jeffrey's opinion on the same question, but do not find it here; perhaps he sits in some other 'Division,' under some other kind of wig. May the Lord help them all—and us all!

"There will be required, I perceive, a very great deal more palaver before they get a real English Poor-Law passed for Scotland; but to that conclusion, if they should paint an inch thick, they will be obliged to come;—and even that (God knows!) will not stead them very long. Palaver has been loud very long; but Fact, in these times, is getting still louder—loud as Cavaignac's cannon and the thunder of the gods! I confess I am not sorry that this brutish dog-kennel is either to be cut off altogether or made more human a little. Was not Peel's prophecy, the other week, a kind of gleam as of something like a dawn that *would* get above

the horizon by-and-by? If there lay ten years more of life in that man, he might still do great things.

"You will never more come to Chelsea; and at Sussex Place it is useless for me to call—yet I will once again before long, in spite of the grim Fates. If you are in bed or abroad, your blood be on your own head!

"Good be with you at any rate; I do salute you across the Arctic seas and their ice-floes; and am always, dear Lockhart, yours sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE."

By 1849 Lockhart's health and private sorrows made him averse to paying visits; probably Carlyle and he saw little of each other henceforth. The great probability of encountering Leigh Hunt at Mr. Carlyle's may not have been wholly agreeable to Lockhart. In all affections there is *celui qui aime, et celui qui se laisse aimer.* It seems not unlikely that Carlyle was in the former position: he had a real and warm affection for Lockhart, who, in his own misfortunes, turned seldom for comfort to others, as Carlyle at Templands had turned to him. But, at bottom, the two men trusted and understood each other. Carlyle, in his latest days, was often heard, Mr. Froude says, to quote Lockhart's lines, "It is an old belief." He often insisted that Lockhart's biography should be written then, while there were

many who well remembered him. Thus loyalty of friendship, ever constant in Lockhart, and ever constant to him, followed him beyond his resting-place beside the Tweed with a love more strong than death. And it is of this man that people said, "He is without a friend."

CHAPTER XX

LONDON, 1826–1852

Lockhart as a journalist.—Charges of Miss Martineau.—Interpolations.—Southey's ideas.—Lord Stanhope.—His displeasure.—His account of Lockhart.—The marks of Croker.—Lockhart's articles.—His variety.—Want of permanency.—The reasons for this.—His idea of his duties.—His copious extracts.—Essay on Colonel Mure's "Greek Literature."—Biblical Criticism.—Croker and Donaldson.—Letter to Mr. Murray.—Lockhart on Homeric Criticism.—On Biblical Criticism.—Satire of German vagaries.—Lockhart's biographical essays.—Hook.—Wilkie.—Southey.—Campbell.—Wordsworth.—Letters to Wilson on the Life of Wordsworth.—Violent language of Wilson.—His contribution cannot be published.—General reflections on Lockhart as a critic.—The policeman of letters.—This function exaggerated by him.

At a happy period in Lockhart's early life, in the good days of Chiefswood, we interrupted the continuity of his biography, to comment on his skill as a verse-writer and a caricaturist. Now he has reached the age when he might say, in his own quotation from Merdinn Wyltt—

> "*God hath provided bitter things for me:*
> *Dead is Morgenen, dead is Mordag,*
> *Dead is Morien, dead are those I love.*"

Here, then, before telling the story of his latest years, we may consider him in his capacity as a journalist.

After the completion of his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," Lockhart did not attempt, and probably did not even contemplate, any book on a great scale. Indeed, though he thought of amplifying and extending his "Life of Burns," there is no evidence that he intended to write any book at all, except, perhaps, a version of the "Iliad." The spring of ambition, long weakened by sorrows and disappointment, broke at the death of his wife. He became occupied with the education of his children, the pleasures of friendship, the observation of society, and the daily duties of editorial routine. These included, as it seems, a vast deal of consultation, both by word of mouth and by written notes, with Mr. Murray, with Croker, with Milman (for whose counsel Lockhart was wont to apply); and possibly there were other advisers—indeed, too many.

This kind of occupation, though not laborious, is distracting and fretful, and adverse to serious and sedulous literary composition. No journalist, by the very nature of his duties, has the undisturbed leisure which literature demands, and Lockhart was a journalist. Mr. Carlyle, during these very years, was occupied with great works, and was building his own literary monument. Readers of Mr. Carlyle's journals can readily imagine what sort of monument he would have erected, had he been obliged eternally to keep an eye on "the literary movement," to watch the stream of new books, to criticise things in general "from Poetry to Dry-

rot," to be abreast, or a few yards in advance, of novelties in politics, and in matters theological and ecclesiastical and social. Endless reading of contributions in manuscript, of books in manuscript, interminable consultations over articles, corrections of articles, interpolation of articles, correspondence with writers of articles, the reading of new books, and the accomplishing of new articles on the new books—often trash,—these things were the daily life of Lockhart, as of able editors in general. A man in his position is engaged in a kind of intellectual egg-dance among a score of sensitive interests. The authors reviewed not to their liking, the authors not reviewed at all, the rejected contributors, the sensitive small-fry of letters, were ready to say and believe anything evil of Lockhart. Miss Martineau (whom, by the way, he never did review in the *Quarterly*) has given currency to the legends, myths, and fables of Lockhart's sleepless "malevolence." It is not now possible, at least for me, to analyse Miss Martineau's anecdotes, and to prove or disprove her story of how Lockhart sped hastily by night to the printers, for the abominable purpose of cutting out some perilous passages in a criticism of the fair Economist!

Charges, which have some truth in them, represent Lockhart as making, or permitting to be made, unwelcome or sarcastic interpolations in the articles of contributors. The custom was traditional, and Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, had interpolated

contributions as freely as Rhapsodists are supposed to have interpolated the "Iliad." Southey, if called to the helm of the *Quarterly*, anticipated spending his time "in correcting communications when there was anything erroneous, imprudent, or inconsistent with these coherent opinions which the journal should have maintained under my care." Lockhart gleefully cites this remark from the letters of Southey, who was for ever groaning over editorial changes in his own sacred text.[1]

The *Quarterly Reviews* of old partook more than they now do of the nature of journalism. But writers in them were justly annoyed when interpolations into their work attacked, it may be, persons whom they admired. The most severe comments on Lockhart's editorship which I have seen, occur in a private letter of a critic now dead. But opposite this gentleman's name, in a diary of Lockhart's, is written in Greek the quotation of that speech of Achilles: "Hateful to me, even as the gates of hell, is he that hideth one thing in his heart, and uttereth another."

An explicit statement of a grievance in this kind occurs in a paper prepared by Lord Stanhope (Lord Mahon), the distinguished historian, for Mr. Gleig, a paper partly published in Mr. Gleig's often-cited article on Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review*.[2] Here follows the passage. It deals with Lockhart's

[1] *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxviii. p. 233.

[2] The document is lent by the kindness of Colonel Gleig.

political as well as with his literary conduct as an editor. He did not himself write any political articles in the *Quarterly:* it has already been shown that he was, at most, the Premier of the administration. His leanings were more and more in the direction whither Mr. Carlyle led the way.

"Being asked," says Lord Stanhope, "to write my reminiscences of my much lamented friend Mr. Lockhart, I feel on this occasion, as I have on many others, that nothing can supply the place of notes taken at the time. Even the most brilliant conversations, and the most lively traits of character, seem dim and more than half obliterated when viewed through the retrospect of years.

"My first acquaintance with Mr. Lockhart was made about the year 1829, in dining with our common friend Robert William Hay, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. Subsequently we often met at dinner-parties and sometimes in country-houses. Above all, we used then to meet at Hatfield. Both he and I were honoured with the friendship of the Marchioness of Salisbury, first wife of the present peer. Even thus, in passing, let me say how justly we learnt to appreciate the qualities of that highly gifted lady—her generous and lofty character, her disdain of everything that was false and mean, her manifold accomplishments of mind, and her most attractive conversation. When, in October 1839, she died after a long protracted illness, there were few beyond her family

circle who mourned for her more sincerely than did Mr. Lockhart and myself. His letter on that occasion is now before me. In it he expresses his sorrow at the great loss which our friendship had sustained, and he adds—not certainly without a pang at his own and similar domestic bereavement—'But the world will on; and lamentations avail not.'

"It was not long ere my friendship with Mr. Lockhart engaged me—nothing loth—as a writer in the *Quarterly Review*. I contributed an article on the French Revolution, in reply to a new theory which Mr. Macaulay had just before in another review propounded. But when my article was finished, my friend in Sussex Place, without apprising me, placed it in Mr. Croker's hands, and left him at liberty to add some further observations.[1] Mr. Croker, as is well known, did not allow to lie dormant his great powers of caustic wit. No man knew better how to enliven a dry or difficult subject by the pungency of personal allusion; and no man was more fully aware of his own abilities in that respect. I remember, for example, a series of private notes from him to Sir Robert Peel in the autumn of 1841, when Mr. Croker was assiduously employed in the composition of a stinging article 'against the Whigs.' He declares himself so hard at work that he must for the present

[1] The Revolution was Croker's private province in the *Review*. He had to be consulted, otherwise trouble arose.

decline all dinner engagements; and he adds as a postscript, 'I am as busy as a wasp!'

"Mr. Croker, then being in full possession of my unfortunate *proofs*, proceeded to embody with them some comments by himself on a former publication by Lord John Russell. With the article so 'amended'—if amended I must call it—the *Quarterly* came out in April 1833. But when on its appearance I saw how my handiwork had been dealt with, I was much annoyed and displeased. The disparaging remarks on Lord John Russell seemed to me open to objection in their tone and temper, and did not accord with my feeling of respect for that eminent man. I did not wish to be considered as their author, in case the entire article were ascribed to me. Accordingly, I published as a separate essay the article as it stood at first, declaring at the same time to Mr. Murray that I would never — no, never — write again for his *Review*.[1]

"It is worthy of note, I think, as showing how high the character of Mr. Lockhart stood among his friends, that although I chafed—possibly more than I ought—at the treatment of my bantling in the *Quarterly*, I did not, even at the outset, impute any want of kindness or consideration for me to the Editor. It was only, as I was convinced, that he had seen the matter in a different, perhaps, as the public might think, in a juster view. It was

[1] A broken vow.

only that he could not find it in his heart to refuse the *good things*—for good they were undoubtedly—that Mr. Croker tendered. It was only that in a survey of his writers he preferred the veteran to the *débutant*. Our personal friendship was not at all affected. We continued to meet and to confer as often, and with the same cordial feeling, as before.

"It was not, however, until eight years afterwards —in the spring of 1841—that I resumed my pen in the service of the *Quarterly*. The bait held out, and that hooked me, was an offer to review Mr. Fraser Tytler's 'History of Scotland.' It gave me the occasion to discuss, according to a *via media* which I had formed, the character of poor Queen Mary—a princess certainly quite as attractive to scribblers since her death as she can have been to gallants in her lifetime!

"In literature and politics, Mr. Lockhart has been very frequently censured as too bitter. So far as regards the literary field, he was convinced that, like other fields into which crowds are pressing, it requires a police—that a warning voice should keep it clear, so far as possible, of impudent pretence, as well as shallow ignorance. That duty had been discharged in a spirit of stern justice by Mr. Gifford and Lord Jeffrey. It was no less needful in Mr. Lockhart's time; and the keen weapon of ridicule, which they knew so well how to wield, shone as bright in Mr. Lockhart's hands.

"On the other point, and so far as politics are

concerned, I may observe that Mr. Lockhart was warmly attached—by family tradition in the first place, and by settled conviction as he grew older—to the ancient institutions of his country in Church and State. It was his lot to live in days when, after a period of comparative tranquillity, these institutions were fiercely struck at and assailed. Perhaps the sentinels may have slumbered a little at their posts. Perhaps they had not always manifested the same energy and the same ability as the besiegers. It was under these circumstances that Mr. Lockhart threw himself into the breach. His courage rather rose as the dangers grew. Even at the worst of times—when, in 1831, the Duke of Wellington was mobbed through the streets of London on the very anniversary of Waterloo—when, in 1833, Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, could scarcely muster around him the merest handful of his former followers,—even then the high spirit of the *Quarterly* writers never for an instant quailed.

"In these days we took comfort—and certainly we needed some—in the idea that we had often the better of the arguments, though always beaten to pieces at the hustings or the House. I remember raising a smile in Mr. Lockhart when I told him of an Irish friend of ours, who, with honest warmth, exclaimed to me that we had now a clear majority in everything except in numbers!

"But besides the distaste of Mr. Lockhart to rash

or ill-considered changes, as he conscientiously believed them, he had another strong ground of objection to the Whigs. He thought—and such is also, I confess, my own opinion—that although at intervals too democratic in their principles, they are always too aristocratic in their predilections."

The Crokerian interpolations into the article of Lord Mahon may be recognised by a babe in criticism. Mr. Croker never abstained from three things—personal sneers; the use of copious italics and of capital letters; and the impassioned defence, in season and out of season, of his beloved religion. These marks of Mr. Croker will be found in Lord Mahon's review of Lord John Russell. Mr. Croker was the literary Thangbrand of Christianity, ever "spoiling for a fight," like the militant Apostle of Iceland; he was an Anglican Berserk. Lord Mahon need not have feared that these qualities, or Mr. Croker's italics, would be attributed to him; still, he did well to be angry.

So much for Lockhart as a political Editor. In literary Editorship he inherited the tradition expressed in the motto of the *Edinburgh Review: Judex damnatus quum nocens absolvitur.* An author on this theory is, *ex officio, nocens*, or at least *reus:* an accused person on his trial. Tennyson, as we saw, was tried and condemned, humorously and unjustly, for the "Poems" of 1833—not for those of 1842, or for "The Princess." Luckily, perhaps, for Lockhart, Mr. Browning did not appear

in his Court, and no other great poet was then in the dock. Aging men are most fallible judges of new poets.

As a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, Lockhart was industrious. During his twenty-eight years of Editorship he wrote more than a hundred articles on subjects the most various. He reviewed the notable great literary works of the hour, such as Croker's "Boswell," Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," Moore's "Sheridan," Leigh Hunt's "Byron and his Contemporaries," Tennyson's "Poems" of 1833, the histories of Lord Mahon, Southey's "Doctor," Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde," and Mure's "Literature of Greece." Biography interested him especially, and he once (as we have seen) thought of publishing an extra number, entirely consisting of biographies of great men recently dead, including Scott and Goethe. He did, as occasion arose, write on the lives of Crabbe, Theodore Hook, Edmund Kean, Southey (in part), Wilkie the Painter, Beattie's "Life of Campbell," and, at the last, was part author of the article on the life of his old opponent, Jeffrey. He also frequently reviewed books of travel—especially, perhaps, books of travel in America, or by Americans in England. He wrote an interesting essay (No. 90), on Donn's Gaelic Poems. He reviewed a number of novels now for the most part forgotten. He produced an essay, still lively and readable, on Dry-Rot in Timber (No. 97). That number also

contained his notice of Tennyson, and his reviewal of Lady Dacre's "Recollections of a Chaperon." Translations, as of Goethe's "Faust," of Dante's "Inferno," and of Servian Minstrelsy, engaged his attention. Subjects partly antiquarian, such as "The Lives of the Lindsays," came within his province. In brief, from deer-stalking to dry-rot, from poetry to Biblical criticism, he had a wide range of interests. He was *not* the author of the attack on the pretensions of the Sobieski Stuarts.

An essayist so various, so industrious, so spirited, and so learned, must have left, it might be thought, many pages worthy of rescue from the shelves devoted to old magazines. But Lockhart, in fact, left no such legacy. His essays, if collected and published, could not pretend to rival those of Macaulay. A volume of his biographical studies might, indeed, be worth contemplating, and the censure on Tennyson is a remarkable literary curiosity, while some few other literary articles perhaps deserve a permanent form. The rest was written for the current quarter, not for posterity.

This is a disappointing circumstance, which Lockhart himself may be said to explain. Late in his career he wrote (September 1850) a criticism of Colonel Mure of Caldwell's "History of the Language and Literature of Greece." I venture to dwell at some length on this topic—first, because the criticism is so thoroughly characteristic of Lockhart; next, because the gallant and learned Colonel's

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

(Drawn by himself in 1816.)

admirable work appears to be left in most undeserved neglect; lastly, because Lockhart here explains his own theory of reviewing. In doing so, he also explains the want of permanent and enduring quality in his own essays.

He writes, and he is obviously thinking of Macaulay's "Essays": "On the present occasion we mean to confine ourselves within narrow limits, and to keep before us principally what critics nowadays are apt to regard as a humble and trivial function. For we adhere to our old-fashioned notion, that, when a man of rich endowments makes his first appearance, or offers the first specimen of what seems to be the main monument of his literary energy—but more especially when the book is of the graver class—it is the primary duty of reviewers to think not of themselves but of their author; to put the rein on indulgence in any sort of display except the display of his qualities; to aim, in short, at encouraging his zeal by awakening the curiosity and sympathy of his and their public. . . . This excludes all chance of formal, original, or would-be original disquisition on the part of the journalist; and we suspect that even at present, when the case is really one of solid and serious claims, our friends are far from being displeased with a recurrence to the primitive notion of *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*."

Here is Lockhart's explicit avowal of his own theory of his own function. He is not the inde-

pendent essayist, who treats his author only as a starting-point for a tractate of his own: he is merely the journalist—merely the newsman of letters. His duties are of the day and the hour; his business is with his author, and with his author's treatment of a topic, rather than with the topic itself. We may lament this conscious self-effacement; we may, and do, regret that Lockhart did not adopt the method of Macaulay and of Carlyle. But he deliberately eschewed it; to do so was part of a character which, as a friend of his remarked, detested to "show off" or to be "shown off."[1] Lockhart was paid, as it were, to do one kind of duty; he would not seek another—a more tempting, though, no doubt, a more laborious course. His ideas and his method involved, to his mind, the use of copious extracts from his author, who thus had the advantage, greatly coveted by authors, of speaking for himself. But the bulk and volume of the extracts is injurious to the original character and to the permanence of Lockhart's essays.

There are other drawbacks. Lockhart had ever in his mind the Conservative character of his organ, and would make temporary defences of its ideas, with reference to the questions of the hour, where perhaps no such excursions were necessary. Now they are superseded and otiose, if the essays be taken as works of pure literature. They become journalism, as Lockhart knew and intended, and nothing is less

[1] Mr. James Traill, son of Lockhart's friend, Mr. Traill.

permanent than journalism. It cannot be denied that, like Croker, he had a vein of the Christian apologist out of season.

Not much out of season are his remarks in this kind on Colonel Mure's "History of Greek Literature." The Colonel necessarily devoted much of his space to the Homeric question, the question of the unity and antiquity of the Homeric Epics. This unity had been assailed, as every one knows, by the learned Wolf, and ever since his day German criticism has been sedulously occupied with dissecting the poems, and tearing the poet into *disjecta membra* of all manner of diverse dates and authorships. Many, one might even say most, of these dissertations are marked by learning, indeed; but are also notable for perverse and wilful caprice of fancy, for utter insensibility to poetry, and for a blind indifference to the fact that most of the arguments against the unity of authorship in the Homeric poems are just as strong arguments against the unity of authorship of the Waverley Novels, of "Paradise Lost," or of almost any other sustained work of imagination.

Lockhart made these reflections, and stated them with point and vivacity. But he also noticed, what in fact nobody of sense can overlook, the analogy between destructive Homeric and destructive Biblical criticism. The wilful and tasteless vagaries of pedantic ingenuity, the arbitrary, baseless, contradictory theories of the Homeric critics, are not

by any means absent from the labours of their Biblical brethren. But the Biblical critics are dealing with reports of actual events, which, to some extent, are capable of proof or disproof from external and internal evidence. The Homeric critics are dealing with poetry, or, if with facts, with facts of manners and customs. Thus there is a kind of check on Biblical criticism, which is not so powerful over the Homeric theorists.

Lockhart was interested in Biblical criticism. He did not wish to burke it: he did wish that it should be studied; should, if possible, be answered, as the following letter shows. It is quoted here, as it illustrates his attitude to the important subject which he introduced into his discussion of Colonel Mure's remarks in defence of the unity of Homer:[1]—

"*June* 16, 1846.

"My dear M.,—I think you are entitled to expect that gentlemen who so very boldly denounce the conclusions of such a scholar as Mr. Donaldson, should show evidence of their capacity for grappling with lore so varied as his; and also, and at least, that Mr. Croker should convey his objections in some such shape as may admit of their being laid before Mr. Donaldson.

"I have not heard the name either of your or

[1] The letter is, apparently, addressed to Mr. Murray. Perhaps it was never sent to him; I found it among a mass of family letters from Milton Lockhart.

of Mr. Croker's clerical authority. Both, or either, may be sufficient. But it is not an everyday thing to meet with a clergyman qualified for criticising philological researches, embracing not merely Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, but Arabic, Coptic, Sanscrit, and the whole range of the Italo-German tongues. Mr. Croker makes no pretensions himself to learning of this sort—but it is a little odd to see him dismiss a page of Donaldson's 'Comparative Anatomy of Language' by a marginal note consisting of the one word '*Gibberish*.'

"Although language has been my chief study all my days, and I have some practical knowledge in a good many of the languages in which Mr. Donaldson has acquired, as I believe, a really accurate skill—it never occurred to me that my editorial care could, in such a department, be of any use to him, save in suggesting a doubt or an illustration. So much I endeavoured to do by this as by all other papers; and I took the advice *twice over*, formally, by writing, of Milman—the only extensive scholar on the actual list of *Quarterly* Reviewers.

"The grand difficulty of Ewald's explanation of the Patriarchs' names, as being not personal names,[1] but words describing periods of advance or descent in art and civility—this was stated by me to Mr. Croker orally, as well as I could make it clear. Mr. Croker said he could see no objection to such a

[1] Attempts to "mythologise" the Patriarchs are many, wildly conflicting, and, perhaps, discredited.

view. So I understood him, certainly. I believe Ewald is, in the main, right—and that views like his are those of all who believe the Old Testament in any manly sense of the word *believe*. People who merely adopt and repeat the interpretations of men acknowledged *not* to have had a glimpse of what is now ascertained by the science of Philology, seem to me to be precisely on a footing with the honest Catholics who persecuted Galileo, and with the present Dean of ——, who would, if he could, roast the Dean of Westminster to-morrow.

"In my humble opinion, the wise course for Donaldson would be to place the views or theories of Ewald and Bunsen, whenever apparently hard to be reconciled with our old canons of interpretation, clearly before the reader of the *Quarterly Review;* but not to compromise himself or the *Review* by any adoption of them. As yet, I think, knowledge of what is thought and written on such subjects by really profound scholars, is so rare that the communication of their ideas should be the humble task of an English journal.—Ever yours truly,

"J. G. Lockhart."[1]

These and similar ideas as to Biblical criticism

[1] From this letter I have omitted many passages which elucidate, in a curious and interesting way, the internal management of the *Quarterly Review*. For reasons elsewhere stated, these matters are beyond my province; but it was necessary to publish as much as concerns Lockhart's position with regard to a subject of high importance.

are introduced by Lockhart into his review of the Homeric critics:—

"With the Germans, eccentricity has long been the standard substitute for genius. . . . The attacks" (on Homer and on the Bible) "were conducted upon the very same principles, and it would be curious enough to exhibit in detail the precise parallels between the methods of working out these principles, the results announced, the overawing effect produced for the moment, the subsequent reaction of a scepticism against the sceptics, and the ultimate success of awakened reflection, honest investigation, and candid judgment in disentangling the whole vast web of sophistry. . . ."

Taste, learning, humour, and sense concur in Lockhart's article on Colonel Mure, an article more vivacious by far than we can expect from the grave quarterly serials of to-day. The Teutonic love of "anything odd and startling in the way of theory," combined with the Teutonic total "want of taste," is displayed as the inspiration of German efforts to lacerate the sacred body of Homer. Analogies are found in German dealings with our own literature. "We are proved to be wholly wrong about Doll Tearsheet, whose genuine affection for Sir John ought to cover a multitude of early indiscretions, and who was uttering the deepest emotions of a true heart when she declared that she would never dress herself handsome till her little tidy boar-pig

came back from the wars." The German method is then illustrated in application to Byron and Scott. "Were Hogg and Scott dialectical forms of the same name? Was *shepherd* Gaelic for *sheriff?*" The wars of the White Rose and Prince Charles are probably the same with those of the Two Roses, and so on. Lockhart, of course, admits that "Wolf was himself a man of splendid talents"; and Wolf's keen appreciation of Homer, when he reads Homer "for human pleasure," is contrasted with the distorted vision of the critic reading for the establishment of a pet theory. Admiring the Homeric poems as he did, how could Wolf persuade himself that an unknown multitude of men composed these poems?

"Scott amused himself with an imitation of Crabbe: it is as clever as James Smith's—but is that all? When Crabbe read it, the honest bard smiled and sighed. 'Ah,' said he, 'this man has caught my trick; he can do all that I can do, but he can do something more.'" Is it very probable, Lockhart asks, that the presumed author of the nucleus of the "Iliad" would find plenty of poets, like those of Book ix. and Book xxiv., and of the "Odyssey," who had "caught his trick, could do all that he could do, and something more"?

Lockhart then applies the pettifogging manner of the critics to Virgil and Milton, showing that they are as vulnerable as Homer. He next, *more suo*, makes long extracts from Colonel Mure: for

instance, as to the Helen of the "Iliad" and the Helen of the "Odyssey." "Our Colonel (*nuper idoneus*) is likely to understand such a development better than most meerschaumed professors." But one cannot, however willing, follow Lockhart through an argument which is, perhaps, especially strong when he touches on the so-called Cyclic poets, and on the inconsistencies detected in the "Iliad." These, in fact, are not more numerous and glaring than the inconsistencies in modern works of imagination, yet they are supposed to prove that each poem cannot have had one author. Lockhart rather regards them as a presumption that the author could write, than otherwise. For if he wrote he might never read his poem again, and, consequently, might never correct it. But if he was always reciting it in public, the errors could not escape his observation.

It may seem a pity that Lockhart did not try his method on the weaker points of Biblical criticism, which are full of entertaining opportunities. But orthodoxy is too apt to leave ridicule to its opponents, and to neglect the legitimate diversion of comparing the contradictory dogmas and mythological ingenuities of competing Biblical theorists.

Among Lockhart's *Quarterly* articles, the most permanently valuable are his brief contributions to biography. Of these the essay on Theodore Hook (1843, No. 143) is the best known, having been published separately in Murray's "Railway Reading,"

and is, perhaps, the best.[1] Lockhart, after 1826, knew Hook well, and was at least as much in his company, "more fair than honest," as Sir Walter could approve of. He had, also, access to poor Hook's pathetic diaries. The man had greatly amused him, and won his liking. He could make allowances for Hook's untidy education, his brilliant youth in theatrical society, his temptations, his reckless indifference to accounts while an official in the Mauritius. Lockhart's comments on Hook's conduct of the *John Bull* (a paper which he calls "infamous" in a letter to Wilson) have been already cited. Maginn, about 1821, tried to engage Lockhart to write for *John Bull;* there is no record of his success or failure. That Lockhart, like Thackeray, should have tolerated and associated with Maginn, is perhaps no great feather in his cap. But, as has been shown, he worked hard on several occasions to set Maginn free from debt. As late as 1851, Mrs. Maginn writes to him in terms of touching gratitude; he had secured a shelter and support for her declining years. Her various addresses are usually entered in his diaries, indicating that he was always watchful over her and her interests. In the essay on Theodore Hook (1843), he expresses a wish to see Maginn's "learned and witty essays in verse and prose" collected, both for the honour of the doctor's name, and for the advantages that might accrue "to the doctor's family—a

[1] Theodore Hook. A Sketch. Fourth Edition. London, 1853.

most respectable gentlewoman, and three children—all utterly unprovided for." Lockhart was no mere fair-weather friend. Though disinclined to preach, especially on the errors of a friend, Lockhart is constrained to mention Hook's "two unhappy errors"—first, his negligence to repay his debt to the nation, and so to clear his name; next, his omission to make legal and binding his connection with "a young woman, until then of unblemished reputation, whose unwearied attention to his interests during his confinement and distress was exemplary, and to him invaluable." He was thus cut off from marriage with a person of his own condition; yet he never had the courage "to atone to his partner, and in some sort to the children she had borne him, by making her his wife."

Lockhart traces the black threads of these errors running through the brilliant warp and woof of Hook's social and literary success. He follows Hook's regret and remorse, through his diaries, and in the veiled confessions of his novels. This jester had the gloomiest of faces behind his merry mask. He filled—strange as it seems now—Hook filled the Athenæum Club with revel and glee. His favourite corner in the dining-room was called *Temperance Corner*. "Many grave and dignified persons being frequent guests, it would hardly have been seemly to be calling for repeated supplies of a certain description; but the waiters well understood what the oracle of the corner meant by 'Another

glass of toast and water,' or 'A little more lemonade.'"

In Lockhart's diaries I observed, before reading this remark, that he dined pretty often at the Athenæum, and I wondered why. *Causa patet!*

"It is said that at the Athenæum the number of dinners fell off by upwards of 300 per annum after Mr. Hook disappeared from his favourite corner, near the door of the coffee-room."

As the little "Life of Hook" is not now very common on the railway bookstalls, I extract a story of Hook and Coleridge, already once referred to in this book. The "friend" who shared and describes the revel is, of course, Lockhart himself.

"The first time I ever witnessed Hook's improvisations was at a gay young bachelor's villa near Highgate,[1] when the other lion was one of a very different breed, Mr. Coleridge. Much claret had been shed before the Ancient Mariner proclaimed that he could swallow no more of anything, unless it were punch. The materials were forthwith produced—the bowl was planted before the poet, and as he proceeded with the concoction, Hook, unbidden, took his place at the piano. He burst into a bacchanal of egregious luxury, every line of which had reference to the author of the 'Lay Sermons' and the 'Aids to Reflection.'

[1] The residence of the late Frederick Mansell Reynolds—then a gay character enough, though best known as author of the novel entitled "Miserrimus." He was son to the popular dramatist.

The room was becoming excessively hot. The first specimen of the new compound was handed to Hook, who paused to quaff it, and then, exclaiming that he was stifled, flung his glass through the window. Coleridge rose with the aspect of a benignant patriarch, and demolished another pane—the example was followed generally—the window was a sieve in an instant—the kind host was farthest from the mark, and his goblet made havoc of the chandelier. The roar of laughter was drowned in Theodore's resumption of the song—and window and chandelier and the peculiar shot of each individual destroyer had apt, in many cases exquisitely witty, commemoration. In walking home with Mr. Coleridge, he entertained —— and me with a most excellent lecture on the distinction between talent and genius, and declared that Hook was as true a genius as Dante—*that* was his example."

In Lockhart's diaries he notes the death of Mr. Reynolds, and adds that at his table he saw Coleridge begin the breaking of the window panes. Lockhart's recollections of Hook include examples of great and genuine kindness, as well as of frolic. He had also met Hook at Hatfield House, where he composed "light and easy little melodramas" for the amusement of Lady Salisbury's guests, dramas "staged" by "that grave Presbyterian, Sir David Wilkie." The whole essay is full of pleasant anecdote, as well as of sympathy, clear observation, just appreciation, and incisive statement. Lockhart ends:

"We have not endeavoured to conceal, or even palliate, Hook's errors. To do so, even in the slightest biographical sketch, seems to us most culpable. . . . We are not afraid that any of his real friends will suspect us of regarding his memory without tenderness, because we have discharged our duty by telling what we believed to be the truth." Lockhart's "Hook," in its hundred pages, is as excellently drawn to scale, and as masterly, as his "Life of Scott" or his "Life of Burns." It is to be regretted that some of his other biographical articles are more of the nature of reviews than of substantial essays.

This remark does not apply to his essay on Sir David Wilkie, a criticism of Allan Cunningham's biography of the painter. Poor Cunningham left the book unrevised, and Lockhart makes just allowances for its blemishes. He was much attached to Allan Cunningham: to him and to Hogg, as we saw, he had dedicated his "Life of Burns."

"To-day died good Allan Cunningham," he notes in his Diary, as, on another such sad occasion, he speaks of "good Mrs. Murray of Albemarle Street." Cunningham was bred to the trade of a mason. He entered literature as Cromek's assistant in collecting Galloway legends and ballads, many of which Allan is believed to have manufactured, in the spirit which made Surtees of Mainsforth palm off impostures on Scott. Lockhart is obliged to

notice divers faults in Allan's work, in addition to the common biographical error of loading a life with heaps of crude and worthless raw material. Allan had also a grudge against "the aristocracy," the Royal Academy, and even the King, as regarded their dealings with Wilkie. Lockhart defends these august persons with success. Sir William Knighton, "The Invisible," had told him the story of George IV., and his really delicate and generous behaviour to the painter when incapacitated by illness. His Majesty's action and tone on this occasion were not unworthy of "The First Gentleman in Europe," nor did Wilkie's behaviour fall below the Royal example. This incident and others were distorted by Allan's prejudice or by a failing memory.

Lockhart, as we learn from the "Memoir of Mr. Murray," was rather unwilling to write this essay. He had conceived that he could not please Mr. Murray by his work—an example of the presence of "the black dog." Again, he did not care for the coldness and want of geniality which he found in Wilkie—characteristics constantly censured in himself. None the less, "a manse bairn" himself, he enters with zest into the history of the early days of this illustrious child of the manse. Wilkie, as a boy, caricatured the minister in the pulpit, with a bit of soft charcoal, on the bald pate of the venerable and slumbering miller of Pitlessie! The freak was *a Scævolæ studiis haud alienum.* It is a temp-

tation to linger over a crowd of anecdotes and amusing reflections.

The malignant Lockhart extracts in full the charming sketch of Hogg at Altrive, with his rural hospitality, and his noble compliment to Wilkie:—

"'Laidlaw, this is no' the great Mr. Wilkie?'

"'It's just the great Mr. Wilkie.'

"'Mr. Wilkie—sir,' exclaimed the Shepherd, seizing him by the hand, 'I cannot tell you how proud I am to see you in my house, and how glad I am to see you so young a man.'

"When I told Scott of Hogg's reception of Wilkie, 'The fellow!' said he; 'it was the finest compliment ever paid to man.'"

In Wilkie's painting of Scott with his Family, Lockhart did not find much merit, except in the portrait of Sir Adam Ferguson. We are glad to welcome his tribute to the Shepherd, as proving that Lockhart's irritation caused by the unlucky "Domestic Manners of Sir Walter Scott" had passed away.

In commenting on Wilkie's criticisms of the great Italian painters, Lockhart shows his usual keen but unobtrusive interest in and knowledge of their art. He had taste and skill enough and practice enough to know "how difficult it is," but he never dealt in technical terminology and the special *argot* of the studio. The essay on Wilkie is a worthy pendant to that on Theodore Hook.

The study of Crabbe's Life (No. 100) is briefer, more of a reviewal, yet marked by sympathy and personal knowledge. If ever it is reprinted it should be accompanied by Lockhart's criticism of Crabbe's poetry. Another interesting, though rather painful, essay is devoted to Dr. Beattie's "Life of Thomas Campbell." The poet's letters are not of much merit, and do not display, Lockhart says, "that ever-glowing necessity of the brain and blood to which we owe the correspondences of Cicero, Erasmus, Voltaire, Scott, Byron — of Goethe, whose signet bore a star with the words *ohne hast, ohne rast;* and, we may safely add by anticipation, the name of Southey" (1849). Had Lockhart's correspondence with his friends been better preserved, his own name might well have been added to those of the great men of letters who shine in this field, with the names also of Cowper, Gray, Carlyle, Macaulay, and Thackeray. Campbell's genius, however, he says, "seldom animates the page that was meant for a private eye." "What he did with his eye set on immortality was first thrown out with vehement throes, half pain, half rapture, and then polished with anxious and timid toil; the happiest of the first suggestions not seldom suffering grievous mutilation, sometimes eclipse, in this cold process. Let us be thankful for what has escaped such risks. It is no wonder that an author so framed, and compelled to give a considerable space of every day to joyless, uncon-

genial tasks, should have found no stock of spirit and pleasantry for a copious and lively epilogue of correspondence."

Lockhart was probably disappointed to some degree in his anticipations of Southey's published correspondence. His own essay on Southey's "Life," though interesting, is more or less *narquois*. "His style of writing to third parties about those with whom he was content to co-operate, so much to his own pecuniary benefit, for more than a quarter of a century, does not seem to us very becoming."[1] He and Southey never "took to" each other. Of all faults Lockhart most detested *vanity*, a failing which has its amiable side in the comfort yielded by "a canty conceit o' oursel'." For this the Scotchman prayed!

With more of canty conceit, Lockhart would have been a happier, a more successful, and a more popular man. Mr. Christie has remarked on his contempt and intolerance of vanity. Now, the vanity of Southey, though most innocent, was very great: we have given an example in his remarks on his own book, "The Doctor," and Lockhart collected a *spicilegium* of instances in his review of Southey's "Life."

The following letters to Professor Wilson, on Wilson's notes for use in the *Quarterly Review*, after Wordsworth's death, set forth Lockhart's estimate of Wordsworth and Southey as men. They

[1] *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxviii. (1851), p. 233.

also prove, in a surprising way, that as the malevolent Lockhart protected the dead Byron from the assaults of Maginn, so, as Editor of the *Quarterly*, he defended the dead Wordsworth from the almost incredible spleen of Wilson. He was obliged to reject Wilson's aid (notes apparently to be used in an article), and, after this, it will perhaps be impossible for any one to maintain that Lockhart, not Wilson, is responsible for all the cruelties of the early *Blackwood's Magazine*.

In this letter Lockhart asks Wilson for reminiscences of Wordsworth :—

"Sussex Place, Regent Park,
April 11, 1851.

"My dear Wilson,—I was, I need not say, well pleased to hear of your restoration to health and all your usual duties, as soon as of your having been out of order. Pray assure me that all continues well with you.

"Quillinan called here yesterday, and told me he understood you had declined to review the 'Memoirs of William Wordsworth,' by his nephew, the canon of Westminster. I have this day got the book and read two or three chapters. I fear it is clumsily executed—but these opening chapters contain some very striking specimens of Wordsworth's early letters, and I see, on glancing through the book, more correspondence than I had expected; so that there must be abundant interest of some kind in this book.

"I have no notion what you think of the Prelude, but I confess it very much disappointed me. Coleridge, and you, and lesser men, had conspired to give me very lofty expectations. I found it, on the whole, *heavy*, and what there is of life in far greater proportion strong rhetorical declamation than *poetry*. But I am conscious that I may have outlived any degree of capacity for feeling poetry that I ever had—albeit not much—and would very gladly learn your impressions on now reading for yourself what you had in young days listened to *ex ore magistri*. Pray indulge me for once—and indeed if you have no view of criticising the 'Memoirs,' nor are in communication with any one who counts on your hints for an article thereon in *Maga*, anything that occurs to you on reading this book too would be very thankfully received by me. I wonder who writes the two articles in Ebony on the Life of Southey—if no secret, tell me. He has in various places contradicted what I had said in the *Quarterly Review*,[1] but nowhere, I think, brought any argument to his side. He is, however, an able reviewer, and I should think has had suggestions from H. Taylor—though I can hardly doubt that Taylor will in the *Edinburgh Review*, or somewhere else, treat the 'Life' of his friend for himself. He wished to write on it in the *Quarterly*, but as he would insist that of all men Southey had the least *vanity*, I was reluctantly compelled to reject his always

[1] No. clxvii.

vigorous assistance. How good was Hogg's communicating to Southey what Jeffrey said about his being 'about as conceited a fellow as his neighbour Wordsworth.' To be sure they were both magnificent peacocks! I wish for a good letter of the Professor's.

"Manning is, I fancy, on the whole, next if not equal to Newman for importance as a convert: his influence very great in society at large, as well as among the younger clergy. He is a very agreeable and polished gentleman — a fine ascetical coxcomb (and tuft-hunter)—the image of a Jesuit Cardinal of the sixteenth century, and I expect him to be followed by a long train of *ladies*, including probably the —— of ——, and Lady ——.[1]

"I am hopeful that Rutherford is really recovered, but even so think him wise in taking the Bench, especially under existing circumstances as to Whiggery.—Ever yours affectionately,

"J. G. Lockhart.

"Professor Wilson."

The next letter is in answer to one of Wilson's, apparently no longer extant:—

"Sussex Place, *April* 15, 1851.

"Dear Professor,—I am delighted with John Wilson's letter about you and others—especially for its own excellence in all but the penmanship,

[1] One lady followed, the other did not.

which, too, will soon come right, and after all is not *much* worse than I had seen thirty years ago on occasion.[1] I went a week ago to see Faed's picture of Sir Walter Scott and his friends, and there met Home Drummond. We agreed that Adam Ferguson, T. Thomson, and you were so far like—you had all evidently sat to Faed, and as evidently no one else in the party had, nor could we see resemblance in any one of them. Then all ages are jumbled. Scott is a man of fifty. Ferguson and Thomson are eighty. I am twenty-five, and you are sixty or thereby. This will never do. I did not subscribe. I could do a better picture myself of those people even now, if I had three weeks' free admission to Grant's studio, and the free use of his materials. I think I will try. What an agreeable party that *would* have been! And this will perhaps be re-engraved in 1950. But then we shall be walking serene in some grove of Hades, with Landor, and Southey, and Hazlitt, and Jeremy Bentham; Dr. Parr and Gray of the High School, Johnnie Dow, Delta, &c. &c. I was last night reading here and there in Delta's new bookie,[2] and found you, Aird, Pollock, and others glorified—nay 'Captain Paton's Lament' dug up to justify the placing of the late Dr. Odontist Scotty among the great poets of the half century. This will do. De Quincey, I ob-

[1] Professor Wilson's hand, in letters to Lockhart, is a difficult, untidy scrawl.

[2] Lectures, by Dr. Moir (Delta), on the Literature of the Age.

serve, is the greatest master of language—going or lately gone. This also will do!

"I yesterday read over calmly the Prelude, and am doubly in the dark as to its meaning—doubly dumfoundered by its heaviness and unharmony. The Canon's book also I have re-read, and pronounce it raw and bald unbearably. There is nothing of *his* that helps you in the least to a conception of what the living man was. But it is not so with some of the letters by William Wordsworth, or with some of the reminiscences.

"William Wordsworth's arrogant chillness as to all the contemporary bards comes out well—Southey not excepted—indeed with no exception but Coleridge. This we expected—but still there is a *manliness* about William Wordsworth that separates him vastly from Robert Southey. What else can it be? Or is it that the one was really a great poet—the other not—the one's 'conceit,' in short, based on a really grand something, though not on any one grand work—the other's erected on no similar foundation? I cannot answer. What I know is that I liked William Wordsworth and never liked Robert Southey, and this though they both equally and completely differed from all my critical notions as to almost all their contemporaries, and as to *all* the best of them. I think, too, that William Wordsworth was a better man than Robert Southey—far better—even in the qualities for which Robert Southey deserves most praise, with the one exception of

pecuniary generosity, of which I fancy William Wordsworth had little or nothing—his early straits having hardened him effectually on that score, and no wonder.

"I have read fifty articles on Wordsworth's philosophy. Hang me if I don't suspect 'tis all an airy sham—beyond what lies on the very surface, that is to say, and might be expressed on this page in plain prose—as humble as any scrap of the Prelude is pompous. 'Words, words.'

"It seems to be assumed that William Wordsworth made some wonderful discovery, which Homer, Dante, &c. &c., lived and died without having had even a glimpse of. I beg to doubt. There is more exact observation of *Nature* implied in the epithets of the Second Iliad than declared in all William Wordsworth's tomes, and bragged of by all his laudators, from Wilson down to Delta.

"I suspect there is more of artifice than of art in all that has been relied on for proof of this modern originality.

"Let me hear again either from John Wilson or the Professor. They are both far finer fellows than either William Wordsworth or Robert Southey, or even W. S. Landor.—Yours,

"J. G. Lockhart."

Wilson replied, and sent notes very hostile to Wordsworth. These, he said, must be published complete, or not at all. Lockhart answers:—

"SUSSEX PLACE, *May* 9, 1851.

"DEAR PROFESSOR,—Yours of yesterday beats all cockfighting! But you have sickened me about William Wordsworth *in toto*. How or what can I now write on his Life—Prose or Prelude?

"You can't have recollected the language of your former sheets, when you said in the penult that I must put in every word or none. Could one make the *Quarterly Review* talk of William Wordsworth as the *fat ugly cur*, for instance? It would cause old Gifford to snort in his grave. You were laughing! But in truth I am very unwell, and now despair of doing the job—at least *now*. Lord Lonsdale has surprised me by writing that on examination he finds the statement about his father's payment in 1806 to be 'near the mark'—that he believes the old peer had rebelled at the extravagance of his solicitor's charges—but that he (Lord Lonsdale) would now like nothing to be said of the concern. Sir James, I fancy, was next door to mad. There is a picture of William Wordsworth in this Exhibition, by the younger Pickersgill, which would give you a good chuckle. The Stamp-master is at full length, reclining or leaning on a rock near a stream, and is smiling so sweetly. Evidently the foreground should have displayed *the daffodils*. 'The Professor,'[1] by Watson Gordon, was much noticed by the Queen, who, on hearing who it was, turned back again and

[1] Wilson himself.

said, 'Oh, a very distinguished man—I must look at it again.' This I had from Gordon, who had it from Roberts, who conducted the lady round that room as Keeper. But, I think, the best portrait in the place is Dr. Wardlaw, by M'Nee of Glasgow, of whom I had not heard before—never.

"Lord Peter is here, guest of a rich City man, Peter Dixon, in this pack celebrated for his cookery. Peter R—— dined with me yesterday and seemed in high fig, though not at all riotous. It was the first time any one had dined with me for many months—for I am as much a recluse now as you can be.—Ever affectionately yours, J. G. Lockhart."

Wilson repeated that he was in earnest about his remarkable notes on Wordsworth. Lockhart answers :—

"Sussex Place, *May* 13, 1851.

"My dear Professor,—Since you are really serious, I must return your sheets, and I do so now (though most sorrowfully), in case you should possibly think of making some use of them in *Maga*.

"I certainly could never venture to produce such an article in the *Quarterly Review*. Were there no other obstacle, my kindness from the present William Wordsworth (who has always been a favourite with me) must be an insuperable one.

"Your story about Quillinan reminds me of a similar manœuvre in reference to the *Quarterly*

Review—but I can't at once find the Stamp-master's letter on that affair—by far the longest I ever got from him *in his own hand*.[1] I am, however, so accustomed to things of that sort, that even this made little impression. When any one is civil to me (I mean any one not habitually so) I always ask myself, for the first question, Is he or she big with book or big with article? *Utrum horum?*

"You see I send back *everything*. I have not mentioned, nor shall I mention, a word about your having communicated with me on the topic, to *anybody*. So *all* is and will be with yourself. Whatever report may reach me it must originate in No. 6 G. P.[2]—Ever affectionately yours,

"J. G. Lockhart."

These interesting letters, proving the continued kindness of the relations between Wilson and Lockhart, occurred in a mass of domestic correspondence with Mr. and Mrs. Hope Scott. They make us regret the loss of so many of Lockhart's literary epistles. It is conceivable that Professor Wilson's severe illness, alluded to in the first letter, may have affected his ideas about Wordsworth. As Lockhart returned all Wilson's "sheets" of unfriendly Reminiscences, they are not, of course, to be found among the few letters of his at Abbotsford.

To return to Lockhart as a journalist: it may

[1] This letter seems to be lost.

[2] Gloucester Place, Edinburgh—Wilson's house.

be remembered that Southey succeeded in making Lockhart believe that he was not the author of "The Doctor"; Lockhart therefore reviewed his contributor in the *Quarterly Review* (No. cl.) with perfect freedom. Southey was thus in the position of those listeners who, proverbially, hear little good of themselves. Lockhart praised much of "The Doctor" very highly, and justly, but the author's peculiar uproarious humour he regarded as hardly consistent with perfect sanity. That Southey was vain, that his humour (what he had of it) was noisy, that his tenacity of opinion bordered on the bigoted, must be admitted; but, in a work where he is mentioned, it is impossible to leave him without a tribute to his honourable and generous character, to his wide and multifarious learning, to all that makes his name one of the brightest and most stainless in the chronicles of British literature. He and Lockhart saw very little of each other personally, and circumstances blessed the beginning of their acquaintance with "a slight aversion."

The mention of Southey has led us aside from Lockhart's Essay on Campbell. It contains his reflections on the failing and the vice which almost make up one popular impression of his own character—shyness and arrogance. "In these," he says, "we see merely different shapes of the same too indulgent self-esteem, or, if the phrenologists please, different developments of the same love of

approbation—the convex and concave sides of the same deformity. . . . What is called 'shyness,' by men speaking of themselves, is often neither less nor more than arrogance not screwed up." This reflection, worthy of La Rochefoucauld, is not meant to injure Campbell. "His bearing, as we remember him, was truly gentle; the only uneasiness that he occasioned was by his own manifest uneasiness."

The mass of Lockhart's *Quarterly* articles cannot possibly be criticised here in detail. Not many of the papers deserve our dislike; among these are the review of Moore's "Sheridan," which displeased Sir Walter, and the critique of Leigh Hunt's unhappy "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries." The book was *une mauvaise action:* perhaps it could not be passed over. But, despite Lockhart's reputation for skill in satire, it must be said that, in satire (except in the "chaff" about Tennyson), he is always at his worst, and is always at his best when he is most sympathetic.

Many fine and valuable extracts might be made from his critique of Croker's "Boswell." His essay on Coleridge's "Table Talk" deals too much in extracts, too little in personal reminiscences. A just remark may be cited.

"The equanimity with which Mr. Coleridge looked back upon a life which any worldly person must have called eminently unfortunate will not surprise any one who had the honour and privilege

of his personal acquaintance. He was, in the first place, well aware that the main source of all his external mishaps was in himself. . . . Meanwhile, as Mr. Coleridge himself did not complain"—because no sinecure was found for him—"we may spare ourselves the pain of any further comments on the dark and melancholy circumstances in which this great light of his time and country, this beautiful poet, this exquisite metaphysician, this universal scholar and profound theologian, was permitted to pass so many of his years." Coleridge's negligence of his own genius is compared to Shakespeare's obvious indifference to fame. "Great as Shakespeare was, and knew himself to be, he had in his mind an ideal of art far above what he supposed himself ever to have approached in his own best dramas.[1] How surely is modesty the twin grace with daring, in the structure and development of every truly great mind and character!" He is thinking of Scott, who, when Lockhart thought of true greatness, was never absent from his heart.

This summary does not pretend to exhaust the qualities of Lockhart as, in his own words, "a journalist." His notes on travel, on contemporary fiction, on minor poetry (the age was unpoetical), and even his reviews of works of history, are passed over in silence. He could be vivacious, or sober: learned with gaiety, earnest and clear in discussion (witness his essay on Copyright); he was

[1] Keats made exactly the same remark in a note on Shakespeare.

full of anecdote, and copious in varied illustration. As we see, he wisely distrusted his own judgment of new poetry as he grew older; in this he was an example to all elderly critics. That his taste leaned to severity; that, except by Coleridge, his fancy was not lightly interested in romantic verse, is certain, and to the traditions of the *Quarterly* he was at least sufficiently loyal. I may permit myself to mention that Mr. Croker was gravely offended by the second review, favourable to Tennyson, when that poet came forth and broke silence in 1842. Lockhart was more apt to exercise the police of literature by stamping out affectation and eccentricity, than to be the foremost in the more amiable task of recognising originality. During his editorship of the *Quarterly Review* there was not much genuine originality to recognise. The *Review* was as kind to Mr. Carlyle as could be expected: to Tennyson it honeyed, at, and after, his second appearance: Mr. Ruskin contributed to its pages, and thanked Lockhart for his marginal notes on the proof-sheets as for lessons in composition.

These comments on Lockhart as a Reviewer may conclude with a note of his to an unsuccessful and tedious contributor unknown[1]:—

"*January* 1, 1835.

"Sir,—I cannot admit literary labour to be placed,

[1] For this letter I have to thank Mr. George Dunlop, of Kilmarnock, who bought the original from a dealer.

as you seem to desire, on the same level with that of the bricklayer or plumber. I consider it as entitled to be thought of as at least as respectable a concern as that of the tailor or bootmaker, who never demand to be paid for articles of their manufacture that *don't fit*.

"I never *ordered* a review from you, to be accepted by me whatever its merits or demerits: I only, at your own request, sanctioned your trying to make an article suitable for the *Quarterly* on the subject of the Byzantines, which subject you told me you had curiously and elaborately studied. It was this previous study that I relied on in listening to your proposal; but I well knew the difference between sketching an outline and finishing an essay, and was not surprised, though sorry, when I found your performance a very poor affair.—Your obedient servant, J. G. LOCKHART."

CHAPTER XXI

1842–1850

Gloom of Lockhart's diaries.—Deaths of friends.—Melancholy quotations.—Contrast of gay letters.—His son Walter.—Letters to Milman.—Clough on Walter.—Death of Sir Walter Scott.—Letters to Miss Edgeworth.—Abbotsford revisited.—All debts extinguished.—Marriage of Miss Lockhart.—Letters to Miss Lockhart.—To Miss Edgeworth.—Description of Mr. Hope.—Letters to Mrs. Hope.—Apthorpe.—Wimpole.—Christmas Letter.—Lord Lonsdale's palace.—Letter on "Jane Eyre."—High praise of the novel.—Letters on Society.—Troubles with Walter.—His debts.—Brain-fever.—Letters to Milman.—A mummy at a ball.—Paris.—Louis Bonaparte.—Guizot.—Whose joke?—The Dean of St. Paul's.

On a first reading of Lockhart's diaries, mere notes jotted down in his engagement-book during the latest years of his life, it seemed that the record of these years ought to be as brief as melancholy. "There is enough of present evil and sorrow always in the world," he says in his essay on Wilkie, "without lingering needlessly over dreary records of past suffering." Dreary his own records are. He acquired, as we have seen, a habit of chronicling the deaths of friends, within a border of black, and the later diaries thus become as funereal as a collection of tombstones. As early as 1842 we find (some examples have been cited already):—

"*October* 29.—Died good Allan Cunningham. Ætat lvi."

"*December* 6.—My father died."

"*December* 12, 7 P.M.—I placed my father in his coffin with my own hands."

"*December* 13.—My father's funeral. Cathedral of Glasgow. At 3. He lies by my mother in the Dripping Aisle."

Then he "hears of the death of Tom Hamilton at Pisa. The original O'Doherty, which Maginn took up."

In 1844 he notes: "In this year I sustained one great and another considerable distress."

In 1845: "*January* 1.—First day out for three weeks. Bilious fever."

"*October* 20.—Died good Mrs. Murray of Albemarle Street."

In the fly-leaf of the diary of 1846 he writes:—

"When thy muscles are flaccid, and thy hair grey, and thou hast seen the child of thy child, seek thou refuge in a forest" (*Manu*).

"The three greatest miseries of a man are to lose, in youth his father; in middle age his wife; in old age his son" (*Confucius*).

Only one of the three sorrows fell not to Lockhart's lot.

In 1847: "*February* 8.—Dies Sir Walter Scott, at sea."

"*August* 19.—C. marries J. R. Hope.

"A year to me of very indifferent health and

great anxieties. C.'s marriage *the only good thing.*"

In 1848, if not in 1847, begin the troubles caused by the behaviour of his son, now laird of Abbotsford, as Walter Lockhart Scott.

The later diaries are still marked by increasing sorrow and anxiety about Walter, who was obliged to live abroad. Then come Walter's unexpected death, and constant notes of Lockhart's own illnesses and the deaths of friends.

Over such pages no one would linger, but, on turning to Lockhart's familiar correspondence during these unhappy years, we find him full of anecdote and spirit, always hiding or making light of his troubles, except those caused by Walter, on which he was obliged to consult, among others, Mr. Hope, later Hope-Scott. The mild counsels of Lockhart, his gentleness and placidity of temper being beyond example and beyond praise—were wasted. Could all be known and told, it is not too much to say that Lockhart's fortitude during these last years, so black with affliction bodily and mental, was not less admirable than that of Sir Walter Scott himself. Thus the trials from which we are tempted to avert our eyes, really brought out the noblest manly qualities of cheerful endurance, of gentle consideration for all who, being sorry for his sorrow, must be prevented from knowing how deep and incurable were his wounds.

The correspondence with Milman is continued :—

"MILTON, LANARK, *August* 27, 1846.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—I am to be in London by the first of September, and to stay there till I get the *Quarterly Review* into shape—the political part at this moment being too delicate for eternal correspondence. . . . We in the *Quarterly Review* are, I hope, to take as quiet a line as shall seem at all consistent with our creed. I expect your article will be of great service to us, and its scope, I fancy, will be quite in accordance with our support of Peel in his godless College scheme for Ireland, the increased grant for Maynooth, and so on. . . .

"I have been unwell ever since I left town, but think myself rather better this week, and look for benefit from the journey to town, for the root of all my suffering is, I am sure, in the stagnation of the bilious system. Charlotte and Walter are flourishing in health and glee, and enjoying what kills me—the tumultuous hospitality of a County Member's house on the supposed eve of a General Election. For the last two days I have had the relief of being in a very pleasant Whig house, Lord Belhaven's, a few miles off, and there yesterday we had a Yankee artist with locks *à la Leonardo da Vinci*, and neck-chains *à la Spanish Armada*, not, I believe, to be surpassed in absurdity even at 'that deaf gal's tea-drinking.'[1] The Edinburgh people mentioned by

[1] Can "that deaf gal" be Miss Martineau?

you are of a crop that has grown up since my day. Cha begs her love.—Ever yours affectionately,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

On March 31, Walter had been gazetted, and the following letter to Miss Lockhart shows that he soon became discontented with his financial position. Apparently he had already been extravagant at Cambridge (where he rowed three in the winning University eight), but no infantry appointment was available when he entered the army. He therefore joined the Sixteenth Lancers. Lockhart, throughout, regarded vanity as the origin of his lavish expenditure. He was a very handsome and genial boy, "not literary, but not dull," says Clough;—for such life is full of temptations. But his career was of a kind so wildly irresponsible as to make moral criticism almost out of the question. No greater torment, for a heart so affectionate as Lockhart's, could have been devised than the approaching inevitable estrangement from his son.

This letter, to Miss Lockhart, speaks of Walter's plans:—

"*Monday, December* 28, 1846.

"DEAR CHA,—Croker slept here these two nights, and made himself very agreeable. I had Christie to dine yesterday, and they fraternised beyond my hope. To-day Croker has gone to the Duke of Rutland's, who likewise is in dudgeon against Prince Albert about the brazen Duke's removal

from the Arch—to say nothing of Anti-Peel politics, in which all that sit are still fervidly united with Brougham, Lyndhurst, and old Lowther himself to encourage them. The Court is in bad, bad odour with all the Tories. I am distressed to hear that Walter is low—but I thought it right to let him see exactly what military judges said, and I enclose another scrap of Moryllion's (?) to the same tune. But I am quite anxious that he should consider and form an opinion of his own. If I could be sure of life, and that my health would enable me to keep the income I have for a course of years, I should not grudge him £300 a year, though certainly anything beyond that would be utterly impossible, and it is the dread of fresh extravagance from vanity, his besetting sin, that hangs over me. But I don't wish to write about such things—much better wait till he arrives. Mr. Croker thinks, in the present state of Ireland, India, and *France*, there is no chance of any reductions in the cavalry establishments.

"Here are two lady letters *only for you*—return or don't burn Maria E(dgeworth).—Yours affectionately, J. G. LOCKHART."

The death of Sir Walter Scott at sea, in the February of the following year, made Walter laird of Abbotsford, and the circumstance encouraged, perhaps, his new tendencies, without supplying funds for their indulgence. He joined his regiment at Canterbury.

On April 30, Lockhart and his son accompanied the hearse of his brother-in-law, Sir Walter, to Abbotsford. The funeral, at Dryburgh, was on May 4th.

Lockhart writes thus to Miss Edgeworth about Sir Walter's death :—

"ABBOTSFORD, *May* 2, 1847.

"MY DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,—I found your most kind note on my arrival here last night, in attendance with my son on the remains of our lost friend, who had to me been through life a brother, and to whom I had always looked with confidence for care of my children in case of my own death. His poor widow came to my house on reaching London, and she accompanied me in the steamer to Edinburgh, where I left her with her mother. She exerts great control over very acute feelings. No woman ever worshipped a husband more than she, and his late letters all overflowed with tender gratefulness for her unwearied attention to him in his illness. It was only his very last letter to me, written the day before he sailed from Madras, that expressed serious apprehensions, and I learn that he continued under such feelings during the voyage, though he mentioned them only to some brother officers, not to Jane, and exerted himself so far as to dine till the last fortnight at table, and occasionally go on deck. I have not yet the *post-mortem* examination, but am assured in general by the ship doctor, that the right lung was

wholly gone or obliterated, and that he had also evident traces of his father's fatal malady, *ramollissement du cerveau!* The liver suffered in India, and the seat of the evil had only, it seems, been sympathetically and not very severely affected. He is lamented most deeply by his regiment—officers and men all alike. Two of the former called on me to request leave to come down to his funeral, and I expect them this evening.

"I shall have a good deal of business, and may be detained here for some little time, but my boy will rejoin his corps at Canterbury this week. Charlotte is still *my* Charlotte. She is with some kind relations in Surrey till I reclaim my housekeeper and constant companion and comfort.

"I find Sir Walter had named me his executor, but have not seen as yet the entail of his lands which his will mentions. I suppose my boy will hereafter add Scott to his name, but I greatly doubt whether he will gain anything in a worldly sense from his dear uncle's death, at least during Lady Scott's lifetime. I will, however, tell you how matters clear up by-and-by in that respect.

"You, my dear friend, can imagine with what a heart I have re-entered this house, which I had not seen since the morning after your old friend's funeral in September 1832. Everything in perfect order—every chair and table where it was then left, and I alone to walk a ghost in a sepulchre amidst

the scenes of all that ever made life worth the name for me.—Ever yours, J. G. LOCKHART."

This letter continues the story of the family arrangements :—

"SUSSEX PLACE, *May* 15, 1847.

"MY DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,—I said I would tell you the upshot of my endeavours to arrange the worldly business I had to grapple with in Scotland. It comes to this. I found that the Colonel had entailed not the house, library, and immediate grounds alone (as I had supposed), but the whole lands at Abbotsford, on his brother, and then on my son, &c., but that there remained a debt of £8500, secured on these lands in his father's time of trouble, and £24,000 more of old bookselling debt—besides an odd £1000 of claims against the founder—with all which I must deal as my father-in-law's sole surviving executor. The only funds were the remaining copyrights of his works—now much diminished, and every three months diminishing in number. Cadell offered, as he had done some time ago to the Colonel, to obliterate the £8500 and the £24,000, on receiving the remaining share of the copyrights in Scott's works, and in my Life of him, and to take an abridged edition of the Life in payment of the other £1000 ; and being wholly at a loss how to meet demands for interest (at this Whitsuntide even), and really believing that no one else could or would offer so much for what I had to dis-

pose of, I have signed the agreement above indicated. Abbotsford, therefore, is free as respects the debts of the founder, and so far, at all events, a great object of my ambition is accomplished. Whether my boy is to receive any income from his succession will depend on the state of his uncle's own matters, which cannot be ascertained till we hear from agents in Madras. . . . .

"The entail requires my son to add the name and arms of Scott to his own, and this will be done at the convenience of the Heralds' College, of course.

"Lady Scott will have a tolerable income now, and a much larger one if she outlives her mother. Her plans are as yet quite unfixed, but I much doubt if she will live at Abbotsford (which would be the most desirable thing for my son), or even in Scotland. Her mother, in anticipation of their return, had taken Huntly Burn, to be near them —you remember the house above Chiefswood, where the Fergusons used to be. Both it and my little glen are just what they were, only the woods on the skirts of the Eildons so grown that I could hardly see the summits from my garden. Lady Scott continued wonderfully tranquil, and Sir Adam is quite paternal in his treatment of her—in short, she is as well, and as well placed, as one could wish her to be for the present. My youth has rejoined his corps at Canterbury, and Missy and I have resumed our usual quiet habits here.—Ever yours affectionately,

"J. G. Lockhart."

The diary contains the usual notes of social engagements, among them a dinner with Mr. Ruskin at Denmark Hill. On July 21 is entered, *Inter patrem et filiam collocutio, filia rem gestam enarrat.* The *res gesta* was the proposal of Mr. James Hope, a most welcome piece of news. "Lockhart's regard and affection for Mr. Hope were almost unbounded," says Mr. James Traill, who, as a young man, knew him well. "He admired him in every way, both personally and for his social and intellectual qualities, and had a high opinion of his good sense." No engagement could have pleased him so well (the young lady had not lacked other suitors), and when "Mr. Hope called at twelve," on July 22, he had no reason for the usual anxiety in these circumstances. But after all, Lockhart, like Scott many years before, might say—

> "Ah me! the flower and blossom of my house,
> The wind has blown away to other towers."

He was losing a child to whom he was tenderly devoted; henceforth Lockhart was to be a lonely man in London, as age crept on him with many maladies, in a great empty house.

Here follows his letter about the wedding to his sister Violet. The letter is anything but heart-broken, though it refers to Lockhart's need of the attendance of Sir Benjamin Brodie. Several maladies were beginning to beset him, including a delicacy of the mucous membrane:—

"*August* 20, 1847.

"My dear Violet,—As by some mistake of Mr. Hope's clerk the papers of this morning don't say anything on our subject, be it known unto you that Charlotte's wedding and the breakfast after (in her absence and her youth's) went off very prettily. She conducted herself well, and with very tolerable firmness, and they were at the altar a very handsome pair indeed. They retired cunningly to Richmond, and left me to do the honours of chickens, cutlets, all cold, tea, coffee, and plenty of champagne to some forty-five people, including several fine ones, and many, as I believe, sincere friends. The bridesmaids were six: Lady Susan Holroyd, Miss (Stratford) Canning, Caroline Gifford, Isabella Grant (Frank the painter's daughter), Sophia Christie, and Scott Wilson; of whom Scottie and Miss Grant were most to be admired for looks, though I am very partial to Sir S. Canning's very clever, nice girl, who is returning in a few days to Constantinople—very sorry, no doubt, at not having caught a Jim.[1] I am to dine with *the Hopes* on Sunday, and on Monday go to visit Sir G. Warrender at Cliefden, and thence to the Ashburtons, on the coast of Hampshire. I am therefore much better, but still it may be some time ere I dare put myself beyond a few hours of Sir B. Brodie.—Yours affectionately,

"J. G. Lockhart."

[1] Mr. Hope was always "Jim" with Lockhart.

To Miss Edgeworth, Lockhart is more full in his comments on Mr. Hope:—

"LONDON, *August* 28, 1847.

"MY DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,—*Peccavi*—but not from anything so bad as undervaluing your great and constant kindness to me and mine. It had been settled that Lady Davy, my girl, and I were to go about this day to Spain for a three or four months' tour; but after we had begun to rub up our Castilian vocables, and even to think of trunks, and cases, and *mule-saddles*—behold a little romance that had been going on unsuspected by me, and perhaps hardly suspected by the hero, or at least by the heroine, was suddenly ripened by this Spanish announcement, and in a few days' time I found it all settled that our *château en Espagne* must make way for a house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and another in Fife! But perhaps *you* will understand me. I had been so awfully vexed and mortified about certain premature and luckily falsified announcements of autumn 1846, that I was determined not to make any announcements at all on this occasion, and in fact I never quite convinced myself that the thing was certain until I signed the contract. It was all done in railway time—but no matter; the acquaintance had been gradual, and the feeling was sincere and deep, and on both sides, I am satisfied, well bestowed. So let us hear no more about my foolish silence!

Moreover, I was far from well, and the row of eating and drinking through a new tribe, and *trousseaux*, &c., really bothered me out of half my wits. Charlotte has been there eight days, the wife of a highly distinguished man, exceedingly loved in his family, and immensely admired in society, and considered as having every chance of the very highest honours in his profession. Though only thirty-five, he has already laid by a sufficient independence; his practice is very great, his connections, natural and acquired, of the most respectable kind. To conclude, he is a handsome fellow, and Lady Davy hardly yet forgives us for having seized on her favourite cavalier.

"They are now at the Duke of Buccleuch's pretty villa at Richmond, and move thence in a few days towards Scotland. Mr. Hope's elder brother having two places, he rents one of them (Rankeillour, near Cupar Fife), and is much attached to it. His business being chiefly that of a Parliamentary Counsel, he can be there near six months in the year —and there I hope to inspect them presently. I have already dined twice with them in their retreat, and if they be not most happy they are the cleverest of actors. In a word, I have every reason to be satisfied and gratified; and I believe there really is not a father in London, of almost any rank, who would not have been glad indeed to bestow his daughter on James Hope. My boy is now *Walter Lockhart Scott*, Lieutenant in the 16th Lancers

at Brighton, and I think doing well since he was indulged with the cloth of his choice. Thus you see my domestic cares are much lightened—for the present, at all events. I suppose children's children will by-and-by come to provide new objects of concern and interest.

"As soon as I am well enough to work as usual, I must now begin the abridgment of the Life of Sir Walter Scott; your suggestions on that head are laid by as valuable guidance when I do come to the job, and if you can add to the number with the kind frankness that belongs to you, most thankfully shall I endeavour to profit by such advice as yours is ever sure to be.

"Now let me hear that you have forgiven me, and write to Mrs. James Hope your congratulations on her most fortunate wedding.—Ever affectionately yours, J. G. LOCKHART."

In autumn Lockhart went to Scotland as usual, and his diary records: "On October 23, a visit to St. Andrews;" and "November 4, Melrose Abbey, with Hope and Cha." He could see, doubtless not without a natural pensiveness, the scenes where he had been happy as now his daughter was happy, and those must have been among the best of his later hours. The following letter to his daughter was written before this visit; the "prey" referred to is wedding presents. His letters often contain much gossip about social facts, which are

diverting, but cannot always well be published. A kind of romance was going on, an exciting novel in real life; but it now must remain unchronicled, though a very celebrated person was interested :—

"SUSSEX PLACE, *September* 25, 1847.

"DEAR CHA,—I was pleased with your letter from Milton, and the accounts from others of the party there. This I hope finds you *at home*, and all well, with Lady Hope and Lady Ferguson, to whom offer my best respects. H. Ellis dined here yesterday with Vyvyan and Penn; he has come over for a month's visiting *en garçon*—the dame retreated from Spa to Paris. He has brought a box for you, which I will bring down; but you will write to himself, of course, or to Mrs. Ellis. I don't know what the prey contained is, but 'tis from Storr & Mortimer's, as was, I fancy, much of the other plunder of the trap. I am very busy, working that I may feel easy when away; but when busy I am always better in spirits, and accordingly I dine daily with some friends—to-day with Ford, to-morrow Vyvyan. On Monday or Tuesday Croker comes to stay with me for some days. Love to Hope, Q.C., &c.—Ever yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

"I have bought a fine book for the autographs —folio, dark red velvet—but am not at leisure for contents at this moment. Tell Hope that Sir R.

Vyvyan swears all the row at Rome, and thence over Italy, is a *cross*. Metternich wanted to get rid of the Cardinals and Monsignori in the Legations, and set Pius IX. to work, who accordingly banishes the real liberal Prince Monsegnano, while he of Lucca goes to Vienna to call for white battalions, as the Tuscan Grand Duke, &c., &c., will all do in a week or two. Meanwhile our Queen goes to Adverechie without a chaplain, and with a Popish Duke; and *Wellington* sends *Minto* to the Quirinal to co-operate with Metternich's tool infallible. What fun is my atheist High Anglican!

"J. G. L."

The next letter, at the opening of the Scotch visit, does not suggest any hint of the gloom which Lockhart really felt at times, and briefly records in his diary at the end of the year. In fact, the contrast between what he endured and what he revealed to those most dear to him is always most characteristic.

"Milton Lockhart, Lanark,
October 9, 1847.

"Dearest Charlotte,—I had this morning your note of the 5th, and therefore lose no time in saying here I am, safe and pretty well, though I can't tell what my ulterior (Fifeish) movements are to be until I have seen William, who is to be here to dinner to-day, but perhaps not in post-time.

"I spent a couple of very pleasant days at Ap-

thorpe, though, the Duke of Cambridge being of the party, it was rather noisy, but all exceeding good-humour and some fun. Also at Brigham I had very good entertainment, and was not a little surprised with the scale and splendour of the curious place, which has, among other things, a most gorgeous chapel, all over Popery and heraldry; and H. B. carried me after our wine to vespers, where he has very fair chaunting from the villagers, and his brother William plays the organ. I had but a rough day's work yesterday; mail-coach overturned near Lesmahago, but I was outside luckily, and Paul[1] cleared the hedge and suffered little from a plunge knee-deep into a ploughed field. None of *my* letters having arrived from the South, William was from home, and the servants expected nobody, but all very speedily comfortable.—Ever yours affectionately,

"J. G. Lockhart."

Stoical as he was, Christmas brought from the lonely man a hint of his melancholy, as to the old Christmas must ever be a time of sad memories and of forebodings.

"*Christmas*, 1847.

"My dear Cha,—I am very weary, and the daylight waxes dim apace, so I must merely wish all that is good for you and Hope and Walter, and say how it gratifies me that he is with you at this season —how sincerely I hope you three may spend many

[1] His valet.

happy Christmases together. I will write a lengthy letter the first spare hour of day.

"I have Croker's new edition of Bozzy for you, but this *box* must await your coming as well as Ellis's. It is a very great improvement on his former editions, and makes a handsome large tome. It shall be bound ere you see it in suitable style. . . .

"All here rave about a novel, 'Jane Eyre,' of which I have read about half. I think it more cleverly written by far than any very recent one, and it has a strong interest, but hitherto a disagreeable one. It must be, if not by a man, by a very coarse woman.—Affectionately yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART.

"Kind regards to Mr. Badeley."

On "Jane Eyre" he expressed an opinion so enthusiastic that it might startle Miss Brontë's most fervent admirers. The idea that the book must be by a man, or, if a woman, "by a very coarse one," is too strongly put in Miss Rigby's review in the *Quarterly*.[1] We can only say that in 1848 no critic could have guessed that Currer Bell was neither a man nor a coarse woman, but the blameless daughter of a rural divine.

Kingsley, in a letter to Mrs. Gaskell, rejoices that he had never expressed in print his opinion.

[1] Miss Rigby said that the author, if a woman, must, for good reasons, have forfeited the society of her sex. This was indefensible: she believed the book to be by a man.

*

"'Shirley' disgusted me at the opening, and I gave up the writer and her books, with a notion that she was a person who liked coarseness."[1]

The next letter—Lockhart wrote many at that time—is full of gossip:—

"*December* 27, 1847.

"DEAR CHA,—I heard nothing of Walter's recall from York until now from you, but all's well that ends well.

"I suppose I shall see him this week. On Saturday first if possible, if not on Monday, 3rd January, I shall go for two days to Grange, but I don't look to any other rustications.

"Yesterday I saw Jinny—still in her attic—no man-servant—all in calico mufflings—pretty cheerful with a *cadeau* from Lord Holland—a little portrait of that pet himself.

"One day I had a fine though small dinner at Lord Lonsdale's, whose house (a double one by William Gladstone's) is, after the Duke of Sutherland's, the most splendid I have seen in London—six drawing-rooms blazing with gold, glass, and real pictures. Below four very large, and three of these gorgeous rooms. In the one where we dined all is either gilding or mirror, save that three or four huge mirrors, filling vast panels, serve as frames to oval pictures of French ladies—very fine heads by Watteau—Du Barry, Pompadour, and the like.

[1] Kingsley repented on reading Miss Brontë's Life. The whole subject is discussed in Mr. Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle."

"William would think this Elysium, not least one arrangement in the only plain room, viz., push back the Earl's big chair by his fire, and lift the rug. There is a ring. Lift it, and behold a little narrow trap stair, by which he descends at once into the kitchen to watch the casseroles. The company was suitable — Mrs. Fox Lane, Lord Somerton, and others after their kinds. Yesterday I made up by a quiet meal at the spinster's—only Widow Sharpe. This week I shall be at home, I think, every day till Saturday.

"I have not seen Badeley on marrying a Deceased Wife's Sister, but if he prints the argument, of which Christie says there is high laudation, in some acceptable shape, Jim or he should give me an article on the subject one day.

"'All the world' seem to be vexed or angry, not with Gladstone's pro-Jew vote, but with the grounds on which he put it. I half begin to suspect he will lose his Oxford seat, and to be the first man ejected would be a severe mortification.—Yours affectionately, J. G. Lockhart."

Here is the laudation of "Jane Eyre":—

"Sussex Place, *December* 29, 1847.

"A good New Year to Mr. and Mrs. Hope, and many of them to be enjoyed, together with continuing faith in the wisdom of August 19th, 1847. As

I shall be on my road to the Grange on Friday, I send my salutations now.

"I have finished the adventures of Miss Jane Eyre, and think her far the cleverest that has written since Austen and Edgeworth were in their prime. Worth fifty Trollopes and Martineaus rolled into one counterpane, with fifty Dickenses and Bulwers to keep them company; but rather a brazen Miss. The two heroines exemplify the duty of taking the initiative, and illustrate it under the opposite cases as to worldly goods of all sorts, except wit. One is a vast heiress, and beautiful as angels are everywhere but in modern paintings. She asks a handsome curate, who will none of her, being resolved on a missionary life in the far East. The other is a thin, little, unpretty slip of the governess, who falls in love with a plain, stoutish Mr. Burnand, aged twenty years above herself, sits on his knee, lights his cigar for him, asks him flat one fine evening, and after a concealed mad wife is dead, at last fills that awful lady's place. Lady Fanny will easily extract the moral of this touching fable. —Yours ever (both of yours) affectionately,

"J. G. Lockhart."

With this mirth he ends the year. It is pretty plain that Miss Rigby took her own course in the critique, which was, and still is, so vigorously blamed. Miss Rigby was a writer of stern propriety.

The year 1848 opened for Lockhart with an

illness; all these illnesses, which often confined him to bed, are shortly chronicled in the diaries, and leave a most comfortless impression of lonely *malaise* and pain. The following letter shows how little of his sufferings Lockhart permitted to be apparent:—

"*Saturday, January* 15, 1848.

"Dear Cha,—Lady Davy and Thurlow called here this morning in a cab, the first outing after a tedious 'trouble'; but I think miladi looked better—cleaner—than she did before she was seized, and hope it is all over. I am better myself and busy again, which is always the best for me, but I don't think I shall attend the ball at Brighton on the 28th, especially as I have to go to Wimpole to dine on the 29th.

"In case I forget, there is a box at Mr. Miles's, holding the cast of Thorwaldsen's medallion of your grandpapa. Please bring it up with you carefully, and the like as to anything else you find for me there. I have bid Miss —— send me calotypes of John Murray (a capital one) and of her lovely self; whichever of a score she least approves. The Miss Murrays gave a very elegant dinner to a very gay company on Thursday, and all seemed happy—the animal-lover Hardwicke included.

"I hope Walter can meet you at Abbotsford, but I hardly believe it. He has said nothing to me, however, on the subject.

"Martha has had the influenza, and Paul also;

and now Martha is leaving me to go to her parents, but I have got a neat, tidy lass from a doctor's in Baker Street, who seems to do very well, and is cleanly and decent-looking—not young, and marked with small-pox. The other stayed a week to teach her the way of the house, but goes this night or Monday morning—a very excellent servant, but her family wanted her, and I can't help it. 'Spicey' would be welcome to me, but do as you judge best; perhaps you will come and see me, even if she be not here.—Ever affectionately yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

The next letter dissembles his real anxiety for Walter, who, after the manner of foolish young men, affected a tedious mystery about his movements. Lockhart's plan was probably the wisest, not to irritate by cross-questioning and constant lectures, but no plan could have been successful. He carried a heavy heart among the gay people, who may have been no happier than himself:—

"LONDON, *February* 2, 1848.

"DEAR CHA,—I have just come home after some very pleasant days at Lord Hardwicke's, which is a place on the largest scale, and was illustrated by a very grand collection of Tory sages, viz.: Duke of Richmond, Marquess of Exeter and wife, Earl of Eglinton, ditto and Countess of Desart, Lords and Ladies Stanley and Ashburton,

Lord George Bentinck, Croker the right honourable, and myself the only esquire; lots of honourables, but no baronet. I am entreated to, I suppose, a similar gathering next week at Burghley, but I won't accept until I hear your day for arriving here. All were frank and jolly, but their political horizon is, I think, quite *in obscuro*. Lord George is not to lead in the Commons, nor could any of them guess who (if anybody) is to replace him. There were splendid games at billiards between Stanley and Eglinton, and Lady H. sang divinely; and we had (as Paul soon told me) the identical German cook that so nearly poisoned the Member for Carluke; but, luckily for me, there was turtle every day, and that even he could not contaminate; also capital pies, and cold beef and beer, worth all the champagne.

"I find a line from Walter, who is to dine and sleep here to-day, and start to-morrow, he says, for Bowhill. I had some hints lately that vexed me on his account. I fear last time he was in Scotland his chief fixture was at a place he never mentioned to any of us. Sir J. M'Neil is alarmed for his folly. I don't know that I shall say very much, or perhaps anything, on the subject, but I think a little help might be lent by you and Hope. If he proceeds, it seems to be as like an insurance of worldly distress as anything one could fancy.

"You may, I believe, expect to hear in another post or so of the death of the Primate. At Wim-

pole, opinion seemed to incline in favour of Bishop of Norwich, whom, by the way, I foregathered with at Cambridge; as also my love Catharine, who will have her nose further up at both Sedgwick and me if she becomes a Princess of Lambeth. At Wimpole my flame was Lady ——, who is rather under a cloud just at present, but I hope not so serious as Mayfair talk represents it.—Ever yours,

"J. G. Lockhart."

It is extremely disagreeable to dwell on the chief misery of Lockhart at this time, and for four years longer. But his biography would be incomplete did it not record his conduct towards the cause of his anxiety. A father vexed and straitened by the follies of a son, too often loses temper and dignity. These Lockhart never lost, his affection was never weakened, his appeal was ever to reason and right feeling. The following letter was written to Walter after some escapade of which the details are no longer memorable. The young man had, apparently, been imposed on, and dragged deeper into pecuniary difficulties.

In these circumstances Lockhart wrote the following remonstrance, most gently worded:—

"London, *September* 1, 1848.

"Dear Walter,—As it would be quite unnecessary to explain my feelings, more especially in connection with the last letters that passed between

you and me as to money matters, I presume you will think it wise, as respects your own interests, no longer to defer putting me in possession of a full statement, on conscience and honour, of the actual condition of your pecuniary affairs.

"I well know that persons in difficulty as to money feel extreme reluctance to make *full* disclosures, and I am quite disposed to make considerable allowance for whatever omissions occurred when we last corresponded on the subject: but this affair must have attracted, or soon attract, the notice of *all* who take a concern in you, and I think you will perceive that no good can, and much, perhaps irreparable, evil may come from any hesitation about complying with my present suggestion.—Your affectionate father,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

A boy of Walter Lockhart's kind always wants to be treated "like a man of the world," and like a man of the world Lockhart treated him. But no measures were of any avail. Lockhart's diary, after the note Sept. 23, "Guizot dined, Croker and J. G. L.—three only," contains the record—

"Sept. 25.—Walter very unwell at Norwich."

Walter was suffering from a brain fever, which, to any one who has been obliged to read through the documents about his brief and stormy life, suggests an explanation of what had been, and of what was to follow; of the change from the kind and

friendly boy to the sullen, wayward, reckless young man. They who, with unavailing grief, have beheld and endured such a change in one beloved, best know what Lockhart had to suffer, and, understanding his son's case, can most readily pity and pardon. There was a meaning in the ancient belief in "possession."

The following letter to Milman tells all that need be told of this part of the story :—

"Sussex Place, *October* 6, 1848.

"My dear Milman,—Murray has sent me a note of yours which gives very comforting accounts of Mrs. Milman and yourself. Perhaps he has told you why I have been and am *here*. My son had given me continual distress and anxiety for some time, but lately he fell into a brain fever, and was for some days despaired of. I left Charlotte and Hope in care of him at Norwich (Cha in the Palace—him in the Barracks), and do not know when he may be able to travel with them to Scotland; but when he does, there is left an awful load of care and trouble, and, I fear, embarrassment upon me. He seems to have crammed the folly of a lifetime into less than two years. I do not think I shall get away at all now.

"Murchison has returned ten years younger than he departed, belly gone, wig gone, and lo! a glossy dark chevelure of his own—how he triumphed at my greyness!

"Fergusson, too, has returned from Germany, where he and his wife saw all the tokens of a fearful revolutionary civil war, not long to be stayed from explosion all over Vaterland—the rage of class against class fiendish; in the meantime a total stoppage of all trade and the deepest poverty.—Ever yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Mr. and Mrs. Hope showed unwearying kindness and affection to Walter, and Lockhart's best hopes were in the influence of his daughter over her brother. Many letters on this topic are omitted.

On October 21, Lockhart paid his usual autumn visit to his brother at Milton Lockhart. On November 1 he returned to London. This letter refers to the critique of Layard's "Nineveh." The reference to the printing of Messrs. Clowes is in contrast with other praises which he elsewhere bestows on their work.

"*November* 19, 1848.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—Clowes has outdone himself in blending your paper, but I see through all his mists the worth of the work, which I beg you to correct *twice* ere I see it again, for I don't wish to come dulled to the true edition, and am sure that will need to be edition third.

"I hope you will give a note on the doctoring of the ivories, which interests whoever hears thereof.

"I also hope you will select a few of the best woodcuts. Perhaps it might do to cram two pages

full of them, and give numbers and references, but better, if possible, to dovetail the cuts into the text cleverly.

"I desiderate your allusion to the Papal confirmation of Queen Semiramis's system of tonsure.

"Please get me made one of the three paid Ecclesiastical Commissioners, whose office, however, must not, as they are to be laymen, infer any tonsure at all. Upon my word, this is saddling Mother Church with three costly incubi. Senior, I suppose, can't be one of them, as well as Master of Chancery and Tutor-General of the Whigs. Yet another £2000 a year would repay him for some extra exertion.

"The Archbishop will appoint some little saint and Lord John two big sinners. This is another very decided step towards the commencement of the end. Oh, my Philpotts! my bowels are disturbed for thee; this is worse than the Surplice question, or even the Catholic one.

"I suggest for Commissioners at £2000—*Ex parte Lambeth*, Mr. Fitzsam Wilberforce, R.N., or Mr. Fitzbore Raikes. *Ex parte Crown*, Escott, Esq., Hon. Grantley Berkeley.—Yours ever,

"J. G. Lockhart."

Nothing could ever depress in Lockhart a kind of intellectual high spirits when his pen was in his hand.

On December 9 he dined with Mr. Gleig. "Between him and me is a great affection," he once

wrote to Milman. "Sam Rogers more amusing and far more instructive than I ever had found him. In good-humour and great force every way at eighty-six," he writes in his diary. On December 26 he left England with Christie for the Continent.

The following letter describes revolutionary Paris :—

"CONSULE LUDOVICO, PARIS,
December 31, 1848.

"MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—This is the last night of 1848, and I pray that 1849 may be a happy year for you. This morning I had your note, for which I thank you, though its contents were not over satisfactory.

"I shall not write at length until I get home. The only result of all I have seen and heard is that this L. N. B.[1] concern must come to an end *very soon :* the bets are within three months. I was at one sitting of the Assembly—a horrid row, indeed —in a place as big as our opera-house, but made chiefly of pasteboard, and which a Mirabeau would roar down, I believe, in ten minutes. Nothing like argument can be even attempted where there are from 1000 to 1500 French people, male and female, all crammed together, almost all jabbering. Poor little Marrast is not heard, hardly seen ; his hammer and bell no more heeded than his white gloves and other barber-like ornaments.

"We have seen two plays, both very cleverly

[1] Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

acted and very amusing, on the state of public affairs, and I hear there is a third at some third theatre to the same tune, that is, the most scornful derision of this and all revolutions—and with what gusto all the audiences gulp it! Then, to-day, we heard the great Protestant preacher, Cocquerel, who is, I think, the best preacher I ever heard, and whose sermon was full of most sad reflections on the ending of a year of 'wanton mischief.' He said, so far from predicting what would occur before the end of 1849, he was sure all would agree that *anything* might fall out before the end of another twenty-four hours.

"L. N. B. is an ass. At his first dinner last Friday there were two ladies, and one of them was the Guiccioli,[1] now Madame de Boissy! *Secundo*, when all the world is willing to forget Strasbourg, *he* makes a dust about the bills. We walked past the Elysée to-day, and it looked as military as it ever could have done in the time of *Mon oncle*.

"Well, good night, and all good wishes to Hope and you. This is a shabby note, but I am very badly colded to-night, and must go to bed.—Affectionately yours, J. G. LOCKHART."

The diary now contains not only pessimistic quotations from the Greek Anthology, such as "All is laughter, dust, and nothingness," but this epigram on Alison's "History of Europe"—

[1] Lord Byron's mistress.

"A book to bend an omnibus,
A style like Hullah's Chorus;
Rome may put up with *Tacitus*,
But Glasgow boasts *Sonorus!*"

This letter is dated the day after his return to England:—

"Sussex Place, *Saturday, January* 6, 1849.

"My dear Charlotte,—Christie's business forced him back, and I had not courage to stay alone in Paris, though I am little else here, God knows. We arrived yesterday afternoon in time for me to send off two *Punches;* but not for writing, and to-day I am so cold and colded that I can't write more than a line. All well, however, and my health *much* improved by ten days of open air and exercise, very much; the cold I suffer from is a nothing. I feel greatly better.

"I have little to say as to Paris. It is quite a camp; 90,000 men in arms there; infantry in every part of the town; no five minutes without a drum beating and a detachment passing, and all the villages round swarming with cavalry. The *forts* all equipped with artillery. The Tuilleries, Place du Carrousel, &c., covered with cannon; two regiments at the Elysée—partly tented in the gardens, and dragoons posted in all the streets near that scene of empire; constant patrolling there.

"I did not meet with *one* person, French or English, German or Russian—and we talked with many

of various sorts and sizes—who did not abuse the Republic, laugh at Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and predict a speedy change of some kind. If the Assembly persist in sitting many more weeks, Changarnier will probably disperse them *à la* 18 Brumaire, but somehow they will be sent to the right-about. Whether Louis Napoleon Bonaparte will not be quite done out of all popularity by that time is doubtful, at least; but I think no one conceives it possible that he will be in France, unless as a prisoner, in January 1850. Still, if Changarnier be willing to keep him as a show, and content himself with the real sway, he may have a chance, and retain his palace and pomp, and get drunk (as all say he does) there, just as he did here. Thiers, it is believed, works hard for Madame d'Orléans and Comte de Paris, and I should not be surprised if that party had already coalesced with Henry V.; but, indeed, I should not be surprised at anything, save a continuance of even such order as there now is.

"I was at one sitting of the Assembly—the famous one of the Salt Duty, too, which was luck—but I think I mentioned this before.

"I have had nothing from Walter! This is very sad indeed. Be sure I shall never break your injunctions. My best regards to Hope and William. —Ever yours, J. G. LOCKHART."

Fortune never left Lockhart long unassailed. On January 26th he heard of the death of his

sister Violet, with whom he had been in constant and affectionate correspondence, mainly on matters of purely domestic interest. On January 30th he attended her funeral; on February 2nd he was with the Hopes at Abbotsford.

On April 16th he wrote the following letter to Milman on a sorrow of his friend's. Lockhart displays no enmity to the Americans in his later remarks; he used to try to tone down the pugnacity of Basil Hall where the United States were concerned:—

"Sussex Place, Regent Park,
April 16, 1849.

"My dear Milman,—J. J. Rousseau says, 'Dans les grandes afflictions le silence et la tristesse sont le vrai language de l'amitié.' C'est tout dire.

"I hope it would now do you good to do me good, I mean by reviewing our friend Lyell's two books on America. I have seen some sheets of the new one, and Murray would gladly supply you with them as they come to him if you could undertake the job. The old one never was reviewed in the *Quarterly Review*, and was badly and scantily treated by stupid young Merivale in the *Edinburgh*, so you may consider it as fresh material.

"Of course there would be some delicate subjects to touch on, and perhaps it would be necessary for you and me to talk over some of them beforehand; but I have no doubt our feelings would be much the same on anything of real moment. The tone

of Lyell is very likely, I think, to promote the great cause of international amity, and I know you would be ready to follow it in the main, though he is too Whiggy for the *Quarterly Review* in some details.

"The doom poem now sent is his. I add two volumes of Whitefield's Methodist Hymns, in which you'll find a new evangelisation of Tom Moore's Melodies. These please quote after Book of Doom, and let me have them again, for they are dear to me as the ruddy drops, &c.—Yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

His son's affairs were his chief concern. To his daughter he writes on a domestic misfortune :—

"MY DEAREST,—You are so right to keep a cheerful heart. That is the true and wise submission. Such disappointments well endured prepare the soil for fuller happiness hereafter, and you will have your reward in due time."

On June 6, he reports a dinner at Lord Mahon's, where were Lord Lincoln (a character in the social romance already alluded to) and "Vanity Fair Thackeray." "Tell Hope that the fun of this town turns on the new attachment to Lola Montes; every evening her tea-table is graced by Lord Brougham. . . . He quite brags of his devotion among the Lansdownes."

He describes a ball: "I saw lots of friends, and flirted, as usual, vastly; chiefly, I think, with the Duchesses of Buccleuch and Northumberland and Miss ——; *on revient toujours à ses riches amours.* I was presented to Lady Salisbury, who is a very nice-looking girl, younger than Mildred, and agreeable, with fine lamping[1] loveable eyes, and a tall, good figure—taller than her man." . . . "The Queen danced every dance, and very elegantly as well as cordially. There was ——" (an elderly nymph) "in all her diamonds, of course, and in white, spotless from top to toe, and the roses all white about her jet-black wig, so that the rouge blazed gloriously. She *ran up* to the Duke of Wellington, but was forced to tell her name, and that rather loudly, for he is deaf. I thought ghosts only spoke when they were spoken to"—they seldom do so even then—"and that mummies followed the same rule."

His servant Paul now trod the primrose path.

"When I came back, behold Paul with a horrid black eye, which continues most fearful to contemplate. He said he had struck against his bed; I fear, I fear, there has been a return to unapostolical proceedings."

These notes hide his real and pressing anxieties.

On May 22 he notes, "With Walter at Christie's; not met since spring 1848." His domestic letters at this time are so full of Walter's irremediable affairs,

[1] A word from "The Faery Queen."

that it is unnecessary to cite a mere series of repetitions on one unhappy theme. He was unwell all through the summer, and had recourse, in Burns's phrase,

> "To drumlie German water,
> To make himself look fair and fatter."

On August 3, he left for the Continent, visited Carlsbad, took long walks, accompanied by "watering outside and in," as he notes. With his brother William he went to Prague, Vienna, Cracow, and Berlin, returned to London at the end of the month, when he notes "Ill." I quote a letter, and a fragment of a letter, to his old and humorous friend Lord Robertson. Most people have heard how he reviewed Lord Robertson's Poems, and added (only in the copy meant for his victim):

> "Here lies that prince of Paper Lords, Lord Peter,
> Who broke the laws of God, and Man, and Metre."

I cite the version of the couplet which has reached me by tradition; there are various readings at the service of the future editor of Lockhart's Poems.

"SUSSEX PLACE, *September* 23, 1849.

"DEAR ROBERTSON,—Since you bid me, I write a line, but have only to say that I go on as favourably as could well be wished, and have good hope of being quite myself in another week. I have now got Croker for my guest, and he will abide the week

—after which the *Quarterly Review* will be dropt and only health thought of. Brougham writes that he will leave his castle on the 10th, sleep at Walmer the 12th, and the 13th cross sea *en route* for his château. I have asked him to dine here the 11th. Guizot writes that he has finished a discourse, 'Why was the English Revolution (1688) successful?' and is to publish it, both separately and as preface to a new edition of his 'History of Charles I.' He is to winter in Paris. He says France is well aware that she is in an *auberge*, and must by-and-by start again; but there is such disagreement as to the road she should take, and her ultimate point of rest, that she hesitates, and will for some time hesitate, to terminate her halt. This is well said. Meanwhile, he goes on —Two great movements halt not—one good, one evil—1. The slow but decided amalgamation of all Monarchist parties; 2. The corruption of the peasantry by the Socialist teachers. Who can prophesy, he asks, which will have made the greater progress when the moment for action arrives? He says of Louis Napoleon, 'This small person must be greater ere he returns to nothing,' so I suppose he anticipates either Presidency for life or Empire as the next considerable step. I rather wonder at his going to winter at the focus of disturbance—but a Frenchman out of Paris thinks himself in the grave. Old Louis Philippe is in a rage about a history of his house by one Dr. Cook Taylor,

a Whig protégé, who died the other day just after appointment to a Professorship in one of these new Irish Colleges. He was cleverish—but a wild, unconscientious, ignorant, scrambling Paddy, and his line forsooth is to defend Égalité throughout or nearly so, but give Louis Philippe bones and body to the Devil, as the most consistent of scoundrels, unredeemed by a single honest quality from his cradle to Claremont. "Mr. Smith"[1] is angry enough, and talks of prosecuting Bentley! What a descent—but Guizot will be sure to stop him. Croker was in Ireland when Queen Victoria was there, and has little doubt everything is arranged for something like a formal establishment of Popery in that country. If so, there is an end of J. R. and Co. for a season, or I am no prophet. This will be to him and his at least as costly as Corn Law was to Peel of sonnet fame. Your sonnets on Kilbryde quite revived my childish memory. Very good they are.—Yours affectionately, J. G. Lockhart."

The following fragment, of later date, to Lord Robertson, illustrates the saying *habenti dabitur*, and also that accretion of myths round a celebrated name which explains so many things. Lockhart himself believed that his own joke was by Sydney Smith. His personal beauty survived the years

[1] Louis Philippe.

"when youthful faith is fled." Mr. James Traill, who knew him at this period, writes:—

"I used to think him the most wonderfully handsome man I ever saw, and that recollection still remains. His finely cut classical features, his marvellously clear complexion, white even to pallor" (an *ivory* tone, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie calls it), "and the jet black hair grouped in the clustering curls so dear to the chisel of the old Roman sculptors, made a lasting impression on me," as on Miss Thackeray, whose reminiscences date from her childhood. The fine portrait by Sir Francis Grant enables us to see Lockhart as he was when "half-grey," like Idomeneus.

Landseer may well have desired to paint such a subject. Lockhart writes:—

"Landseer says that I was a good-looking chap twenty or thirty years ago, and he therefore asked me to sit to him, whereto I replied, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' The *mot* is universally given to Sydney Smith, but Edwin Landseer swears he never did, nor could have asked so ugly a fellow to sit, and thinks it unfair that I should have been robbed of my joke in favour of so wealthy a joke-smith. If it was mine, I had quite forgot the fact and adopted the general creed on the weighty point. If Landseer be correct, I fancy he must have thought of introducing me into his picture of Scott with his dogs in the Rhymer's

Glen; but if so, I can't imagine why I did not accede to the flattering proposal. Here is a good illustration of the value of evidence, however. Pity the doubt was not raised before Sydney joined the majority, that we might have had his say also. What I object to is the allegation of his ugliness. I always admired his countenance as the most splendid combination of sense and sensuality. Christie and all his flock are in the Lake country for two months. The Doge will go home next week—so will the *Hope-Scotts*—and I shall be left alone with Holt,[1] powers of attorney, Duchy substitutes, thinning of bookshelves, and so forth.—*Vive et vale*,

J. G. LOCKHART,
Emeritus.

"LORD ROBERTSON."

This letter to Dean Milman, on his promotion, touches lightly on Lockhart's illness:—

"SUSSEX PLACE, *October* 25, 1849.

"MY DEAR DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,—For I may address you so here, though not yet, I suppose, on the outside. I heard days ago that you were to have the preferment, which I had quite anticipated from the hour of Coplestone's death; but was not aware, until last night, that you had returned to England. The Government have done their duty,

[1] Mr. Holt was perpetually busy with the constant troubles of Walter's financial embroilment.

and I am persuaded no appointment could have given a more general satisfaction. It gives me particular pleasure, among other reasons, because I think both Mrs. Milman and you wanted a fillip and a change. The Deanery house is not in the best of situations, but it is a capital house; and the Cloisters also were rather out of the way, so that your horses are accustomed to step out. How different the dinners will be from our old friend's:

> 'Doctors and deans above in solemn row,
> And deans and doctors of like bulk below,'

as Crabbe, I think, described the scene. I have not seen or heard of any newspaper criticism on your elevation, except that of the *Daily News*, which somebody sent me yesterday, and there I find the Whigs rebuked for having thus honoured a Tory, a High Churchman, and, if not a Puseyite, a patron of Puseyism. The Toryism and High Churchism, far be it from me to deny or palliate—but, I suspect, the third count of the indictment rests on a confusion of Harness with Bennett. The former's theatrical tastes may have induced him to adopt flowers, and possibly incense, but he is about the last I should have expected to find charged with graver participation in the mysteries. Howbeit, I heartily wish the Whigs would crown their iniquity by giving him your Prebend.

"Aubrey de Vere is a very fine fellow, and I like

his society exceedingly. His cousin I have never seen that I know of.

"I had a bad inflammatory attack on my arrival some weeks ago from the Continent, and am still not quite rid of its consequences. But I go on to Scotland to-morrow, and hope two or three weeks there may bring me back to the vigour becoming my youthhood.

"Well, the next time we meet you will be Doctor and Dean, and most happy I to see you in the garb proper to your new dignities.[1] Pray tell your lady how cordially I participate in her feelings on this occasion.—Ever most affectionately yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

In September Lockhart had a severe illness, which he could not disguise. He later visited Scotland, saw Wilson, and stayed at Abbotsford, which Mr. Hope now rented from Walter. Writing from London on November 15, 1849, he announces an accident:—"At Dunbar I was all but killed; a tough sandwich stuck in my throat as I was hurrying into the carriage, and the train moved — I unable to speak! But a young passenger thrust himself half out of the window, and roared to stop in such a voice that he was obeyed, and a glass of water by-and-by relieved me. I really suppose that I suffered as much as Mrs. Manning" (the murderess), "of whose exit I had just been reading

[1] "The Dean in a kilt." So Lockhart in his diary.

full details in the *Scotsman*. My helpful neighbour turned out to be Sir William Don, and he and I were good friends long before London. . . . I shall always feel an interest in his fate, for he truly saved my life. . . . God bless you, my dearest. It did me good to see you and Hope so comfortable and happy."

Lockhart's health now prevented him from going much into the world; hence the rumour that he was blighted by the marriage of Miss Rigby to Mr. Eastlake!

"All misery about W. S. L.," is his entry for November 26–28. On the fly-leaf of his diary for the year is a long and learned recipe—"How to make Glasgow punch."

CHAPTER XXII

LONDON, 1850–1853

"Ill."—The black dog.—Anecdote by Mr. James Traill.—Death of Wordsworth.—Lockhart's portrait.—Mr. Elwin.—No duellist.—Changes of faith.—Letter to Mr. Hope.—Letter to Mrs. Hope.—Murchison.—Lord John Russell deer-stalking.—"A wauf bit body."—Anecdote of Lamartine.—Dinner with Landseer.—Rackets by gaslight.—Dandies for the Queen.—Junius and the Ghost.—Lord Lyttelton as Junius.—Letter to Mrs. Hope.—The *Quarterly* troubles.—*Quarterly* on Junius. Stories of the wicked Lord Lyttelton.—Mr. Gladstone "much shocked."—The Dandies at Windsor.—Eastern and Western Churches.—Rum and half a pig.—Mr. Hope received into Church of Rome.—Lockhart's letter to him.—To Mrs. Hope.—The Rev. Moses ——.—French tour.—Lord Peter "hot and heavy."—Croker's illness.—Scandal about a saint.—Birth of Mrs. Maxwell Scott.—Walter's illness.—"Esmond."—Reconciliation with Walter.—Walter's death.—Letter to Mrs. Hope.—Kindness of Mrs. Hughes.—Letters to her.—Miniature of Walter.

THE year 1850 opens, in the diaries, with the one word "Ill," covering several weeks. There are few entries of importance, and scarcely any letters of much interest. Lockhart's social career was practically over, owing to his persistent bad health. He had always detested being made a lion of, and when this occurred now, the lion was accompanied by the Black Dog. Mr. James Traill writes thus:—

"Lockhart had a great mixture of shyness and

dislike to be made much of. He was averse to displaying himself, and had a certain proud modesty about him which made him, above all things, hate to be 'shown off.'

"I remember an amusing instance of this. Our uncle William Whately of course knew him very well, although they were never, I fancy, very intimate or dear friends.

"At the time I speak of—it was after I left Oxford, and I must, I think, have been about twenty-four years old—Lockhart rarely dined out in general society: but Whately, on the score of old acquaintance, succeeded with some trouble in persuading him to dine with him one night, promising that there would be no party, only my father, if he could get him! who, as you know, never dined out of his own house: Mr. Christie, who after all never came, and myself. On these conditions Lockhart accepted the invitation. You know what a dear kind-hearted and hospitable man William Whately was, but you will also remember how fond he was of rubbing shoulders with great people, and he could not resist the temptation, notwithstanding his promise, of showing off Lockhart as a lion to some of his grand acquaintances: so he asked a largish party to meet him—some two or three big legal guns, and some of his wife's relations of the —— family.

"I came from Blackheath before the appointed hour. Lockhart arrived punctually to time. By-

and-by one and then another guest was announced. Lockhart got disgusted—took me by the arm and led me to the great bow window overlooking St. James's Park, and steadily kept his back to all new arrivals.

"'What does all this mean, James? Whately promised there should be no one here. I am very much annoyed. Remember you are not to leave me, and you are to go down to dinner with and sit next me.' When dinner was announced, he linked his arm in mine, and we marched down together, and he took his seat in the middle of the long table: he talked only to me throughout the greater part of the dinner, and addressed no one else, being evidently much put out. At the end of dinner, however, he relented, and finally made himself very agreeable; but he never dined there again."

This is the last apparition of the Black Dog which we have to chronicle, and it must be admitted that his coming was not without excuse, as Lockhart had announced his unfitness for society.

On April 23, he chronicles the death of Wordsworth. His early admiration for the poet never faltered, though he found the *Prelude* trying, misdoubted Wordsworth's philosophy, and, as early as 1825, had laughed at the sage's self-absorption and total disregard of the merits of his great contemporaries. He also records, "Dies F. M. Reynolds. *Miserrimus.* Host of Hook's window-smash, Cole-

ridge beginning the smash." In spring he sat to Sir Francis Grant, whose portrait of Lockhart is at Abbotsford. It has been finely reproduced in mezzotint in a private plate.

Of Lockhart's portraits known to me, this is the most pleasing. The mouth, though possibly too small, is beautifully modelled, and lacks the curl of scorn which many persons observed in it, including Mr. James Traill, who says, "it mostly had a sarcastic or rather cynical expression." This appears in the rather unlovely likeness which hangs, with others of the Shepherd and of Professor Wilson, in the Old Saloon of Mr. Blackwood in George Street, Edinburgh. The sardonic expression is, of course, emphasised in Lockhart's caricatures of himself.

In June he notes, "Mr. Elwin breakfasts here," namely, the learned, and by no means too friendly editor of Pope. Mr. Elwin now, or soon afterwards, shared with Lockhart the burden of editing the *Quarterly Review*, and succeeded him in that post. It is understood that Lockhart made an objection (manifestly humorous), to a clerical *aide-de-camp*, because a man in orders could not "go on the ground," if necessary. The days of duelling editors were over in England, and even Miss Martineau does not hint that Lockhart, as editor of the *Quarterly*, was ever challenged to mortal combat. In his youth a gentleman had a case of pistols just as he had a dressing-case. In "Vanity Fair" Rawdon

Crawley is already almost, but not quite, an anachronism when he wants to fight Lord Steyne.

On August 8, Lockhart went to Bingen, where he met his son ; it was one of many fruitless errands. The young man was living in various Continental towns, occasionally visiting London, as it were *incognito*.

The following letter touches on Walter's affairs, and indicates Lockhart's attitude in the difficulties of Anglicans at that period. His son-in-law, followed by his daughter, was about to go over with Manning to the older creed. It cannot be denied that, in taking this step, and in this alone, Mr. Hope gave pain to his father-in-law. But gossip, as in Miss Martineau's essay, has immensely exaggerated Lockhart's feelings on the subject. He was not prejudiced against the ancient faith ; and, in his essay on the Presbyterian Wilkie, commends him for a similar want of prejudice. When abroad, Lockhart associated a good deal with Catholic priests ; he admired their learning and took pleasure in their conversation. We shall find him, at Rome, procuring a medal of Pio Nono and a rosary for his infant grandchild, of whom he was extremely fond,—Mary Monica, now Mrs. Maxwell Scott. This is not exactly the conduct of a bigot. But Lockhart's motto in these matters was *Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna.* He disliked conversions, changes of creed, though—as between Presbyterianism and the Church of England—he,

like most Scots educated in England, and interested in the historical suffering loyalty of the Scottish Episcopal Church, was fairly indifferent. *Enfin*, he preferred that Englishmen should remain in the English communion; he regretted Mr. Hope's difference of opinion, but he respected his motives, and, of course, retained in the fullest degree his old affection for him.

These ideas are explicitly stated in the following letter :—

"SUSSEX PLACE, *September* 28, 1850.

"DEAR HOPE,—Please return the enclosed, which will show you that I have disbursed abundantly and lately. I cannot doubt that Walter received money some days ago, at latest; but I can't help it if he has not. The letter you sent me is most insane, or most wicked, or both. He has kept me in a most painful state—but a step of decided rebellion now would, I really believe, put an end to all further interferences on my part. I wrote to him yesterday—the fourth since I had a line from him.

"I am very sorry to hear it confirmed that H. Wilberforce has taken that rash step, and trust Manning will not. The Church of England is in a most difficult and critical position, but it is not, I think, the duty of any individual to act as an individual under such circumstances. He should abide to the last moment that he does not find himself forced *to do* something which conscience forbids, before he declines to take part with the

body. Surely no private clergyman has a title to claim the initiative before so many bishops. The clergy and laity, if wise, would understand that their ends can be attained in one way only—that is, by altering the complexion of the majority in the House of Commons; and, if they would act in that direction with the zeal they throw away on polemical pamphlets, the power inherent in the Church party might, I still believe, effect very much—especially conjoined, as it would be in the next General Elections, with such a general energy of the landed interests, who now begin to suffer, as every *Whig* acknowledges, in a manner that has not been shown in recent times.—Ever affectionately yours, J. G. Lockhart."

The letter which ensues is a good example of the gossip with which Lockhart entertained his daughter. Lord John Russell did not shine, it seems, as a sportsman:—

"Sussex Place, *October* 4, 1850, *Friday*.

"Dear Cha,—I return the note about dogs,[1] for which I hope success. I know nothing of the channel through which information had reached Mr. B. Smith. No word from Germany, and of course no news is ill news—very bad indeed they seem to me. I have exhausted my reasonings and appeals of every sort—and despair. While this

[1] Probably Dandie Dinmonts for the Queen.

state of miserable uncertainty continues I can have no heart for moving. The only resource I find is to try to be busy about something else.

"The Christies are here again, and I dined there yesterday—only themselves. Murchison called—he had been at I know not how many great lords' houses, and on mountain-tops without end, in Scotland and the North of England, and was going to join the ———s in Hants—I suppose at Lady Featherstonehaugh's — the usual winter quarter. He gave a funny account of Lord J. Russell at the Black Mount. There was such a day for the harts as does not come once in thirty years—a still day after a storm, when they separate into twos or threes, and don't herd as usual. Johnny was alone to use the rifle—he had been dressed, by Mrs. William Russell's directions, in perfect style, and was mounted and attended suitably. The ranger took him, without almost any fatigue, within twenty-five yards of fourteen fine harts in succession, and the result was no harm to one. The old ranger told Sir Roderick, 'What could make the Queen choose sae wauf a bit body? If ye could tie up a stag by the head and let him come and fire away for a forenoon, maybe he might hit at last.' Next day ——[1] himself killed a fine animal, and reports great sulks in the Premier, who would not try again. But he seems to have done better afterwards at some other place. —— has, however,

[1] Name indecipherable.

a grievance. It seems he wrote to propose himself for Drumlanrig, and got *no answer*. I could only suggest accident, &c., &c., but suppose he had no such acquaintance as to warrant an offer, and that the good Duke *was* nettled for once. —— in dudgeon deep meanwhile. Oh, to think of a bearded man exposing himself to such chances!—Ever yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART.

"*P.S.*—Brougham brings this good anecdote. Normanby, who worshipped Lamartine in his power, has cut him latterly; but called a week ago, and found Monsieur Lamartine seated at his writing-table, with a grand portrait of himself over the fire *en face*. Lord Normanby said something about the glorious physiognomy. Lamartine paused and took snuff, and then said, '*Oui, c'est Byron, plus l'homme d'état.*'"

Here is more gossip, following an account, omitted, of the old anxieties :—

"SUSSEX PLACE, *January* 11, 1851.

"DEAR HOPE,—I trust the supper and ball, and Peter's dancing, may be taken as final comfort; but I shall be glad when I see again Cha's handwriting. I have not heard lately from any of the western relations, but indeed I seldom do unless when there is something to ask. I have no news as to Walter.

"I dined out *once* lately with Sir E. Landseer. He has been building, and, among other things, a dining-room, which he is decorating with panels of his own work—stag scenes, &c., in the oblong ones, and Highland cataracts in the uprights that balance them—all very beautiful, though unfinished. One day the plaster will be picked off the walls and sent to galleries, God knows where. The dinner was good, but very queer and conceited, a mixture of finery and *the fast* school. Marrow-bones and sausages, fried herrings and kidneys, *vis-à-vis* with turtle and Strasburg *pâté*. Beer and punch cross hands with champagne and Badminton cup. The only other plebeian was Swinton. We had Lords Abercorn, Ossulstone, Mandeville, and Ed. Russell, and they all called the knight 'Lanny,' and he called them 'Ossy,' 'Many,' 'Ned,' Abercorn only 'Marquis'—I suppose he being the only one that pays. All dog, and horse, stag, and Queen for talk; utter boobies; awful eaters and drinkers; and when I left them at half-past ten, they were all starting for some place where a new American game of rackets is played by gaslight, Lanny and all. How they could play rackets with such loads of pie and beer I don't conceive. It used to be hard morning work in my day.

"I fancy Russell is to bring in a Bill against the new English Sees, but not meddling with Ireland."

The following letter opens with the procuring

of pups of the famous old Dandie Dinmont breed for Her Majesty.

The letter also contains an unaccustomed wail over the difficulties in his Editorship, which bad health now made grievous to Lockhart. The article on Junius to which he refers is of singular interest. It has been erroneously attributed, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," to Mr. Croker. The author attempted to show that the wicked Lord Lyttelton was Junius. Dates (in my humble opinion) do not bear out this theory. Junius tells his publisher that he dreads a Bill of Attainder, which indicates a Peer rather than a Clerk in the War Office, like Francis. But this may have been an ingenious blind. The reviewer supposed that Lord Lyttelton's famous ghost, with its fulfilled warning of his death in three days, was a parting practical joke. Lyttelton had startled the House of Peers by a great harangue (November 25, 1779): on the Thursday morning he announced to Rowan Hamilton that the ghost had warned him during the previous night: he died, suddenly, just before midnight on the Saturday. The reviewer, like Scott, held that he committed suicide,—*how* is not suggested —and that intending to die, he invented the ghost and the warning, as a final jeer at the world, and a puzzle to Dr. Johnson.[1]

[1] I have examined all the evidence in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and am convinced that there is no case for the theory of suicide. Lyttel-

"SUSSEX PLACE, *February* 7, 1851.

"DEAR CHA,—I return Murray's note. He means well, I believe, but in short I am always worried near death before I can get out a No. by the tempers that are to be managed. The truth is that John Murray is sick of Croker, and Croker is now in a most impracticable state—exceedingly jealous that he is supposed to be falling off in his mental vigour, which I see no signs of, though his bodily condition is certainly alarming. These annoyances are more added to domestic affliction than I am well able for—but I am better now than I was when J. M. wrote to you.

"Yesterday I had at dinner here Gleig, who proposed himself; Fergusson, Sir J. Wilson, William and Frank Scott, who slept here, and is also to dine and sleep this night. He kindly brought me a pair of most charming pepper pups four months old, of clear descent from the Abbotsford race and inimitably varmint. He and I conveyed them this morning to Landseer, who is to carry them to Windsor to-morrow in person, and so there is an end of that bother as far as we are concerned.

"*P.S.*—The article Junius in the *Quarterly Review* has made a sort of sensation here, and many are at

ton's own death-bed wraith appeared, so contemporary testimony reports (in the *Scots Magazine* of the following month and in Reynolds's "Memoirs"), to a friend at a distance. The reviewer did not go into the very curious evidence as to the spectres.

least staggered. I was not convinced, but thought the writer showed such research and ingenuity, and treated a delicate topic with such inoffensiveness, that I ought not to refuse him a fair field. He is a Kentish gentleman, by name *Coulton*,[1] and I never saw him till yesterday, when his manners made a very favourable impression. Henry Cheney remembers well the old Lord Mount Norris, son of the wicked Lord Lyttelton's sister, Lady Valentia, who was Lyttelton's heir-at-law, and inherited, *inter alia*, from him an estate near Badger, in Salop. Cheney says Lord Mount Norris was full of stories about the bad uncle who had been good to him. Lord Lyttelton latterly could bear neither solitude nor darkness; often his little nephew, awaking in the night, found his uncle by his side on his bed, and was told that he could not remain in his own room, it was so full of horrors. At all times he had a blaze of wax-candles in his own bedroom all night. This last circumstance I recollect Sir Walter Scott mentioning thirty years ago or more, so he could not have had it from the Cheneys, whom he first and alone knew at Rome in 1832. It is a shocking story certainly. Lord Lyttelton and Gladstone are both much shocked with the article, and Lord Lyttelton has offered access to his family papers. I suppose the wicked lord's reputation would, in his family's opinion, be mended by his identification with Junius, which, in any other man's case, would

[1] I read it Carleton; the copyist, "Coulton."

come to moral damnation, in *his* already reached, and which here could only add an intellectual prestige by way of *circonstance attenuante.*

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Psychical observers will admit that Lord Lyttelton's state of mind, as thus reported, prevents his ghost-story from being "evidential." His own death-wraith, seen by Mr. Andrews, is a more touching example of a familiar phenomenon.

Here is announced the arrival of the Dandies at the Castle, whence Macaulay dated his famous letter :—

"*February* 11, 1851.

"DEAR CHA, — Sir Edwin Landseer called on Sunday. He had taken the doggies to Windsor the day before, and on being introduced told the Queen that they were in their basket in the corridor. She instantly ran out and began to open the hamper. Landseer said, 'Take care, Madam, they have been dressed with a little oil and brimstone.' 'Pooh,' said she, 'what signifies that?' and so she took them out and caressed both so skilfully that they began to run about after her, and she went for the children, who joined in the enjoyment of the new playthings, as did Prince Albert when he came in by-and-by for luncheon. After that the Queen said she knew not which to choose, both were so charming, and Landseer said it was designed to place both at her feet. She said it was too much,

but she would give Mr. F. Scott in return a couple of pups of whatever kind he chose from her own stock. I was asked by Landseer to write this to Frank, and did so yesterday. So ends the little play of Pepper and Mustard. We gave them, before delivery, the names of Master Ettrick and Miss Yarrow. Their papa is a handsome dog at Borthwickbrae.[1]

"I have received lately two or three pamphlets about 'the Holy Oriental Church,' which made me suspect something like what you mention. But there was a very queer article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a few months ago, 'On the Ecclesiastical Affairs of the West from a Russian Point of View,' written by a Sclavon, and asserting the claims of the Eastern Church to supersede the Popes of Rome, and the likelihood of this being ere long acknowledged, in consequence of the feebleness of the Papacy and the *death* of Anglicanism, and the worse than death of the German schism in all its branches. He says that when, for the first time after so many centuries, 'an orthodox emperor' knelt at the shrine of St. Peter, the effect was felt by the Romans of every class so as to prove their sense of Nicholas's ecclesiastical position and prospects.

"In remuneration of my helping her with an epitaph for the Colonel, Mrs. Charles Ellis has sent me a gift of six bottles of forty-year-old rum, and the elder widow has announced as about to arrive

[1] Near Harden. Then the seat of Mr. Elliot Lockhart.

half of a pig: so much for widows this week—nothing like *them*.

"Did Hope ever see 'The Forester,' by the woodman at Arniston? A new edition has just come out, and my copy is much at his service. I fancy it contains the best rules about sale of wood in Scotland, and might be useful to you.—Affectionately yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

On April 6, Lockhart notes, "Letter from Hope. He and Manning have this day been received into the Church of Rome." His letter to Mr. Hope has been published in Mr. Hope's Biography, but cannot be omitted in this place. The affair made absolutely no difference in Lockhart's intercourse with his children, as Miss Martineau, that inveterate blunderer, declares in her sketch of Lockhart's life.

"SUSSEX PLACE, *April* 8, 1851.

"MY DEAR HOPE,—I thank you sincerely for your kind letter. I had clung to the hope that you would not finally quit the Church of England, but am not so presumptuous as to say a word more on that step as respects yourself, who have not certainly assumed so heavy a responsibility without much study and reflection. As concerns others, I am thoroughly aware that they may count upon any mitigation which the purest intentions and the most generous and tender feelings on your part can bring. And I trust that this, the only part of your conduct

that has ever given me pain, need not now or ever disturb the confidence in which it has been of late a principal consolation for me to live with my son-in-law.—Ever affectionately yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

To Mrs. Hope, when she followed her husband, Lockhart wrote thus :—

"*May* 12, 1851.

"DEAR CHA,—I shall say nothing more but that I hope and pray what you have done may prove beneficial to your comfort and happiness. This is my only concern. It can in no way affect my feelings to Hope, nor, most surely, towards you.

"In case you have any country folks that would like to see Northumberland House or Syon, I send tickets, and have more, if wished for, at your command.

"We had a Protection party — the Stanleys, Eglintons, &c., &c., but pleasant enough on the whole. The great Lord and Lady themselves most kind.—Yours ever affectionately,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Here follows a characteristic line to Milman :—

"SUSSEX PLACE, REGENT'S PARK,
April 26, 1851.

"DEAR DEAN,—I fear you have decidedly cut me as Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. But if not,

there is a book by the Rev. Moses ——, which would, I think, form a capital subject for you. He is a clerk in English orders—a Polish Jew by birth —and his book is in letters to all sorts of grandees, the Duke of Manchester, Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Dublin, Bishop of Chester, &c., &c. A more impudent, silly, and ignorant book never appeared; and he seems to be, in every sense, a lewd fellow of the baser sort. The folly of our Ashleys, &c., in patronising *hoc genus* of charlatan, richly deserves a little castigation. In short, never was a more thorough humbug.

"To do the thing effectively would require learning, as well as a sense of the ridiculous. Therefore, unless you could handle this Moses, or point out some one else able and willing to do so in true style, I see no chance of my getting the sort of article that is wanted.

"Have you seen Moses, or shall I send him? He would, at least, amuse an evening hour—if you ever spend a quiet evening at this time of the year.—Ever yours, J. G. Lockhart."

On July 15, Lockhart went abroad with his friend "Lord Peter." They visited the Loire—Blois, Loches, Amboise, Nantes, Tours—and returned to Folkestone on August 21. In September Lockhart notes, "Very unwell." In October he went to Milton Lockhart, Abbotsford, and Ashestiel, returning to town on November 1.

Here is a brief note about the little French expedition :—

"PARIS, *August* 1, 1851, 5 P.M.

"DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—I have just had your letter, being the first scrap of writing of any sort since my start, as this is the first of my meddling with the pen. I am glad that you are so nearly done with London, and thank you for all your other news. Mine are *nothing!* I have certainly felt much better ever since I got across the Channel—eat more and slept fairly, and even enjoyed some sights; but it is all owing simply to the cessation of that eternal infernal round of notes and worries, amidst which I had been latterly driven, I really think, very near the edge of insanity. I left no instructions about letters, either with Murray or with Martha—in fact, took special care *not;* but I should like to hear from you again, and think you may address *Poste Restante,* Tours, with a pretty considerable likelihood of my receiving the missive about the middle of next week. To-morrow we go to Fontainebleau — spend Sunday there — get to Orleans on Monday, and mean to give two or three days to Blois and its environs; after which comes *Tours* aforesaid.

"My companion is awfully hot and heavy, and will not or cannot walk at all; nor has he almost the slightest curiosity about anything but what he is to get for dinner, *and so forth.* But he is very

kind always, and now and then very amusing, and we shall do very well.

"I admired two signs to-day: *Objets de religion et fantaisie*, and *Bottines pour les dames—fabuleusement bon marché;* also, the aristocratic airs of the concierge at St. Germain, who was most politely communicative about all things included in the splendid view, till I pointed to a particular house in a particularly fine situation, when he said, with a shrug, '*Ah!* quelque château bourgeois! je n'en scais rien.' This was the palace of some Rothschild near Malmaison.—Ever affectionately yours,

"J. G. Lockhart.

"Peter sends love to you both."

In London Lockhart found Croker very ill; he had fits of an alarming sort, and spoke of giving up his long connection with the *Quarterly*. So the year closes darkly enough, though Croker survived his old associates. His temper in illness caused, one may surmise, many of the *tracasseries* of which Lockhart complains.

In January 1852 Lockhart records visits to Molesey to inquire for Croker. "Croker too ill to see; sad scene." On February 6, "This evening my son Walter, I hope, goes abroad again." In March Croker was better, as may be gleaned from the following note:—

"*March* 24, 1852.

"Dear Hope,—Some years ago I rashly put into

the *Quarterly Review* (article on Curzon's book) a story which Croker had just told at table here about Madame de Sévigné's having written that St. Vincent de Paul was an agreeable man, but *trichait aux cartes*.

"Lately, that odious —— has re-quoted this from the *Quarterly Review*, and thereupon an anonymous *Catholic* writes very courteously for a reference to the page in Madame de Sévigné.

"I applied yesterday to Croker, who I thought might have a well-indexed copy of Sévigné. Here is his reply. I am a good deal vexed, but if you could give me the means, I should be anxious to apologise as to St. Vincent de Paul, and state the real story (*valeat quantum*) in an exact manner. If you or Badeley can't help me I despair.—Contritely meanwhile, J. G. LOCKHART."

On May 7, Lockhart's note is—"The Duke of Wellington's last ball, and the last time seen by me."

He had not yet, it is plain, entirely withdrawn from society when in fair health. In July he visited friends in Scotland, returning on August 23.

On October 2, he notes—"Charlotte, a girl" (Mary Monica, Mrs. Maxwell-Scott), and, in what ensues, he congratulates Mr. Hope:—

"*October* 7, 1852.

"DEAR HOPE,—I am grateful for your frequent bulletins, and very much comforted by them. I

spare you my daily budget of congratulations, as I dare say you have duplicates from Lady Gifford, Kathy Morritt, Aunt Anne, &c., &c.

"I met Monsignor Manning the other day, and he enlightened me about Monsignor Grant, who is, it seems, Bishop of, *inter alia*, Kent. I suppose your selection of St. Monica has also reference to the history of Kent. At all events, Mary Monica sounds charmingly.

"Though I have seldom made money by a book, I have suggested not a few books by which others have got lots of cash. I wish you would find some steady Catholic, or Puseyite of the deepest shade, to do a dictionary ecclesiastical in one thick volume, like Dr. Smith's of classical history, &c. I am confident it would, if well done, be a neat little fortune to the artist; and, by-the-bye, he should, like Dr. Smith, call in the aid of artists properly so called. The ignorance of Mrs. Jameson in her three volumes about Sacred Art is quite shocking; but what else can be said of any female historian of any class?

"I am to dine to-morrow, *pro miraculo*, with the Davy, that is, if no blundering kinsman drops in from foreign parts.

"I hope Cha is well enough to receive my love.—
Yours, J. G. LOCKHART."

"Paul[1] is gone; but I have not yet seen the maiden who reigns in his stead. I had all but re-

[1] The unapostolical with the black eye.

lented—he had showed such signs of grace for two or three weeks—but on Sunday last all was as bad as ever, so exit Paul!"

On November 7, Lockhart notes—"Walter ill," the beginning of a malady destined to be fatal. Walter was at Versailles, and his intention was to travel, by his father's desire, to Rome. On November 12, Lockhart writes—"Ill. Read Thackeray's 'Esmond.'"

He did not appreciate "Esmond," and makes the curious, and to all appearance erroneous reflection, "His Marlborough is mainly meant for Wellington, which could never have been the case, one hopes, had he known the Duke would be dead ere the book could be published." Greater contrasts in manner and conduct than Marlborough and the Duke could hardly be. But this is "How it strikes a contemporary."

Ill as Lockhart was, Walter's malady called him, with his brother William, to Paris, on December 23, whence he wrote thus to Mrs. Hope:—

"PARIS, *December* 28, 1852.

"DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I know that Walter wrote to you since I saw him first, but I think you will like to have my report also. I certainly have been much and agreeably disappointed. He walks ill, but ascribes this to the remains of the weakness caused by the illness at Spa, and it has so rapidly diminished during the last ten or fourteen days,

that he and the doctor both anticipate its disappearance ere long. He is thinner and darker, but not otherwise changed as to physique externally, and I think the little oddities of gesture that struck Hay and Ellis must have also worn off a good deal. From living so much among foreigners he has caught some tricks of that nature, and perhaps irritability of nerves made them more noticeable.

"William and I dined at Versailles with him yesterday, and we have met either there or here every day; to-morrow he takes for packing, and on Thursday will dine with us here, and start for Chalons afterwards. His plan of travel is written out by Hay, and seems to involve little fatigue—all railway or boating or sailing, except, I think, some nine hours of diligence. I hope, therefore, that the journey may be accomplished without damage, and if so, it must have advantages—two great ones anyhow—removal to a better climate, and emancipation from alarms of a certain sort, from which I find he never was free in Belgium more than in France. Hay's address is 33 Via Gregoriana, Rome, and, I daresay, he will have provided a lodging not far from that for your brother.—Yours affectionately,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Lockhart left Paris, and Walter started for Italy, on Old Year's Day. He remarks, "This last a most unhappy year. Walter seems better disposed, re-

pentant and affectionate. Let us hope for a great and lasting change."

The greatest change and most lasting was at hand.

Here is Lockhart's comparatively hopeful letter :—

"SUSSEX PLACE, *Monday, January* 3, 1853.

"DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I wish all good for you and yours from 1853, which figures I now first combine.

"I arrived here on Saturday night, having left William at Hôtel des Bains for a few days of hot bath. He will, I believe, go right from thence to Milton without pausing here. He was very kind indeed about the Paris trip, and his calmness made him very useful. Amid the very many troubles that perplexed me out of life while there, we at last contrived to see the young man and his attendant off in the train for Lyons, at nine on Thursday night—*he* having, as usual, deferred to the very last moment what might far better have come off two or three days sooner. But the wonder is, that such a pair ever did get off at all!! Such confusion—all blunder about everything!

"He is certainly better in health, and to the last *spoke* of his views and purposes in a satisfactory way enough—but, alas! the weakness of character is so obvious that hope can find but slender footing! Let us try. We can do no more.

"I have seen no one here but Joanna A——

for a moment yesterday, and she had no news but politics, in which interest is now dead, and will be so, I suppose, until Easter. I think it is generally anticipated that Gladstone will be the means somehow of breaking up the Aberdeen compound—that is, people granting him sufficiency of crotchet, grant him also some real principle—a high compliment as times go.

"I envy the hearing of Miss M. M——'s prattle and rattle.

"Give my respects and wishes of the season to old Peter and the rest, and with love to Hope I rest—Yours ever, J. G. LOCKHART."

On January 7, Lockhart's diary bears—

"Walter ill *en route*, and again at Versailles." He himself reached Versailles on January 10, too late. His son was dead.

A letter to Mrs. Hope displays Lockhart's usual thoughtfulness for others. He would not let her leave Scotland to be with him. There is no need to dwell on his emotions in this tragic event. It was, happily, the last of his many great bereavements. He had still much to suffer in the body, but his heart was not again to be wrung by kindness forgot, or by the deaths of his dearest.

"SUSSEX PLACE, *Wednesday, January* 19, 1853.

"MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—I got home again late last night, after a very cold and stormy passage

from Boulogne. Mr. Holt went by the more rapid course of Calais, as he had to be in Wales this day early—and what a turbulent life his is! But he was most kind to me, and most useful; indeed without him I could never have got through the infinite difficulties which the French law imposes in the case of a foreigner dying in that country. We had several days of most distressing work with officials at Versailles, and my head still swims with the recollection of those scenes.

"Your poor brother sleeps close by the entrance of the Versailles Cemetery, on the left hand at entering, and a modest stone will ere another week passes mark the spot. The very hour of his burial was also that of the Mayor's wife, which all the town attended; and when we had just laid the coffin in the grave, *all* the sextons, &c., had to go and assist at this lady's interment. I could not detain Holt, who had much to do elsewhere, and therefore was obliged to remain alone by the grave for two hours in the rain, until the people were at liberty to complete their work. . . .

"I thank Hope for his very kind notes to me, and also to William about me. Be assured that I am physically quite as well as I have been for a long time past, and that my mind is perfectly calm and composed. It is not at the moment that great afflictions tell most on me, and at present, so far from desiring either to go to Milton, or to have William or you here, it is, I feel, much better for

me that I am alone entirely now, and likely to be so for some weeks to come. I would not for the world have you leave Scotland on my account —by no means; our meeting is much better to be deferred till you come up in your usual course. Hope may be forced to come sooner by Holt's business matters—but as to that I know nothing. I am not desirous to have it known that I am here, and shall keep it as secret as I can, except as to Christie, Ferguson, and Murray. I have a world of letters from old friends, all meant in true affectionateness, but which I can't answer now.

"It is a consolation that forgiveness and reconciliation preceded the abrupt close of that unhappy career. Even during his last delirium he never ceased to hold conversation with me as if present, and seemed to be constantly drawing comfort from the sense that we had exchanged estrangement for a renewal of natural feelings. The doctor did not suppose him to have suffered much pain. All the people of the hotel appeared to have taken a very warm interest in his case, and no doubt he returned to them as a sort of friends, when he found himself smitten at Fontainebleau.

"My dear and now only child, bear up and learn to endure evil, which is the staple of this mortal life. Kiss your babe and accept my blessing on her and you both.—Ever truly yours,

"J. G. Lockhart."

There are two letters to the kindest of women, Mrs. Hughes, who had sent him a miniature of Walter as he was in his happy and graceful boyhood.

"SUSSEX PLACE, *January* 24, 1853.

"MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,—I do not need to be told of your sympathy in the misfortunes of my poor house, but I am not the less sensible and grateful.

"Accept my cordial thanks, dear friend of better days, and when you see your son, give him also my *warm* respects.—Ever yours truly (and *his*),

"J. G. LOCKHART."

"SUSSEX PLACE, *July* 24, 1853.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have received your packet, and am gratified to have what it contained, for the resemblance is strong, and of the best period of that short, unhappy life. I beg to thank Miss Twining (or whoever has done the copy so skilfully under her or your eye), and shall always keep it near me.—Very poorly, but very truly yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

The miniature is referred to again here :—

"SUSSEX PLACE, *February* 24, 1853.

"DEAR CHA,—I have got Mrs. Hughes's picture, and am not sorry to have it by me, though

it breaks my heart to recall the date. It is of the sweet, innocent, happy boy, home for Sunday from Cowie's; and really, for a lady, the likeness is fairly done. O God! how soon that day became clouded, and how dark its early close. Well, I suppose there is another world; if not, sure this is a blunder. . . .

J. G. LOCKHART."

CHAPTER XXIII

LONDON—ROME—LANARKSHIRE, 1853–1854

Coral for Mary Monica.—Dinner on a herring.—Resigns editorship.—Letter to Milman.—Haydon's "Memoirs."—Last meeting with Wilson.—Journey to Rome.—Meets Thackeray.—Studies Italian.—Visits Horace's Villa.—Dines out.—An invalid in Rome.—Letter to Mrs. Hope Scott.—Failure of vital powers.—Pio Nono.—A beatification.—Excavations.—Mrs. Sartoris.—Manning's eloquence.—Swathed pictures.—Studying Hebrew and Arabic.—Father William Lockhart.—Longs for British fare.—Spirit-rapping.—Letter to Milman.—Wiseman and Manning.—The last poem.—Duchy of Lancaster.—Retiring allowance.—Dinner with Manning.—Return to England.—Medal for Mary Monica.—"Shorn condition."—Last letter to Milman.—Milton Lockhart.—Pleasant last summer.—"My wound is deep."—Letter to Mrs. Hope Scott.—"Be good!"—Promised visit to Abbotsford.—Misunderstanding as to Lockhart's last visit.—Last letter to his daughter.—Description by an old servant, "What a beautiful face he had!"—His love of his granddaughter.—Takes farewell of Chiefswood.—Last hours.—"A soft sleep."—His religious ideas.—His poem on immortality.

With the death of Walter may begin the last chapter of a life of sorrows bravely borne. The diary, after Walter's death, contains nothing of note. On April 14, we find, "Bought a coral for Mary Monica," his little grandchild, who received all that tender love of babies which had marked Lockhart from his boyhood. Mr. Hope now added to his own name that of Scott, his wife being the

last lineal descendant of Sir Walter. Lockhart writes thus to Mrs. Hope Scott :—

"Sussex Place, *March* 10, 1853.

"Dear Charlotte,—I address you by your new name, earnestly hoping it may be attended henceforth with more of prosperity than has been the case for a long while, and that it may be transmitted in your lineage. Every one speaks most rapturously of Mary Monica. Uncle Bob says—'a splendid baby,' and so on. I have seen nobody lately at all except your husband and William, who dined here yesterday, and both appeared in good health and appetite and spirits, and were, as usual, most agreeable company, in the evening both sleeping like tops from 8 to 10.30, when, with some difficulty, having read out my book and the candles being nearly done, I contrived to expel them. If your new house be like No. 36 (Mrs. Lane Fox's), it is a very nice one; and I trust you will cultivate her society for the good of your soul.

"You see that William Alexander is dead. Boyd went over to Ballochmyle some days before, but never saw William in life, being forced to go to bed as soon as he got there. He had got home before the funeral, which Claud went down on Monday to superintend."

On April 30, Lockhart notes that he dined at Mr. Hope Scott's. "Sat between Lytton-Bulwer and

the Editor of the *Examiner*." The engagement book, once so full of names of good company and records of old feasts, is very blank. Mr. Gleig says that Lockhart starved himself, living on tea and bread and butter; there is an entry of a dinner "on a herring." Dr. Fergusson persuaded him to return to rather more generous fare. On July 5 he notes—

"Brodie and Fergusson agree that I must not attempt next *Quarterly Review*."

He therefore went to Brighton with his son-in-law. On July 16 he notes—

"I suppose my last number of the *Quarterly Review*."

His last article, and he only wrote part of it, was on Cockburn's "Life of Jeffrey," in 1852.[1] Henceforth that busy pen, which had produced so many volumes of "copy," was to be idle, save for letter-writing. In one note he cites a jest of Mr. Hope Scott's about certain friends of theirs, "an excellent family, if they could be taken homeopathically."

From Milman he did not conceal his condition. The kindness and justice of Haydon's remarks on himself in the Memoirs long ago cited, but only published in 1853, cannot but have given him pleasure, which may be detected in this note:—

"Sussex Place, *July* 27, 1853.

"My dear Dean,—I am very grateful to Mrs. Milman and you, and hope to profit, ere I go abroad,

[1] No. clxxxi.

by your kind invitation; but though I am better than when you last called here, I am still far from being fit for the experiment of a visit even to old friends. In fact, I am not able to be much out of bed, and my daughter is not at all aware of my condition in many respects. You shall hear by-and-by again, and I am hopeful of amended prospects. I quite hold to Rome for the winter, supposing strength for such a journey, when the proper season arrives; and I rather think Murray has already made suitable arrangements in that view. At all events, I am for the present at least *emeritus*.

"You will be entertained, I think, and interested with the Haydon Memoirs, which Tom Taylor has edited neatly, and, I believe, in a perfectly candid spirit.—Yours very truly,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

On August 6 he notes, "Gave up Abbotsford MSS. to Hope and Cha as *functus officio*." When in Scotland he "called on Wilson, but did not see him." Mrs. Gordon has described the last meeting of these old allies. The Professor, too, was descending into the Valley of the Shadow. Through thirty-seven years their affection, though not untried, had lasted unbroken. It has been necessary, inevitable, here to illustrate aspects of Wilson's character which have been hitherto overlooked. He has been represented as a figure of light, accompanied by the dark shadow of Lockhart.

On Lockhart has been cast blame which was not his, though, indeed, he was far from blameless. It is not with pleasure that I have observed and chronicled the failings, the capricious, and, as it were, the accidental, rather than essential, less happy qualities of Wilson's large, strenuous, affectionate, and usually genial nature.

Lockhart was advised, too late, to seek southern air—too late he sought for rest. On September 27 he was at Abbotsford, on October 4 he left England. He notes that on October 7 he saw Thackeray in the Louvre—Thackeray with years of work and fame still before him. The two men do not seem ever to have been intimate, though both were "Fraserians," nor do I remember to have often noticed Thackeray's name as a guest at any table where Lockhart was dining. In the separate edition of "Theodore Hook," Lockhart adds to some comments on novels made ten years earlier—"This was written long before Mr. Thackeray made a full revelation of his talents in 'Vanity Fair.'" That immortal work was welcomed, as it should be, by Miss Rigby, in the too celebrated review which also dealt with "Jane Eyre."

Lockhart reached Civita Vecchia on October 15. It is characteristic of his mental activity that his entry for October 18 is—"Dante with Dr. Lucentini."

Mr. Gleig, in his *Quarterly* article, quotes Dr. Lucentini's appreciation of the most eager and acute of his pupils. They would argue together;

Lockhart, in the fretfulness of pain, would grow too eager, and apologise next day, "Do forgive me; I was so ill." He wrote long letters from Italy to his daughter, and it certainly seems that he exerted himself too much. He records a visit to Hadrian's Villa, and another, over roads unmended for many centuries, to the supposed site of the villa of Horace. "The views were delightful; the roads not touched since Horace's time."

He was often in the society of Mrs. Sartoris, of whom he speaks with strong admiration. The worst of it was that, being able "to eat but little meat," he was constantly dining out, and the strain on a wrecked constitution was needlessly great. Lockhart throughout life had shared in the one vice of General Gordon—he smoked too much. Mr. Cadell had remonstrated with him about his fondness for the weed long ago, and Sir Walter had hinted at it. We do not learn whether or not he had limited the number of his cigars, as is probable. The loneliness of an invalid in Rome, among crowds of busy people of pleasure, or students of archæology, doubtless drove him into society, which must have exhausted his nervous energies, now sunk very low. He never exaggerates his sufferings in his letters home; these require little of comment, thus :—

"Via Gregoriana, Rome, *October* 21, 1853.

"My dear Charlotte,—We arrived here in

safety last Saturday night, although our passage from Marseilles had not been smooth, insomuch that we had to run for shelter to Elba, and I spent some hours in walking over Porto Ferrajo and its environs. The place is small but very strong, and (being Italian) very clean—as poor as possible; the market produced nothing that looked eatable but some tomatoes. A garrison of 700 or 800 men to watch over many political prisoners and the few natives. Napoleon's palace in town not so big as Huntly Burn, and its garden abounding only in cannon and balls; a villa across a bay seemed somewhat more considerable.

"The Admiral" (he was staying with Mr. Robert Hay in Rome) "has a neat flat of some five or six rooms, some of them looking over a large extent of Rome, including St. Peter's and many more fine things. I have a very tolerable room to the rear, and could not have been lodged better, I am sure, in this town. No woman servant at all. A man comes in to cook twice per day, all the rest done by the lad and my courier. Hay very kind indeed. As yet few or no fine folks here. Fanny Kemble and Mrs. Sartoris are near us, and dined with us one day, and Hay has drunk tea twice with them. In a short time there will be the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Northampton, and a world of grandees. At church on Sunday, behold Baron and Lady Parker, Lady C. Denison, Mr. D., and Dr. Locock, all bound for England from Naples.

Miss Parker to be married to Colonel Lowther's second son, and miladi enchanted. Jim looked very much shrunk, and, I think, generally changed for the worse. I have seen Dr. Pantaleone, who has, and I believe justly, a high reputation. He, after due examination, is of the same opinion as Brodie and Co.—that I am not suffering from any distinct disease, unless irritability of the mucous membrane, but rather from a general decadence of the vital powers, and I do not think his expectations of recovery are high; but I am trying a prescription of his, and you shall hear again by-and-by. Many days I am sick and helpless utterly, but on others able to enjoy a walk or drive, and yesterday was out for hours with Hay and a capital cicerone, Peter, lately our Minister here. The appetite much as before—that is, *null.*

"I wish you would write to Miss Joanna or Mrs. Ellis, and tell my report about myself; also to Cousin Kate, for this is the only epistle I venture on.—With love to you all,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

"ROME, *November* 2, 1853.

"DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I had yesterday yours of October 21, which told me about a ball, &c. I have nothing so brilliant, I think, to communicate. Yes, on Sunday was the beatification of one Bobola, I think, a Polish Jesuit, however, murdered by the Russians one hundred years ago, and I then saw,

for the first time, Pius IX., who looked very comfortable, blessing away right and left, between lines of French soldiers, who seemed to pay very little attention to the concern. Considerable crowd and lots of trumpets. The Pope gave a dinner a few days ago, which made some sensation. It was in a summer-house of the Vatican garden, and the guests the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, Borghesa, and another prince, Wiseman, and another cardinal. My 'Professor'—that is, little dominie, who spends an hour in the morning to brush up my Italian, says the English Cardinal has come to get some dispensations connected with a late legal dispute about votes on monastic property. I have not made acquaintance with any Italians, except my doctor, who is a very agreeable one, and the Duke of Sermoneta, an accomplished one. They dine apparently wherever an English spread occurs, and the rest of the company has hitherto been about as unvaried. I dine out continually, mostly with Hay and Peter; but occasionally with Mrs. Sartoris, or her sister Fanny, who are good cicerones as to the picturesque points of view in the Campagna. Great excavations have been made since I was here on the line of the Appian Way, and many fine monuments revealed. For instance, one to Seneca, with a frieze, showing the chief circumstances of his life, and, very neatly, those of his death. Another, very large, but not near so old, is that of the baker, a favourite slave, that is, of some great man under

Aurelian, and in this all the operations of the craft are cut in very bold relief. On either side, for two or three miles, you have these works still in progress; and the Pope drives out ever and anon to inspect, in company with his architect, Canina, who publishes, at enormous length, on every new discovery, a thick tome, for example, about the baker! The photographs of the antiquities are abundant, and mostly very excellent, but absurdly dear.

"I am certainly, since I wrote last, somewhat bettered as respects appetite; with eggs and fish I breakfast well, and with soup and fish dine tolerably. Meat not yet within my reach exactly, though *once* I did contrive to deal with part of a cold partridge. The weather is said to have been unfavourable; it is still as hot as English August, but with occasional rains, or rather floods.

"I will, for sake of Mary Monica, go to St. Monica's tomb some day soon.

"J. G. LOCKHART."

His diary gives a worse account of his health than do his letters.

"ROME, *December* 2, 1853.

"MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—Since I had your last comfortable letter I indited a reply to one of Kate's, and thought she would probably send it on, but it now seems long since I heard from or about you, and I must not be lazy any longer. Give me good news of yourself, your man, and Mary Monica. I am able

to report very well, on the whole, as to myself. The weather is still, with rare exceptions, beautiful—cold unless in the sun—but the sun usually powerful most of the day, the sky as bright as ever June saw in England, and the whole aspect of field and tree as fine as possible. It is a principal charm of Italy, and especially Rome, that every garden and park, large or small, abounds in the most luxuriant and picturesque of evergreens—ilexes in avenues—stone-pines in groves—myrtle hedges by the mile—lemon ditto (the divinest fragrance!). What with riding under Hay's orders, and driving with Mrs. Sartoris, I am becoming an adept in the Campagna beauties for seven or ten miles round, and *she* proves an inexhaustible fund of entertainment in her talk meantime, about anything but poetry and picturesques, her course of life having been one not imagined by me, and by her portrayed with a marvellous, though not at all harsh or uncharitable frankness. In fact, she is a delightful person—worth five hundred Fanny Kembles, even in talent, which is not her *forte*. You will have inferred considerable improvement in strength: it is certainly so, and the surest sign is the appetite, which has now recovered itself, I may say, to one's utmost wish. I eat good breakfast and fair dinner, and though the hands and feet are still cold as before, I may hope that symptom also will yield by-and-by.

"Our life is gay—we dine out four or five times a week—once always with Duke of Northumberland—

and may, if we please, go to dinner every night —some lady or other having assumed a particular one weekly. The Palazzo Doria is the only great Roman house opened yet, and we were at the assembly t'other night, when I saw some splendid beauties, and more red stockings than I perhaps ever shall again. The rooms most magnificent, and the Shrewsbury princess very courteous. Every day comes a new batch of London *beau monde*. As I write I have your short but agreeable epistle of Nov. 21. Why do you not continue your report about poor Lord Robertson? I had a line from him the day after the attack, but only a line, and am certainly not a little anxious, though I think if there had been any considerable alarm you could hardly have written without alluding to the subject. Last Sunday I heard Cardinal Wiseman preach in English at S. Andrea de' Frati, and capably he performed—a good contrast to the donkeys of our Anglican Chapel. I think I saw Manning's skull spot in the dark church, and also a gleam of spectacles very like Mr. Allies's, but no symptom as yet of the Carstairs noblesse. Pius IX. is lodged again at the Vatican, which he should never have left, as it is excellently fortified. At the —— —— (?) there might be six or eight French officers, but they seemed all generals—certainly not one youngish man. The French ambassador is the only diplomat that opens his house at all—whence sad complaints of our ladies. J. G. LOCKHART."

His health had made but a brief rally, as this letter confesses:—

"ROME, *January* 16, 1854.

"DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I was well pleased with all the news of your last, and quite approve especially the kitchen plan, for my recollection of many summer evenings poisoned by smells is lively enough. I have had rather a bad week, and am not yet able to leave my own room; but I daresay, in a day or two, I shall be as well as I have ever managed to feel of late. For a new variety I have been, indeed am, suffering under earache—whence a constant misery, steaming, &c., &c. Never experienced this before. About my last outing was to hear Manning preach an Epiphany sermon in the S. Andrea della Valle, and, as I had not heard him before, I was, of course, greatly struck and pleased with his voice and action—the latter I think the most graceful I ever saw in a pulpit performer. He called since, and made himself very agreeable, and is to show me his college, &c., one afternoon.

"The Admiral is very happy, as the Dorias, Borgheses, and some other princely ones, have been inviting him to dine. Borghese, he reports, feels confident that the Czar will be in London within three years. Well, if so, I calculate Murchison will not cut his old friend, but, on the contrary, patronise us all, to comfort us what he can under our woe about the downfall of the Royal

Albert—I mean his Siberian doom.[1] Certainly I have now had enough, not of Rome, but of that Piazza di Spagna Rome, to which fate at present binds me, and which I should suppose might be very well matched by any three or four crescents of Leamington or Torquay—that is, were such a place so lucky as to have booked half-a-dozen real grandees for the nonce. Philpotts would do well for a Pont. Max., and there would be no difficulty to fill the place of Monsignor Talbot. I was vexed at not seeing the noble Domenichinos of that church when Manning held forth, but most were covered by the delightful red and yellow petticoats, in which it is proper that naves and aisles should be wrapped during high festivals, and the grandest of all, the altarpiece, by a colossal præsepe or group of gigantic wooden dolls, to represent the whole company at Bethlehem—not forgetting, *in* course, the angels in the vault, or the three black kings and their camels' heads. Manning calmly said the præsepe was 'for the people,' and he hoped I would see the picture by-and-by. To be sure—all quite right.

"Yesterday, a letter from Holt at Paris; mentions some serious money losses, and that he had been over to Versailles, to see a grave which some one unknown had surrounded with violets. If Hope gets to town, I do trust he will show all kindness to that little man, and consult with him

[1] The Crimean trouble is referred to.

somewhat as to my own matters; for, arrive when I may, I shall find overwhelming botheration, and the necessity, nevertheless, of coming to some speedy arrangement as to future locality, and so on. I suppose the end will be a tiny cot within two or three miles of town, or a sequestered *flat* near the Clubs, if such a thing be comeatable. It signifies little which; but if I could find that my Duchy need not at all fetter me, as possibly is the fact, then I might take a wider circle of my compasses, and aspire to a garden and a quarter-deck walk of decent amplitude in Herts or Surrey. Other things occur in dreams and visions of the night occasionally—we shall see. I beg my best compliments to Miss Hope Scott, and all other young ladies of Tweedside. You will smile, but I continue to read a good deal, though the most, I own, in bed. Dr. Pantaleone has a good library, and is most liberal with its stores, and I have got through a great many sound books connected with this town and its history.

"I have also taken up Hebrew with an eye to Arabic, that is, in case I should spend a season in the East, after all, before settling down at Hampstead or Watford. I find I can easily recover the Hebrew I had lost—not very much I own—but better than nothing, and I have gone so far at least as to get an Arabic grammar from the most authentic quarter here, through a Mr. Howard, late

of the Blues, who is now rigged as reverendly as Manning, and probably lodges in the same cloister. —Ever yours affectionately,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

The spirit, courage, gaiety, and energy of Lockhart never shone more brightly than in these days of illness and exile.

"PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, *March* 15, 1854.

"MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I was much gratified with your last and in all its parts, but in return for so many bits of good news I have really nothing to say, except that I have settled to take a steamboat at Civita Vecchia on the 29th of this month, and it promises to reach Marseilles in twenty-seven hours. I need not hurry myself as to the French part of my journey, and will probably bestow a day or two on objects of interest as yet unvisited by me; but I shall soon (*D.V.*) get to Paris (Hôtel Windsor, Rue de Rivoli), and I hope to find H. Ellis and wife there or thereabouts; having spent a few days with whom, I may expect to cross to Old England and occupy once more, though for the last time and not for long, my customary quarters in Sussex Place.

"I have found that several acquaintances go by the boat I mention; particularly William Osborne and his wife, who will to the best of their power help me. She was Caroline Montagu of Rokeby, an old

friend and stalwart beauty—a most agreeable woman, and married to a very agreeable man—a brother of Lord Godolphin's.

"When tolerably well I have made various little expeditions to see celebrated places within a day's drive, and mostly with the two Kemble ladies, and an artist or two of their suite. Next Saturday the like is to happen if the sun shines, and before I quit Civita Vecchia I shall, I believe, contrive to spend three or four days in that vicinity, where Etruscan antiquities (Cornato, Tarquinii, &c.) abound. But I am at best very uncertain in any arrangements of this nature, for I am subject to seizures that lay me quite on my back for two or three days. I am to-day better than I have usually been for some weeks: but the constant recurrence of most wearisome symptoms is enough to break one's spirit, even if one had any left to be broken. I am entirely satisfied that travel is insanity for a sick creature; and once established again in a home, however humble, I shall not be likely to quit it on any such speculation.

"Hope and you will be sorry to hear that R. Monteith and all his family have been laid up with 'Roman fever,' so called, ending in what we call typhus. One little girl died on Saturday, and I greatly fear my next intelligence may be the death of another of them, with that of poor R. Monteith himself. William Lockhart (the monk), known to you, sees them hourly, and lets me know daily.

Yesterday the last Sacraments were to be administered to R. Monteith. This William Lockhart came over with Manning, and will return with him. He is very near to the Lees, and I knew his father well in early life. He seems a most amiable young man, and is very kind to me, as, indeed, sundry of his cloth here are. I understand I am in bad odour with the good Anglicans for going to hear Papist sermons pretty often; but, first, I get Protestant ones (or can) readily at home; and, second, the specimens here are better bad.

"You both, I think, were acquainted with the Bishop of Salisbury. I am sorry for his death. My old master, Jenkyns, too, has dropt. I wonder who will be the new Bishop; but I do not look for Milman. More likely Whewell; Hallam is, I hear, mending decidedly.

"The day I touch a bit of well-dressed cod or salmon, with a slice of roast beef or mutton, and glass of sound ale or port, I fancy I shall feel greatly comforted. There is nothing wholesome or refreshing to be had in this infernal place for love or money. Wherefore, may perdition attend the population, from Pope Pio to the beggar on the stairs.

"My chief companion and next-door neighbour (in the house) is old Lord Stanhope—occupied mostly with the spirit-rapping—I fancy a prime victim of the mediums. He says there is much preaching here on the subject, the tone being that the facts are all correct, but the whole the work

of Satan. Indeed, that is what I have picked up from my orthodox friends here.—Affectionately yours ever,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

David Dunglas Home was not yet in Rome at this time; some inferior medium was at work. Lockhart's dislike of Italian cookery and of the detestable wines of Italy comes out in a letter to Milman:—

"ROME, CASA SERNY, *March* 21, 1854.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—I am ashamed of not having sooner acknowledged a very kind and interesting epistle from the Deanery; but as I have been quite idle, you will readily understand and excuse. My health has had many ups and downs; when tolerably well I have tried to do something (occidentally and orientally), but in general I have been too unwell for such matters. At this hour I am better by much than usual, and hope to keep so during my homeward travels. I do not, on the whole, think I have been improved by foreign drugs, and sigh for home comforts—oh, how deeply!

"I had only *yesterday* a complete leave of absence as to Duchy of Lancaster, but this does not alter my programme, as I must, whatever order I may take about future modes of existence, go to Sussex Place, for a little while at all events, to settle about surrender of house there at Michaelmas, &c. I have no notion where I shall plant me, or how

occupy my time, but if, as I would fain still hope, I am to be capable of some work, I know myself too well not to attempt to a certain extent a resumption of the old habits. Many jobs may suggest themselves by-and-by for filling up a few hours daily in an otherwise objectless existence. I rather think the temptation of society, and especially friendship, will prevent me from fixing at any considerable distance from London: *nous verrons.* Even if you be (as I hope) the new bishop, you won't be without a town-house any more than a comeatable palace in the country. I am sorry to see that good little Jenkyns is no more; also not a little so at the sudden departure of poor Talfourd. Manning is poorly in looks, but charming in converse, and I see a good deal of him very quietly; also of my namesake William Lockhart (son of L. of St. Mary's Hall by a Miss Jacob), who has given up a fair fortune to be a monk of some new order—a fine, handsome, amiable young man; and I may say the same of a Herbert Vaughan, a priest too, though secular, eldest son of a rich Welsh squire, another handsome, elegant, good-natured, young English gentleman, gone the way of Newman! The Cardinal, Manning, and a Dr. English preach, it seems, in pretty regular succession at a church near me here, and I have attended them all frequently—Manning with real delight as well as pain —Wiseman with unmingled aversion and disgust." (An extremely severe expression of opinion, or

prejudice, follows, but need not be quoted.) "My tender homages wait on your lady. I quite enter into her and your distress on the loss of Lady Milman, for whom, though meeting her but rarely, I had always a very particular liking as well as respect. Truly grieved I am for Sir William, and ever yours affectionately, J. G. LOCKHART."

"Beds black with bugs,
Monks fat as slugs,
Beggars groaning,
Thieves atoning,
Leering models, lounging artists,
Strutting, strumming Bonapartists;
Mutton young, and stinking mullet,
Wine sharp enough for Rossi's gullet.
Fancying these, make speed to Rome,
Curse beef and beer, law, truth, and home;
For me, I'd jump at once to ——,
Before returning.

"J. G. L."

These are, perhaps, Lockhart's last verses.

Still from Rome he writes to Mr. Hope Scott about his post in the Duchy of Lancaster :—

"ROME, *March* 20, 1854.

"DEAR HOPE,—I think it very probable that you have had some communication, since you reached town, with Mr. Strutt, and will therefore hear, without surprise, what he now communicates to me, viz., that my resignation as auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster will be acceptable with reference to certain

proposed reforms, &c., &c., but that Prince Albert desires me to receive a retired allowance equal to the salary. This is exceedingly gracious, and I have of course written accordingly to Mr. Strutt.

"This will in no inconsiderable degree lighten my difficulties as to arranging for the future course of my domesticities, and I trust William and you will bestow some reflection on it with that view. I do not wish such matters to be talked of generally, but I will thank you to mention the occurrence confidentially to Holt, Fergusson, and Christie, also to Mr. Murray, when you are next passing Albemarle Street. I mean to take steamer on the 29th at Civita Vecchia, and, D.V., to reach London some ten days later.

"You will be happy to learn that Monteith is thought to have decidedly got the turn. He has not yet heard of the child's death. Manning has just been here with this news, and is to dine with me *solo* at 1.30 on Wednesday, which will be a great treat to me. I asked him to invite Vaughan or W. Lockhart, both of whom I am as fond of as he is, but he preferred a two-handed talk for once.—Yours affectionately, J. G. Lockhart."

Lockhart reached Sussex Place again, and those comforts which Rome could not yield. He writes:—

"*Tuesday, April* 11, 1854.

"Dear Charlotte,—I am writing in my old

chair in my own old room once more. I stood my long journey well enough, having pleasant society throughout—viz., William Osborne and his wife (Caroline Montagu of Rokeby), and their niece, Miss Fazakerley, and as far as Paris, the Duke of Wellington. The Rhone being dried up, we found difficulty in getting the boat replaced, but finally hired and posted (five maîtres and five domestiques) in a solemn cast-off diligence. At Lyons we reached running water again, and on to Paris so and by rail. I dined one day with Ellis, but never saw miladi, she being really ill. My only other visit was to Versailles—of which when we meet.

"I have not yet seen Holt, but I hope to do so this evening, and anticipate, with his help and Woolford's, escaping from this house before that month expires. I am to be myself on trial as respects climate, &c., and believe my wisest plan will be to deposit my books, &c., at the Pantechnicon (all but a few boxes full), and hire for the nonce a lodging not far from my clubs; in which case Hannah might sigh a long farewell.

"I have a medal of Pius IX. for M. M., with sundry rosaries and so on, at your commands.

"Two more very old allies of mine are just buried, I see—John Wilson and the Dean of Wells (Jenkyns of Balliol).

"I am to dine to-day with Murchison, who looks doubly august with his increase of fortune, which

must atone for my shorn condition in purse and person.—Affectionately yours,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Shorn, indeed, Lockhart was. He had never been rich; he had no valuable copyrights; the years of a large income had ended with the first flush of Murray's Family Library; his expenses in consequence of Walter's faults had been great. Now he had to resign the *Quarterly Review*, and this is the time when Miss Martineau speaks of him as "opulent," and owner of a lucrative landed estate!

"SUSSEX PLACE, *April* 18, 1854.

"DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—I shall be very happy to dine with you on the appointed day, when I hope to see M. M.[1] in great beauty and attraction, and her papa and mamma strong and well. I have seen Lady Hope, and was delighted with her vigorous looks—also Lady F. H., who seems as jolly as ever, all woes notwithstanding. I have nothing to say of myself but that I don't feel as if I were at all the worse for being here—if anything, the contrary, and take what share I can in the great quest of a shelter; but I daresay your arrival will find that still on foot. It seems to be extremely hard to get at anything decent on decent terms anywhere, and actually impossible in the civilised regions of the town. Christie is not yet seen by me—he is at Beaumanoir. Lady

[1] M. M. is Mary Monica, his grandchild.

Davy is in her white hairs and no roses, but in very fair spirits—quite herself indeed. Oh! on Easter Sunday I was good boy and went to the old ——'s" (the family best taken homeopathically), "with the usual cod and pigeon-pie, &c., &c.; *he* raythe doited, I fear—all the rest as of yore. Scotty very nice. So is neighbour Daisy here—*very*. Poor Mrs. Grant seems much shaken and aged. Frank (Grant) has now finished his *me* to his own satisfaction, and threatens engraving; but I have not had any other opinion. My own is that there is very little resemblance to the senior whom I *should* shave every morning.

"I am not surprised, but sorry, to hear whispers of a separation between —— —— and her virtuoso, whose neglects have at last exhausted her patience; but I shall have particulars whenever I meet the Eastlakes, and till then *mum*."

The following brief note is his last to his old friend Dean Milman:—

"19*th July* 1854

"Dear Dean,—I have now read your book all through, and am very sorry to find myself at *finis*, but hope to see more vols. speedily. This is a real good history, most learned, instructive, and abundant in sense and taste. I beg pardon for praising it—excuse the presumptuous habits of an old editor.

"I think A. Stanley's article a very able and interesting one—in fact, the best thing he has as yet

printed—always excepting passages in his 'Arnold,' which neither he nor another will readily beat.—Yours, J. G. LOCKHART."

In August, Lockhart retreated to his brother's hospitable house at Milton Lockhart. His health was not mending; a chilliness in the hands and feet, and great weakness, were the most notable symptoms. "Bob," in the following letter, is his brother Robert, then on the point of being married.

It is pleasant to think that his latest summer, in his own country, was happy in warmth, a grateful breeze, and the "sheathed" sun, on which he quotes Wordsworth. He, like Scott, made a final visit to Douglas and its stern monuments; and he remembered, we may be sure, that day of dark and lowering heat, when Sir Walter, moved beyond himself, quoted—

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep."

Deep was Lockhart's wound, beyond all healing, and rest was near. How touchingly his words in the following letter on youth and health, and on people's duty to be "what it is easy to preach," recall Scott's "Be a good man, my dear!" But he addressed, and he knew it, one to whom it was easy to be good:—

"MILTON, *August* 29, 1854.

"DEAR CHARLOTTE,—Kate says I should write, but I really have nothing to say except what she is

sure to have said to you lately. She and William are both most kind, and so is Bob (when he can be spared us for a little), in their attention to my ease and comforts. The pony has hitherto served me no great deal, because my bones are so naked that the surface gets easily injured, and the poor man can't attempt remounting for some while. Otherwise, I should expect real good from that exercise, and we shall see by-and-by how things go on. I am not better, I think, on the whole, but not worse, and for this one should be thankful.

"The weather is delicious—warm, very warm, but a gentle breeze keeping the leaves in motion all about, and the sun *sheathed*, as Wordsworth hath it, with a soft grey layer of cloud. To-day I am tempted to try the pony again, though, besides other griefs, I can get no companion—William just *once*, and yet God only knows what he does all day before sleeping hours.

"I am glad to fancy you all enjoying yourselves (I include Lady D. and sweet M. M.), in this heavenly summer season—such a rarity beneath our sky. If people knew beforehand what it is to lose health, and all that can't survive health, they would in youth be what it is easy to preach—do you *try*. I fancy it costs none of you very much effort either to be good or happy.—Yours affectionately, J. G. Lockhart."

"MILTON, *September* 9, 1854.

"DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I am probably doing what William ought to have done—anyhow, your grouse arrived this morning, and will be very useful. I have lived on grouse-soup ever since I came to Milton, with the addition of some curds and cream, lots of butter-milk, and now, behold, a kebbock procured from a renowned dairy hard by for my special benefit! I am, in some minor respects, rather better, and persist therefore in riding almost daily for two or three hours, but the feebleness in the limbs, I fear, progresses still. It is with considerable difficulty I get my legs over the saddle, and I never even attempt more than a walk.

"I suppose I must soon think of moving southwards, and that will include a little visit to you, unless you shall have shown yourselves here at any rate; but I don't mean that I don't wish and intend to be with you whether you have been here or not. If I feel tolerably up to any visiting, I will, if I can, go to Bob's wedding,[1] but I doubt if I shall be able, and suspect the absence of so ghastly a visage and form may be much more to the hilarifying of Kate (who alone will remember it) than the presence of your most obedient.

"We have the most heavenly weather. Kate and I went with William yesterday to Douglas to show her the monuments, and that he might call

[1] The wedding of his brother, Mr. Robert Lockhart.

at the castle. Lord D. was not well enough to be seen.

"Lord Peter is to be here on Thursday; going on Saturday to the Belhavens, who have just returned from the Rhine. My respects attend all the fair, not excepting M. M.

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Lockhart's final visit to Abbotsford has sometimes been represented as the sudden freak of a stricken man to die at home. The foregoing and following letters prove that he had always contemplated and promised a visit to his daughter. Mr. Ornsby, in his "Life of James Hope Scott,"[1] writes thus: "Mr. and Mrs. Hope Scott went to see him at Milton Lockhart, and entreated him to come to Abbotsford. He at first decidedly refused, and his will was a strong one; but some time after, when the house was full of Catholic guests, he suddenly announced that he wished to go immediately to Abbotsford."

This makes a rather ungracious impression. Lockhart's letters, of course, remove it; he always meant to go to see his daughter and "M. M."

This is his last letter to his daughter. He journeyed to Abbotsford, and died among those dearest to him:—

"MILTON LOCKHART, *29th September* 1854.

"DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I am certainly somewhat

[1] Vol. ii. p. 147.

stronger on my poor limbs, but as I have not learnt to eat, the difficulty is only protracted by such changes. However, I write merely to say that your last to Kate greatly surprised and perplexed me; for I had not before had the least notion about your two visits, and fully believed that Hope would be off for his English trip before Monday next. Meantime I had settled in my own mind that, if I should feel courageous enough for a day of travel, I would quit this place by, at latest, the middle day of October—if possible a week sooner. As to that point, I have had no letter lately from Fergusson; he has left mine unanswered; so I concluded that in absence he would rather not interfere. But as you will no doubt come hither on Monday, I need not trouble you with more of this to-day. It seems a bit of destiny that M. M. and J. G. L. do not meet in a hurry. I am very sorry to hear of Lady Davy's new attack, but she has a vitality that I may well envy. Love to you all.

"J. G. LOCKHART."

The date of Lockhart's arrival at Abbotsford is unrecorded.

An old servant of Mrs. Maxwell Scott's family, Mrs. Doyle, gives this touching description of Lockhart's fondness for his little grandchild, which partly deals with his dying days at Abbotsford.

"She used to be quite frightened at him, as a

baby, when he lived at Regent's Park. Poor gentleman, he used to be so often ill, and when we used to go to see him, he would be in his dressing-gown and a red cap. She would cry, and I had to take her out and walk in the garden. Her mother used to be so vexed, and used to talk to her. Mr. Lockhart told Dr. Locock what a naughty little girl she was! At last she was good, and pleased to let her grandpapa take her in his arms, and he kissed her, and I saw the tears run down his cheeks. I remember when Mr. Hope Scott came home, how dear Mrs. Hope Scott met him on the stair to tell him baby had been good to her grandpapa, and let him take her in his arms: he came straight to the nursery to kiss her, and tell her she had been a good baby. When Mr. Lockhart was ill at Abbotsford, how he loved to hear her running about the house. He said it was life to him. What a beautiful face he had! What a dream it all seems: how often I sit and think of these days."

Mr. Ornsby, in his "Life of James Hope Scott,"[1] says: "He arrived there hardly able to get out of his carriage, and it was at once perceived that he was a dying man. He desired to drive about and take leave of various places."

We can imagine his last visits to Chiefswood, Huntly Burn, the Rhymer's Glen, Torwoodlee, Gledswood, perhaps "the dowie dens of Yarrow," —"displaying, however, a sort of stoical fortitude,

[1] Vol. ii. p. 147.

and never making a direct allusion to what was impending. To save him fatigue it was important he should have his room near the library, but he shrank from accepting the dining-room (where Sir Walter had died), and it required all Mr. Hope Scott's peculiar tact and kindness to induce him to establish himself in the breakfast-room close by. There he remained until the end. Yet he would not suffer any one to nurse him, till, one night, he fell down on the floor, and, after that, offered no further opposition. Father Lockhart, a distant cousin, was now telegraphed for, from whom, during Mr. Lockhart's stay in Rome, he had received much kind attention, for which he was always grateful. He did not object to his kinsman's attendance, though a priest; and yielded also when asked to allow his daughter to say a few prayers by his bedside. . . . The end came suddenly. Mr. and Mrs. Hope Scott were quickly called in, and found Miss Lockhart (affectionately called in the family 'Cousin Kate') reading the prayers for the dying. Mr. Lockhart died on November 25."

He was buried, by his desire, in Dryburgh Abbey, "at the feet of Sir Walter Scott," within hearing of the Tweed. Mrs. Robert Lockhart, at that time a bride, makes the following extracts from letters of her husband, who was in attendance on the dying man:—

"I was in the dining-room during the night, which is next the sick-room. It is the room in which old Sir Walter died. My thoughts during

the night I can scarcely describe, thinking of my poor brother in his younger days, with the Scott family, now all gone."

"ABBOTSFORD, *November* 26, 1854.

"I arrived early this morning, but, alas! too late for the momentary gratification of being with him at the last. As Dr. Clarkson had assured us, his end was but a soft sleep—no pain, no struggle. The change is not great from what he appeared lately, and his expression is mild. My poor mother was brought before me so perfectly. In death he resembles her far more than he did in life."

The biographer of Father William Lockhart informs me that the Father used to read to Lockhart, in his last days, passages from "The Garden of the Soul." Mr. Gleig says, touching his religious creed, that a clergyman, an Oxford friend (probably himself), used to walk with Lockhart on Sunday afternoons in Regent's Park. "With whatever topic their colloquy began, it invariably fell off, so to speak, of its own accord into discussions upon the character and teaching of the Saviour; upon the influence exercised by both over the opinions and habits of mankind; upon the light thrown by them on man's future state and present destiny. . . . Lockhart was never so charming as in these discussions. It was evident that the subject filled his whole mind, for the views which he enunciated were

large, broad, and most reverential—free at once from the bigoted dogmatism which passes current in certain circles for religion, and from the loose, unmeaning jargon which is too often accepted as 'rational Christianity.' . . ."

Of religion, in his extant letters, Lockhart never speaks, save in some brief ejaculation, or in acknowledging and humbly bowing to that Will which so often, and so severely, tried his own. Lockhart, in his will, left little memorials to his surviving friends, and a sum of one hundred pounds to Mr. Christie, "for a purpose which he knows"—*veteris haud immemor amicitiæ.*

Mr. Froude, in his "Thomas Carlyle,"[1] writes of "a poem sent to him (in part) by a friend whom he rarely saw, who is seldom mentioned in connection with his history, yet who then and always was exceptionally dear to him. The lines themselves were often on his lips to the end of his own life, and will not be easily forgotten by any one who reads them."

These lines came to him who now writes, with Lockhart's letter to Carlyle, in an hour of sorrow, and will not be forgotten while memory endures. They are written in full on a page pasted into one of Lockhart's diary books, and are dated June 21, 1841. They had been seen by Mrs. Norton, who, in one of her letters to him—letters singularly vivid, but clouded by many torturing anxieties—says

[1] Vol. i. p. 249.

that "some good angel must have caught him in a trap."

"When youthful faith has fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead,
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet, modest flowers of spring,
How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May.

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom;
Fond hope and vision vain,
Ungrateful to the tomb!

But 'tis an old belief,
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends will meet once more.

Beyond the sphere of time,
And sin, and fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so."

So may he have wakened—out of weakness made strong, out of weariness refreshed—to meet the eyes of her whom he never ceased to love and long for, and of that great soul beside whose mortal ashes his own body lies at rest.

CHAPTER XXIV

CONCLUSION

Reminiscences of the Dean of Salisbury.—Lockhart on modern poets.—He advocates the republication of Keats.—Lockhart on Tennyson.—Admiration of Byron and Southey.—The *Quarterly* and the Oxford Movement.—Kindness to Dean Boyle.—On Scott's letter about the death of his first love.—On his friendship for Mr. Murray.—The notice of Lockhart's death in the *Times*.—The author's final reflections.

The Dean of Salisbury, who has already printed some charming notes on Lockhart in his delightful volume of Reminiscences, has kindly written the following recollections. The edition of Keats referred to as published by Lockhart's advice, is a kind of quarto, in double column. There followed (before Lord Houghton's publication of Keats's Letters and Remains) another edition, with a portrait. I have elsewhere said that in a letter of Lockhart's of 1819, which was kindly lent to me by Mr. Enys of Enys, he speaks most amiably of Keats, hopes for his recovery from an illness, and says that he has attempted to write in this sense in *Blackwood*, "but have been thwarted, I know not well how." It is, however, fair to add that, in his early *Quarterly* notice of Tennyson, Lockhart does not show symp-

toms of conversion as far as Keats is concerned. Real appreciation came later. Dean Boyle's recollections follow :—

"Dear Mr. Lang,—I do not require to dig into my memory for any particulars about J. G. Lockhart. Everything that I heard from him, from 1844 to 1853, is so strongly impressed on my mind that I can bring back at once the times that I met him and the utterances that he made. Mr. Lockhart unbent himself very freely in the house of a relation of mine, and his sayings and doings were very faithfully chronicled. When I read, very shortly after his death, the excellent sketch of his life and character, in the *Times* of December 9, 1854—a sketch which was attributed to Dean Milman and Lady Eastlake—I was struck with its complete agreement with all that I had myself thought about his character, as a critic and a man. The real love of letters, which he showed in his conversation, gave him an especial charm. I have heard him acknowledge freely the mistakes that had been made by critics as to Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson. From what I have heard him say, half in fun and half in earnest, about the fierce attacks in *Blackwood* upon what was thought the Cockney school, I drew the conclusion that he greatly regretted all that had been said about Keats; and I feel sure that Lockhart was never guilty, as Mr. Colvin thinks in his Memoir of Keats, of

betraying his knowledge of the poet's life to the author of the article in *Blackwood*. I know, on the authority of the Rev. Thomas James, a contributor to the *Quarterly*, much valued by Lockhart, that the republication of Keats's poetry in 1840–41 was strongly advocated by Lockhart, who was always willing to repair injustice. I heard him express great satisfaction that John Sterling's review of Tennyson, in the *Quarterly*, had created a great demand on the part of the public; and I remember his strong praise of the 'Morte d'Arthur' and the 'Lord of Burleigh.' Of Shelley, too, and especially his Letters and Essays, he said much that dwells in my memory. One of his pieces of advice to me was to cultivate a catholic taste in poetry. 'Milton, above all things, Pope, Scott, Byron, and Crabbe—I am afraid Southey is not such a favourite with you young gentlemen as Shelley and Keats—but "Kehama" and "Thalaba" you ought to read, and don't forget Wordsworth's "Churchyard among the Mountains."' I was often struck with his magnanimity. When Macaulay's 'Essays' were becoming very popular, he spoke of them with great admiration; and when some one was running down Jeffrey, I heard Lockhart say very much what he wrote afterwards, in a most interesting article in the *Quarterly*. He treated me with extreme kindness, and asked me to make use of him if I wanted any particular information about books. He had a very warm heart, often

concealed by a cold, reserved manner, and my old cousin used to say to me, 'Lockhart treats you with great kindness on account of what your father did for him in his Edinburgh days.' He took great interest in the battle of the Churches in Scotland after the Disruption. An article by Gleig on Dr. Chalmers made him talk very freely about religious opinion in Scotland, and the attitude taken by Walter Scott. 'If I had to write my "Life of Scott" over again now, I should say more about his religious opinions. Some people may think passages in his novels conventional and commonplace, but he hated cant, and every word he said came from his heart.' One day in his own house he read me a letter, written by Scott to a friend who had lost his wife, full of beauty; and he then added, 'The lady was Scott's first love.' I think this letter, or a copy of it, must have been given to Lockhart by Sir John Forbes, the son of the banker who married the lady in question. There was an enthusiasm about Lockhart, when he expressed his views about poems he admired, such as I have never seen except in Matthew Arnold. It may seem strange to some to hear that the two poems I heard him admire most were Byron's 'Isles of Greece,' and some very fine verses of Fanny Kemble's, which he gave in the *Quarterly* in his review of her poems. May I venture to mention a personal matter? He was going to take a short tour on the Continent with

his friend Lord Robertson, and he said to me, 'If you can come with us, I will frank you. You would hear about Scott and Wilson to your heart's content.' But I was an undergraduate at Oxford, and the kind scheme could not be thought of. I venture, however, to think that there are not many men in Lockhart's position who would think of doing such a kindness to a youth. I know that there had been from time to time grave questions and difference of opinion between Lockhart and the head of the firm in Albemarle Street, but Lockhart was fond of speaking of the generous treatment many authors had had from Mr. Murray, whom he called the prince of publishers. I have heard him say that he had often wished Sir Walter had had more dealings with the house. The line taken by the *Quarterly* as to the Oxford Movement has been much misunderstood. Lockhart was fond of quoting a famous sentence of Horne Tooke's, about Hounslow and Windsor: 'I went a certain way from Oxford, but I was not going to Rome.' I should like to say that when he was last at Rome, he wrote a warm appreciation of the poetry of Dante, and said he had been deepening his acquaintance, under the guidance of Lucentini, 'a man much to be commended.' Lockhart used to quote a famous passage of Sir F. Palgrave, of the value to be gained from 'one dear book.' I could write at some length of the value to be gained from knowledge and acquaintance of one dear man.—I am, very truly yours, G. D. Boyle."

We may add an extract from the article in the *Times*, attributed to Dean Milman and Lady Eastlake.

From the "Times," Dec. 9, 1854.

"It is not in the first few days of regret for Mr. Lockhart's loss that the extent of it can be best defined. . . . Although his reputation has been confined to literature, and although, by early amassed knowledge and long-sharpened thought, he had reared himself into a pillar of literary strength, yet the leading qualities of his mind would have fitted him for any part where far-sighted sagacity, iron self-control, and rapid instinctive judgment mark the born leader of others. Nor did he care for literary triumphs or trials of strength, but rather avoided them with shrinking reserve.

"He entered society rather to unbend his powers than to exert them. Playful raillery, inimitable in ease and brilliancy, with old friend, simple child, or with the gentlest or humblest present, was the relaxation he most cared to indulge; and if that were denied him, and especially if expected to stand forward and shine, he would shut himself up altogether.

"Reserve indeed—too often misunderstood in its origin, ascribed to coldness and pride when its only source was the rarest modesty, with shyness both personal and national—was his strong external characteristic. Those whose acquaintance he was

expressly invited to make, would find no access allowed them to his mind, and go disappointed away, knowing only that they had seen one of the most interesting, most mysterious, but most chilling of men, for their very deference had made him retire further from them. Most happy was Lockhart when he could literally take the lowest place, and there complacently listen to the strife of conversers, till some dilemma in the chain of recollection or argument arose, and then the ready memory drew forth the missing link. . . . And there were occasions also when the expression of the listener was not so complacent—when the point at issue was one of right and wrong; and then the scorn on the lip and the cloud on the brow were but the prelude to some strong speech, withering in its sarcasm.

. . . . . .

"Far remote was he from the usual conditions of genius—its simplicity, its foibles, and its follies. Lockhart had fought the whole battle of life, both within and without, and borne more than his share of sorrows. So acute, unsparing, and satirical was his intellect that, had Lockhart been endowed with that alone, he would have been the most brilliant but the most dangerous of men; but so strong, upright, and true were his moral qualities also that, had he been a dunce in attainment or a fool in wit, he must still have been recognised as an extraordinary man. . . . All knew how unsparing he was to morbid or sickly sentiment, but few could tell

how tender to genuine feeling. All could see how he despised every species of vanity, pretension, or cant; but few had the opportunity of witnessing his unfailing homage to the humblest or even stupidest worth.

. . . . . .

"It was characteristic of Lockhart's peculiar individuality that wherever he was at all known, whether by man or woman, by poet, or man of business, or man of the world, he touched the hidden chord of romance in all. No man less affected the poetical, the mysterious, or the sentimental; no man less affected anything; yet, as he stole stiffly away from the knot which, if he had not enlivened, he had hushed, there was not one who did not confess that a being had passed before them who stirred all the pulses of the imagination, and realised what is generally only ideal in the portrait of a man. To this impression there is no doubt that his personal appearance greatly contributed, though too entirely the exponent of his mind to be considered as a separate cause. . . .

"As in social intercourse, so in literature, Lockhart was guilty of injustice to his own surpassing powers. . . . No doubt he might have taken a higher place as a poet than by his Spanish Ballads, as a writer of fiction than by his novels. These seem to have been thrown off by a sudden uncontrollable impulse to relieve the mind of its fulness, rather than as works of finished art or mature study. . . . They

were the flashes of a genius that would not be suppressed: none esteemed them more humbly than Lockhart. . . . So, too, with his other writings of the period. The ice once broken, the waters went dashing out in irresistible force; his exuberant spirits, his joyous humour, his satiric vigour, his vehement fun, when the curb was once loosened, ran away with him. . . . These outbursts over, he retired again into himself.

. . . . . .

"Lockhart was designated at once, for none else could be, the biographer of Scott. . . . But while his relation and singular qualifications gave him unrivalled advantages for this work, they involved him in no less serious and peculiar difficulties. The history must tell not only the brilliant joyous dawn and zenith of the poet's fame, but also the dark sad decline and close. It was not only that Lockhart . . . enjoyed the closest intimacy with Scott, saw him in all his moods, with veneration which could not blind his intuitive keen judgment of human character: in some respects there was the most perfect congeniality between the two.

"In outward manner no two men indeed could be more different. Scott frank, easy, accessible, the least awful great man ever known. . . . Lockhart, slow at first, retiring, almost repelling, till the thaw of kindly or friendly feelings had warmed and kindled his heart. But in tastes, in political principles, in conviviality, in active life, in the enjoy-

ment of Scottish scenery and sports, in the love of letters for letters' sake, with a sovereign contempt for the pedantry of authorship, warm attachments, even in the love of brute beasts—there was the closest sympathy. . . . But stern truth, honour, and faith with the public commanded the disclosure of the gloomier evening. . . .

"There was one thing which set Lockhart far above all common critics: high over every other consideration predominated the general love of letters. Whatever might be the fate of those of more doubtful pretensions (even to the lowest, the humblest of authors, there was one kind of generosity in which Lockhart was never wanting—if his heart was closed, his hand was always open), yet if any great work of genius appeared, it was one to him—his kindred spirit was kindled at once, his admiration and sympathy threw off all trammels. We have known, where he has resisted rebuke or remonstrance, to do justice to the works of political antagonists—that impartial homage was at once freely, boldly, lavishly paid."

The tale is now all told, and we may look back on it and briefly review our impressions. Of no human character can another venture to be the judge, least of all when the character is so strong and so complex as that of Lockhart. He has been spoken of as cold, heartless, incapable of friendship. We have written in vain, and his own letters are

vainly displayed, if it be not now recognised that the intensity of his affections rivalled, and partly caused, the intensity of his reserve. Garrulous lax affections and emotions are recognised and praised: ready tears, voluble sorrows, win sympathy,—and may have forsaken the heart they tenanted almost in the hour of their expression. Lockhart felt too strongly for words, and his griefs were "too great for tears," as the Greek says. His silence was not so much the result of a stoical philosophy, as of that constitutional and ineradicable ply of nature which, when he was a child, left his cheeks dry while others wept, and ended in a malady of voiceless grief. He was born to be so, and to be misconstrued.

The loyalty of his friendships, and the loyalty of his friends to him, is not of common example. His great devotion to Sir Walter Scott, so unaffected, so enduring, coloured all his life and thought. To have won the entire trust and love of Scott, the singular affection of Carlyle, who saw him so rarely, yet who remembered and regretted him so keenly, —having "fallen in love with him," as it were,—is no ordinary proof of extraordinary qualities in heart and brain. His generosity in giving, even beyond his means, is attested by Mr. Christie. His affection, within his family, was tender, and perhaps, in one instance, even too considerate. In society it is obvious, from the circle of his acquaintances, and the houses which were open to him, that he could both take and give pleasure. But instances of shy-

ness, petulance, and coldness, in society strange or uncongenial, were unforgotten and unforgiven by those who had never met Lockhart where he was himself and at home. That he was strenuously industrious and conscientious in his editorial and other literary duties, courteous and punctual, has been proved. His editorial work involved, as we have heard him state, the conciliation of several tempers and interests; he had to shine in compromise, and, on the whole, he succeeded. Reviewing all that I know of him, my own impression is one of respect, admiration, affection, and regret. The close of his days, so admirable for courage, kindness, endurance, sweetness of temper, and considerateness, is like a veiled sunset, beautiful and sad. He might speak of himself (Mrs. Gordon says that he so spoke) as "a weary old man, fit for nothing but to shut myself up and be sulky."[1] The gay fortitude of his letters proves that he did himself injustice. Sorrows in a succession and severity almost without parallel, disappointed hopes, frustrated ambitions, the censures which pursued his great and immortal work, did not sour him. In spite of a retreat which was forced on him by his bodily health, he mellowed under years and griefs, like upland corn ripened by the frost. His end was fitting and beautiful, a continuation, in a softer key, of the close of the life of Scott. The presence of his dust at Dryburgh, the consciousness of his repose there, after a warfare so weary, makes

[1] "Christopher North," ii. 352.

the place doubly sacred. His lesser light is blended, for all time, with the warmth and radiance of the man he loved.

Lockhart's errors have not been concealed. No "white alabaster image" of him has been, or could honestly be, erected. These errors, so unamiable, were mainly the faults of his conduct in criticism. The worst of them have whatever excuse youth, ignorance, the heated political and literary passions of a small town, and the example of an elder comrade, can supply. In his later years, every one who had, or fancied that he (or she) had, a grievance against the *Quarterly Review*, cried out upon the Editor. Among the festering vanities of a generation of scribblers was developed a legend or myth of Lockhart. On this point enough has been written, and it has been made clear that, whatever were Lockhart's early deeds in bitterness of comment, he was not absolute in the control of the *Review*. His own essays, many as they are, contain not many phrases which deserve censure. On politics he did not write a single article.

Lockhart was not, through all his life, a man of sweet and placable temper in private. On this point let me quote an anecdote, handed on by his friend Mrs. Norton to Lord Dufferin. Lockhart said to her—

"To-day it is as if I had seen a ghost. My wife, whenever I got cross and spoke sharply, had a trick of putting her two hands together, and placing them

with the palms over my mouth. The other day my little daughter" (at this time about sixteen) "came across the room when I was angry about something, and, using exactly the same gesture as her mother, placed her hands over my mouth."

Unfortunate in so much, Lockhart was most happy in a wife and a daughter who inherited the sweetness of spirit of their father and their grandfather. To their influence, in part, we may trace the admirable qualities which, in his later years, contrasted with the acerbity of his early manhood. To adapt the noble phrase of the Greek historian, "Being a man, he bore manfully such things as mortals must endure."

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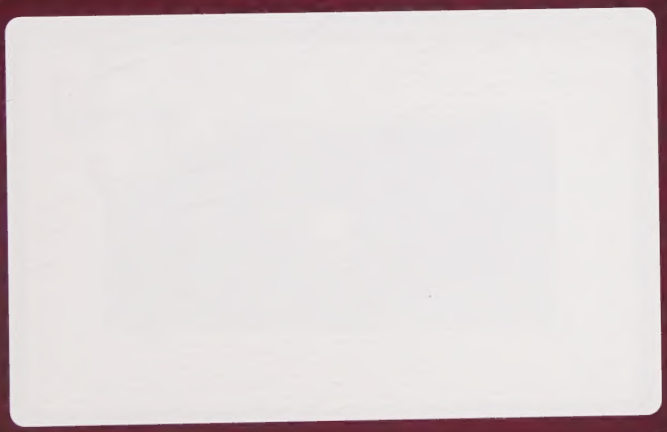
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